Collier's

JANUARY 4, 1947 TEN CENTS

NEW YEAR

THE HIGHROAD OF THE FUTURE

BY

WINSTON CHURCHILL

an.4,
1947

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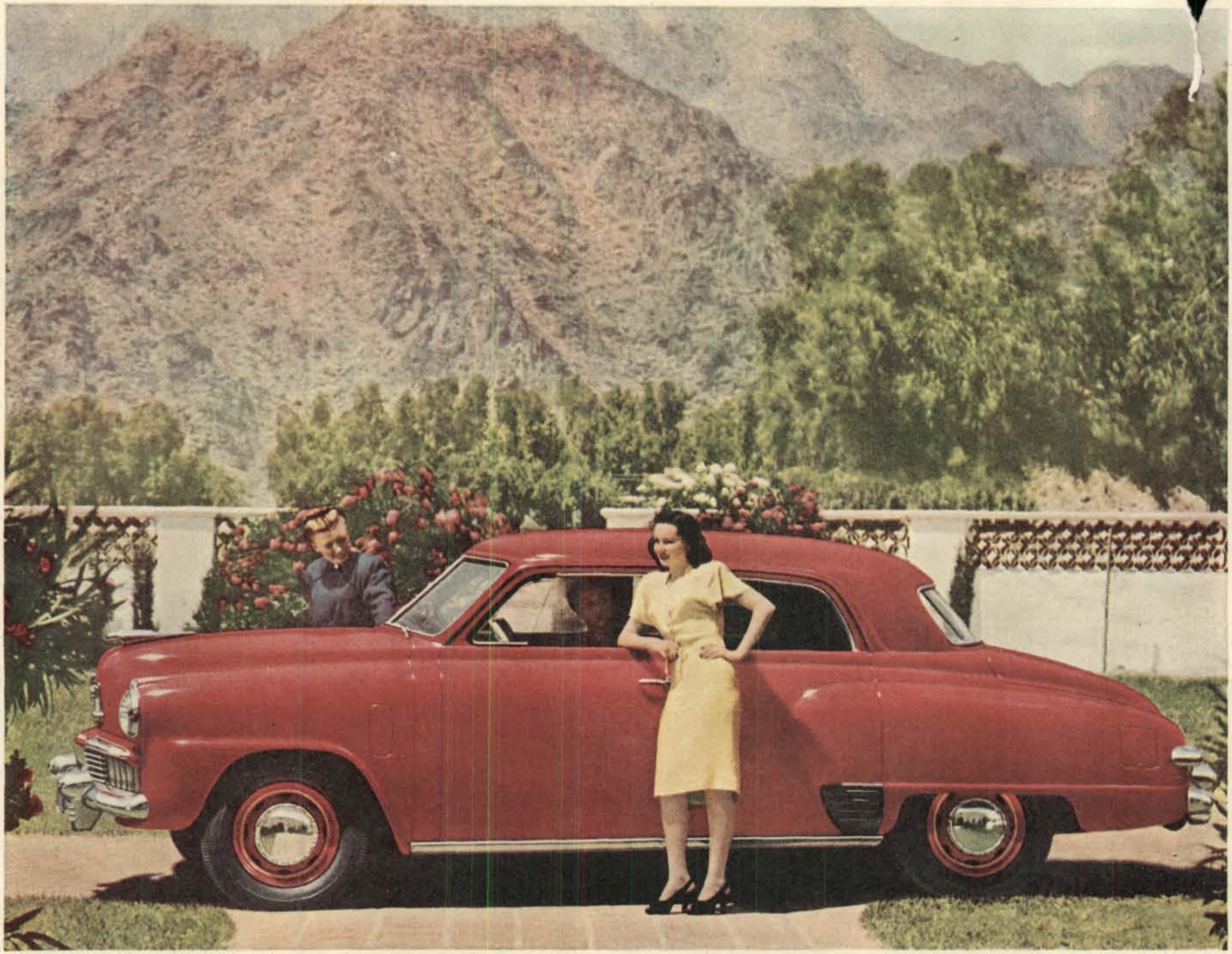


Actual color photograph of 1947 Studebaker Champion Regal De Luxe 4-door sedan

Sensationally new! First real postwar car wins nation-wide acclaim for Studebaker!

STUDEBAKER

Painstaking care puts long life into every square inch of your Studebaker—From machining of parts to upholstering, exceptional craftsmanship marks every step of a Studebaker's construction. Long-time neighbors, fathers and sons, make up the unique Studebaker working force. Pictured is a four-man Studebaker body plant team—George Scheibelhut and his sons, George junior, Richard and Robert.

Millions of Americans have been thrilled to their toes by their first look at this daringly different new Studebaker.

With its completely new postwar design and its many unique improvements for your driving comfort and convenience, this revolutionary new Studebaker unmistakably is one car with unquestioned right to the designation—"1947" model.

Delighted motorists everywhere agree it's the stand-out car in dollar value, as well as in advanced styling, because it's so thoroughly postwar throughout.

Studebaker's progressiveness, in fact, has been the subject of columns of approving comment in a number of the nation's leading magazines and newspapers.

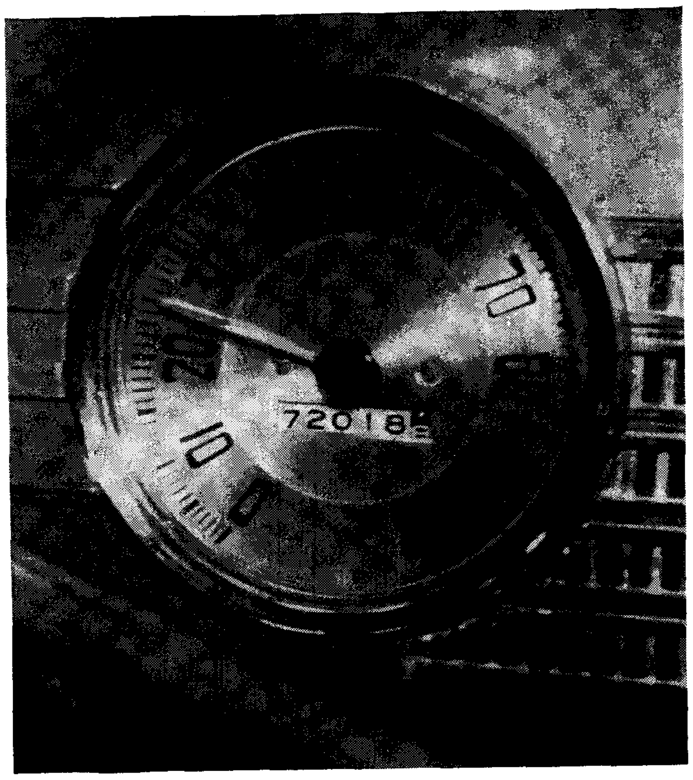
Far advanced in appearance and performance, amazingly roomy, solid and sound in construction, the 1947 Studebaker particularly excels in a cradled ride that's nothing short of a postwar comfort miracle.

You're certainly doing yourself a good turn, if you've decided to defer your new-car buying till you can proudly drive your own distinctive 1947 Studebaker Champion or Commander.

STUDEBAKER

First by far with a postwar car

© 1947, The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend 27, Indiana, U. S. A.



More miles with
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

TYPICAL EXAMPLE: THE B. F. GOODRICH TIRE THAT OUTWEARS PREWAR TIRES

RALPH J. MORISSETTE of Ogdensburg, New York (at left in the upper picture), points to one of his B. F. Goodrich tires that still isn't worn out after 38,377 miles. Mr. Morissette writes:

"I have received 38,377 miles from these tires in very difficult service on all types of roads. Many long trips were made at consistent high speeds. Also the car was used in my plumbing business, carrying heavy loads thousands of miles at a time, over country and unpaved roads.

"This mileage is far in excess of prewar tires used. While former tires broke down in service, these tires were never removed except to repair a puncture. I can truly say that your new tires most certainly can and do outwear prewar tires as stated in your advertising, since I have proof of this."

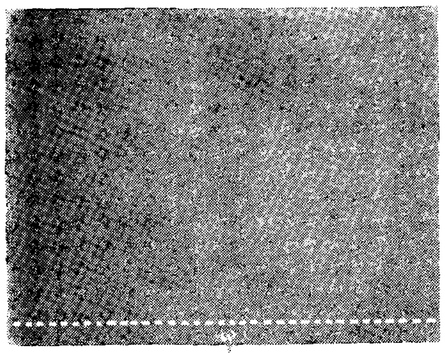
When the pictures were taken, Mr. Morissette's speedometer read 72,018 miles. When the tires were put on, the mileage was 33,641.

Supplies of tires are still limited, of course. Even today's increased production cannot keep up with the demand. This is particularly true of the B. F. Goodrich tire that outwears prewar tires. It's best to check your needs with your B. F. Goodrich dealer well in advance. He'll do his best to keep you rolling until he can get new tires for you. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F.Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

He doesn't look

like much of a lover...



but you'd be surprised!

Paramount presents

"Ladies' Man"

starring

Eddie BRACKEN · Cass DALEY
Virginia WELLES · Spike JONES
and His City Slickers
with JOHNNY COY · VIRGINIA FIELD

Produced by Daniel Dare
Directed by William D. Russell

See and hear Spike play "Cocktails for Two" and "Holiday For Strings"

COLLIER'S
January 4, 1947

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LARABIE CUNNINGHAM *Fiction*
MAC LENNAN FARRELL *Fiction*

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

BEAUTIFUL OHIO

DEAR MR. CHENERY: I am actually amused at the flagrant piece of corny California propaganda published under the guise of fiction, and titled It's the Climate by Alex Gaby (Nov. 23d). I would ask the question who is Mr. Gaby only I know such identities are not disclosed.

From this "fiction" you would think movie actresses staff orange-juice stands, orange juice flows like water, beautiful clothes are worn by and available to everyone, hotels are wide open with housing facilities, houses are easy to buy at ordinary prices, every woman can become a movie actress, the climate is perfect and there is nothing beyond California except desert and the rolling plains of Ohio.

DANN O. TABER, Executive Secretary, Ohio Development & Publicity Commission, Columbus, Ohio

Psst, you're right!—Alex Gaby is really Governor Warren. Maybe he's prejudiced. Ohio has some of the best beer, floods and highways in America; has many iron, steel and President manufactures. It produced Mr. Harding, is now working on a Mr. Bricker—or it is Mr. Taft? California may glamorize the stars, but Ohio breeds 'em. Ty Power, Clark Gable, the Gish Gals, Bill Boyd, and many stagefolk were born among Ohio's 43 institutions of learning. California girls may be lovelier, but, thanks to Ohio being the first state to higher-educate the dame, Ohio girls are brainier. A friend of ours once found a $20 gold piece in Ohio. Ohio's jewel, however, is Springfield. Here stands the plant where they print Collier's.

REHABILITATION

SIRS: Jobs for the Handicapped (Nov. 23d) was as timely as it was helpful. We, the men who have been injured in the service, are grateful for the consideration accorded us.

WILLARD BURNETT, Webster Groves, Mo.

IS CRICHTON A BORE?

DEAR EDITOR: In Pass Master (Nov. 16th) Kyle Crichton expresses his disgust for forward passing in football and states that it is a bore. Imagine a game with passing eliminated; it would be a bigger bore than Crichton. APRIL MORGAN, Miami, Fla.

. . . Is there anyone in America (Crichton excepted) who will deny that the forward pass has made football what it is today?

JACK HANSEN, Shaker Heights, Ohio

. . . What could be more exciting than to wait that split second to find out whether

(Continued on page 59)

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Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

How to Avoid Saving Money

by DANNY KAYE

To avoid saving money, the first thing is to cut off all your pockets. (Or throw away your purse and keep your lipstick in your snood.) Thus you will have to carry your money in your hand. Which will insure that you—1. spend it, 2. lose it, 3. get it taken from you—*quicker!*

Also to be avoided like crazy are piggy banks and sugar bowls. Keep these out of your home! The kiddies in particular are victimized by such devices, often saving quite a bale of moolah. Be stern even if the little ones cry—remember what money could do for them! And be sure to avoid budgets or, before you know it, you'll be in the black! It is best to draw your pay and walk down Main Street buying anything you don't particularly hate.

U.S. SAVINGS BOND

Above all, don't buy any U. S. Savings Bonds—for, if you do, it's *impossible* not to save money! These gilt-edged documents pay fat interest—4 dollars for 3 after only 10 years! There is even an insidiously easy scheme called the Payroll Savings Plan by which you buy bonds *automatically* and almost without knowing it. Before you catch on, you have closets full of bonds and no place to keep your apple-selling kit. Keep it up and you may even find yourself embarrassed by a regular income! Get-gat-gittle!

Danny Kaye

IF YOU MUST SAVE

SAVE THE EASY WAY...

BUY YOUR BONDS THROUGH PAYROLL SAVINGS

Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"... **HIS SKIS GET** loving care, but his hair gets only neglect! It's so dull and lifeless . . . must be next to impossible to comb . . . full of loose dandruff, too. How Dry Scalp spoils a man's appearance! It's time I told him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp

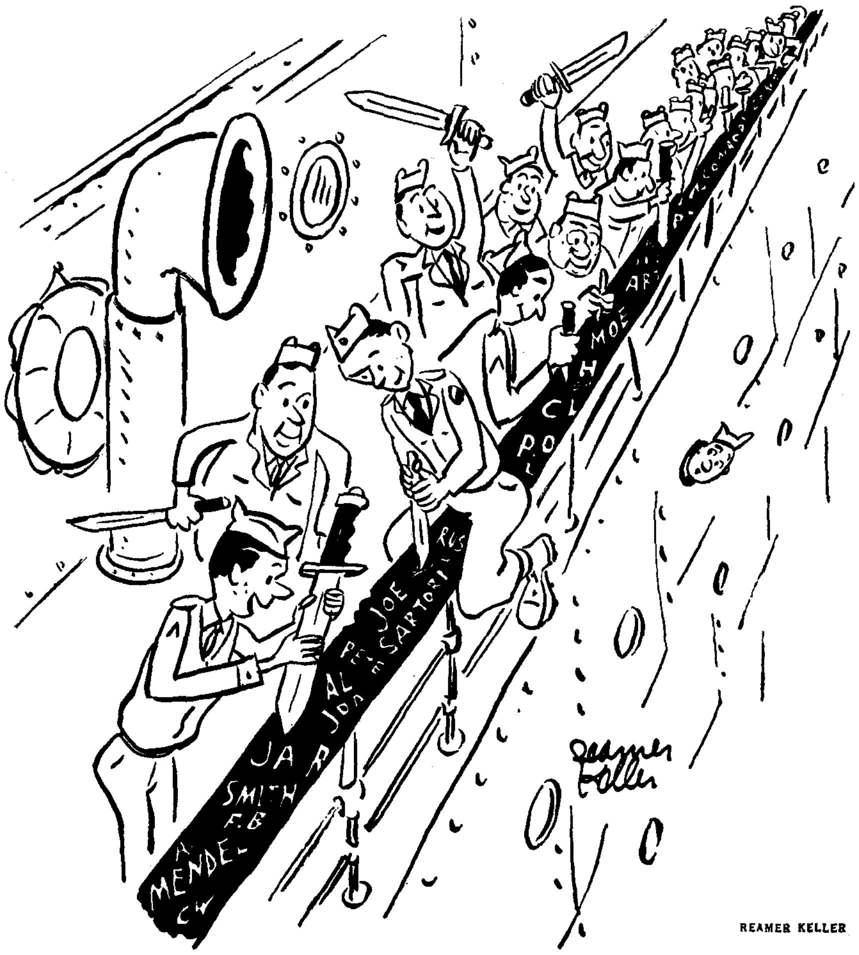
Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

YOU'D NEVER KNOW this was the same man—now that he's using 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! A few drops a day can help you, too...to check loose dandruff and itchy scalp . . . make hair natural-looking, easy to comb. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Works wonders also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care . . . both scalp and hair . . . and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic



REAMER KELLER

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

When the Queen Mary has been reconverted into a luxury liner next spring, she will still bear one mark of her war service. As on her sister ship, the Queen Elizabeth, her rails are being preserved as they carry the carved initials of thousands of soldiers whom she transported as a troopship.

Aeronautical engineers estimate that if a plane is ever flown at 760 miles an hour, or the speed of sound, it will build up a wall of air in front of itself so compressed as to be almost impenetrable. Theoretically, if the engine of a seven-ton plane traveling at this speed should fail, the deceleration force of this air wall upon the machine would be 63 tons, which is equivalent to the force required to stop within 30 feet a two-ton automobile traveling at 100 miles an hour.—*By Donald M. Webb, Dayton, Ohio.*

Of the 1,000 comets on record, few have remained visible, even through telescopes, for more than six weeks. Only two have orbits that enable them to be seen during their complete revolution around the sun. One is the Schwassmann-Wachmann comet discovered in 1925 and the other is the Oterma comet discovered in 1943.—*By Alma Smith, Yates Center, Kansas.*

For every 100 pairs of nylon stockings made in 1940 in the U.S., 884 pairs are being produced today. . . . Albanians engaged in blood feuds are granted a truce by their enemy whenever they wish to work their fields, transact a business deal or give a party. . .

During the 17th and 18th centuries, a number of musical instruments belonging to the violin family had sympathetic strings of fine wire stretched directly under and parallel to the gut strings with which they vibrated sympathetically, producing a silvery echo. Most popular was the viola d'amore for which many composers, including Bach, wrote special music and which was used occasionally by the Metropolitan Opera orchestra in New York as late as 1914.

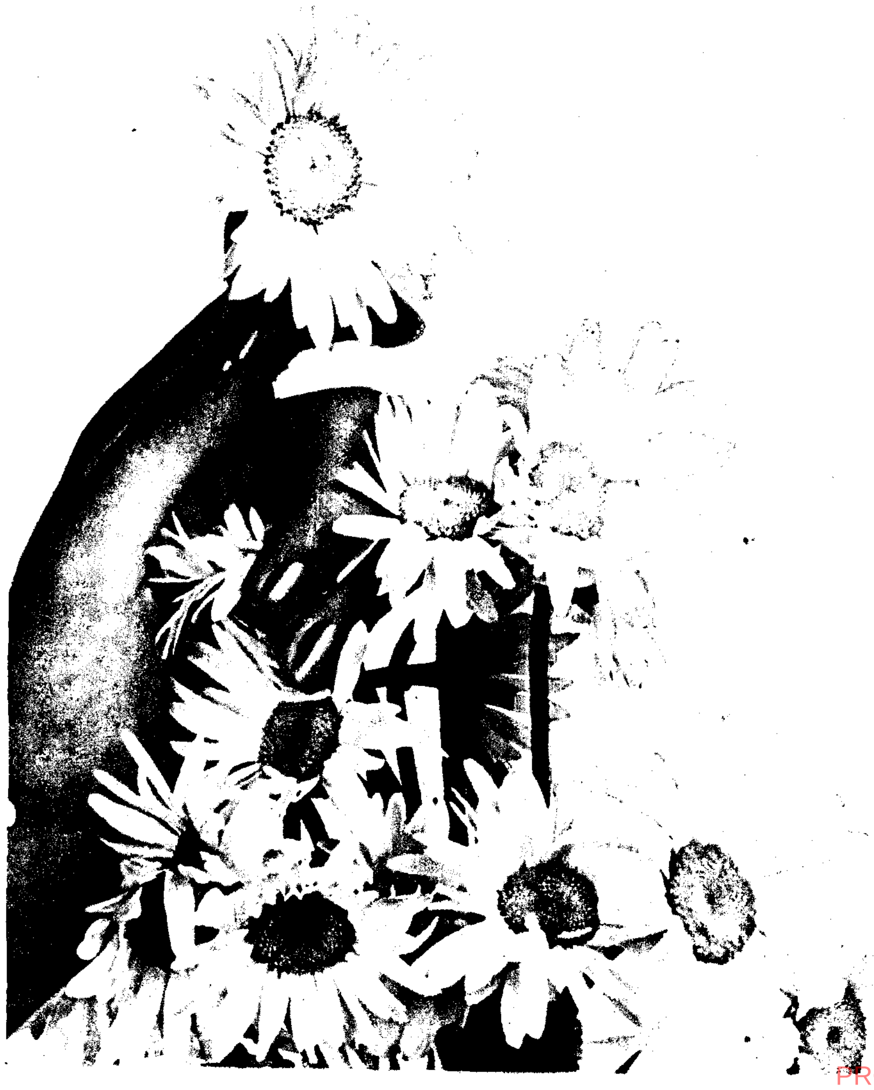
A dispensing pharmacist actually needs some 50 pieces of equipment such as measuring glasses and scales, as well as a U.S. Pharmacopoeia to which he refers to check the proper dose of every drug that goes into a prescription as he is responsible if it contains dangerous quantities. Yet ten states still have no laws requiring a pharmacist to have any of this equipment and these and four other states do not require him to own the Pharmacopoeia.— *By William F. McNeely, Chapel Hill, N. C.*

Although snow, unlike ice, does not accumulate on the wings of a plane, it presents a hazard that may be equally dangerous. When the flakes strike the forward surfaces of a plane flying at more than 200 miles per hour, they break into fine particles or ice dust which produces so much static electricity that it drowns out all radio communication.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

One daisy in a dew-starred field smiles brightly as a little sun; it lifts its head to tell her she's in love. With such distinction her diamond, too, will some day shine for her more glorious than all other gems. Her engagement ring-stone must be one apart, hers alone. It need not be of many carats, for color, clarity and cutting are as important as actual weight. You will need the judgment of a trusted jeweler.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.,
and Associated Companies.



One-quarter Carat $110 to $225

One-half Carat $275 to $525

One Carat $665 to $1250

Two Carats from $2000

The prices above for unmounted stones were averaged from a great many stores in July, 1946. Add 20% Federal tax.

N. W. A.

HANDSOME HEALTHY TEETH
need firm gums—bleeding gums may mean
GINGIVITIS

TENDER GUMS
IRRITATED GUMS
INFLAMED GUMS
BLEEDING GUMS

4 OUT OF 5 may get it. Neglect often leads to dreaded Pyorrhea, which only your dentist can help . . .

One of the most common enemies of attractive teeth and firm gums is *Gingivitis*. Watch out for tender gums—or gums which bleed when you brush your teeth. These are often the first signs of Gingivitis.

Never neglect this mild gum inflammation because neglect often leads to Pyorrhea with its soft, shrinking gums and loosening teeth, which only your dentist can help. See him every 3 months. Then at home here's one of the very best ways to help guard against Gingivitis.

The Double Benefits of Massaging Gums and Cleaning Teeth with Forhan's

Massage your gums and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste—the remarkably successful formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan—made *especially* for BOTH massaging gums to be firmer—more able to ward off infection—and for cleaning teeth to their natural sparkling beauty and lustre.

Notice how your *gums* feel so invigorated—how your *teeth* glisten with their natural radiant sparkle.

You'll like Forhan's refreshing taste, too. Used and recommended by many Dentists for over 30 years. Buy a tube at any drug, dept. or 10¢ store.

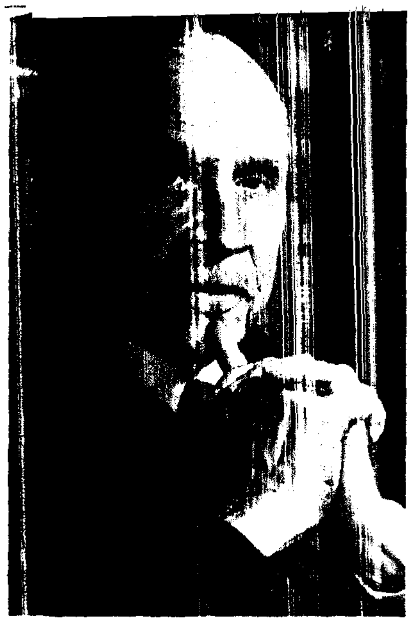
Forhan's
FOR MASSAGING GUMS AND CLEANING TEETH
ORIGINAL

NO HARSH ABRASIVES IN FORHAN'S!

use Forhan's with massage

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

THE WEEK'S WORK


EDWARD BURKS

Stephen Bonsal

STEPHEN BONSAL, grand old man of American foreign correspondents, was a natural choice to write our New Year's editorial, Town Meeting of the World, last page. Mr. Bonsal has covered practically every major war and peace conference since his first assignment in 1888—the Bulgarian-Serbian imbroglio.

Born in Baltimore eighty-one years ago, Mr. Bonsal, after an education at Heidelberg, Bonn and Vienna, went to work for the old New York Herald. Here with Arthur Brisbane and Richard Harding Davis (tagged the Three Musketeers of New York Journalism), Bonsal learned his trade covering experimental balloon flights, revolutions in Haiti, five-star murders. Once he got stuck under New York Harbor in a visiting French sub.

At twenty-three he was sent to the Balkans and became such an authority on those fiery countries that he later testified before our Senate and warned of an impending world war. Some senators who pooh-poohed Bonsal's ideas lived to vote for World War I, which took place twenty-five years later.

Leaving journalism temporarily Bonsal went into the diplomatic service for a time. In 1915 he marched along with Hindenburg on the eastern front as the only American correspondent.

He was serving as a major with headquarters in France with the A.E.F., when Colonel House, whom he had met in Berlin, asked him to sit in on the Versailles peace talks as official interpreter for the secret meetings of the Big Four, and also to act as a Balkan specialist. In 1944 he wrote of these days in Unfinished Business, which netted him the Pulitzer prize for that year.

Now eighty-one, Mr. Bonsal lives in a charming family mansion in the Georgetown section of Washington. White-haired and mustached, he is vigorous and young-minded, and much in demand as a raconteur at dinner parties by friends, who call him "a sardonic old realist." He has been married to Henrietta Morris since 1900, has four sons.

He has sampled six peace conferences beginning with the sad affair at Shimonoseki. At Shimo, a Jap fanatic shot and seriously wounded Dr. Li Hung Chang, the aged Chinese viceroy. At Paris his friend Clemenceau was shot as was Venizelos: Essad Pasha, with his plan to tranquilize the Balkans, was murdered under the colonnades of the Hotel Continental. Because of the illness of his wife, Mr. Bonsal was forced to miss the Paris peace meeting last year, and advancing years kept him from witnessing this war. However, he has been to the United Nations Assembly in New York, and he is now most hopeful that Wilson's dream may yet come true.

Heyday in a Vanished World, his autobiography, sums him up with an English song:

"This huntin' doesn't pay,
But we've prowl't up and down a bit
And had a rattlin' day!"

EARLY in the departed football season, Scoop Conlon gazed into his crystal ball and announced that UCLA would win the Coast championship and the Rose Bowl bid. We contracted immediately with Scoop for a dossier of this team, then patiently gnawed our nails to the elbows while UCLA played out the season. When the Uclans saved our investment and foolish faith in Conlon, by beating USC in the unprecedented fall of heavy dew over Los Angeles on November 23d, gaining the Bowl nod, we heaved a sigh of relief. "They did it for me!" wired Scoop, no modest man, he. Thus was The Bruins That Bert Built, p. 20, conceived.

As for Mr. Conlon, this pigskin Drew Pearson is a small, active man from Sharon, Pennsylvania, trained at the Missouri School of Journalism, and on the Los Angeles Times. Mr. James Young, of our staff, competed with Conlon back in Los Angeles years ago. "Reporters trembled and turned red, white and blue when forced to work against him," recalls Jim. "He was quick-thinking, with a tendency to draw upon his imagination." Mr. Young cites in example an imaginary frog farm with which Conlon made Los Angeles headlines.

Natalia, Ballerina

After inaugurating the first Hollywood gossip column written on the spot, Scoop fell to publicizing the stars, beginning with the late six-gun Bill Hart.

Scoop (the name is now his legally) has a wife named Lilian, with whom he eloped 28 years ago. He took every precaution to make it a secret pact, but the honeymoon headlines "Publicity Man Doesn't Want Publicity" turned hir into a shrinking viole about himself ever since.

Biggest scoop of Scoop's life is his daughter Natalia Conlon, ballerina with the Original Ballet Russe, and wife of the truly Russian dancer Oleg Tupine. Natalia is as Irish-American as her dad, and out of deference to Scoop's doubts about his own glamorless mug, we are running a picture of his daughter.

TED SHANE

Expect the Neighbors to Talk

If you see someone buzzing along without hat or coat—as if it were June instead of cold January—

You can bet it's a Nash he's driving! It has a complete, automatic "Conditioned Air System." Fresh air heated, filtered, circulated without drafts.

If you see heads turn when a car goes ghosting down the street—

You can bet it's a new Nash.

If you hear someone boast, "I haven't stopped in for gas for weeks"—

You know full well he's driving a Nash "600"!

The reason people talk about it is very simple. *There's so much to talk about.*

It's really an "eyeful," and with all the room inside six passengers can ask for.

But—a Nash "600" turns in 25 to 30 miles a gallon at moderate highway speed. 500 to 600 miles on a tankful.

An added feature is a Convertible double Bed for touring—ready to sleep you in three minutes.

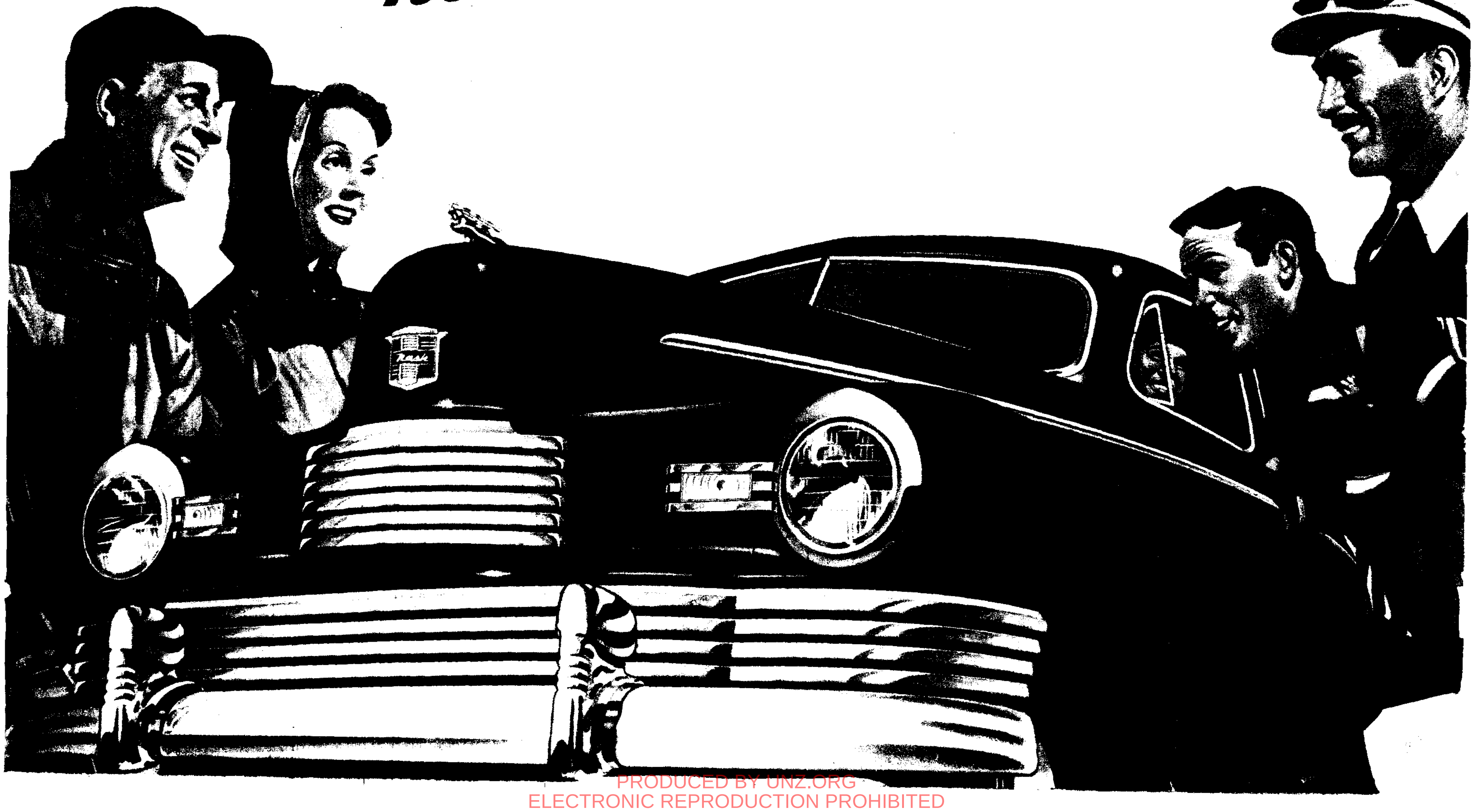
And volumes could be written about the unique *Unitized* frame-and-body—one super-strong welded unit that doesn't rattle or squeak.

But when you *drive* a Nash "600"—that's when *you* start taking over the conversation. It's smooth, it's quick, it's light, it's quiet as a mouse. You can park it on a dime, and U-turn it on a nickel. And with four deep, soft coil springs cushioning the wheels, you can't raise a bump even on a winter-rutted road.

See it today, at your Nash dealer's and take a look at the Nash Ambassador, too. And rest assured that on delivery we will do our level best. We are trying to catch up with the biggest demand in history, but there *will* be delay. So whether you are waiting, or ordering—please be patient. You'll be glad.

Nash Motors
Division of Nash-Kelvinator Corporation,
Detroit, Michigan

YOU'LL BE AHEAD WITH Nash



Countin' up for 1946

It would take a lot of fingers (and toes) to count up how much the Bell System accomplished in 1946—the busiest year in our whole history.

3,300,000 telephones added

25,000,000 more calls a day handled

$700,000,000 new equipment made and installed to expand and improve your service

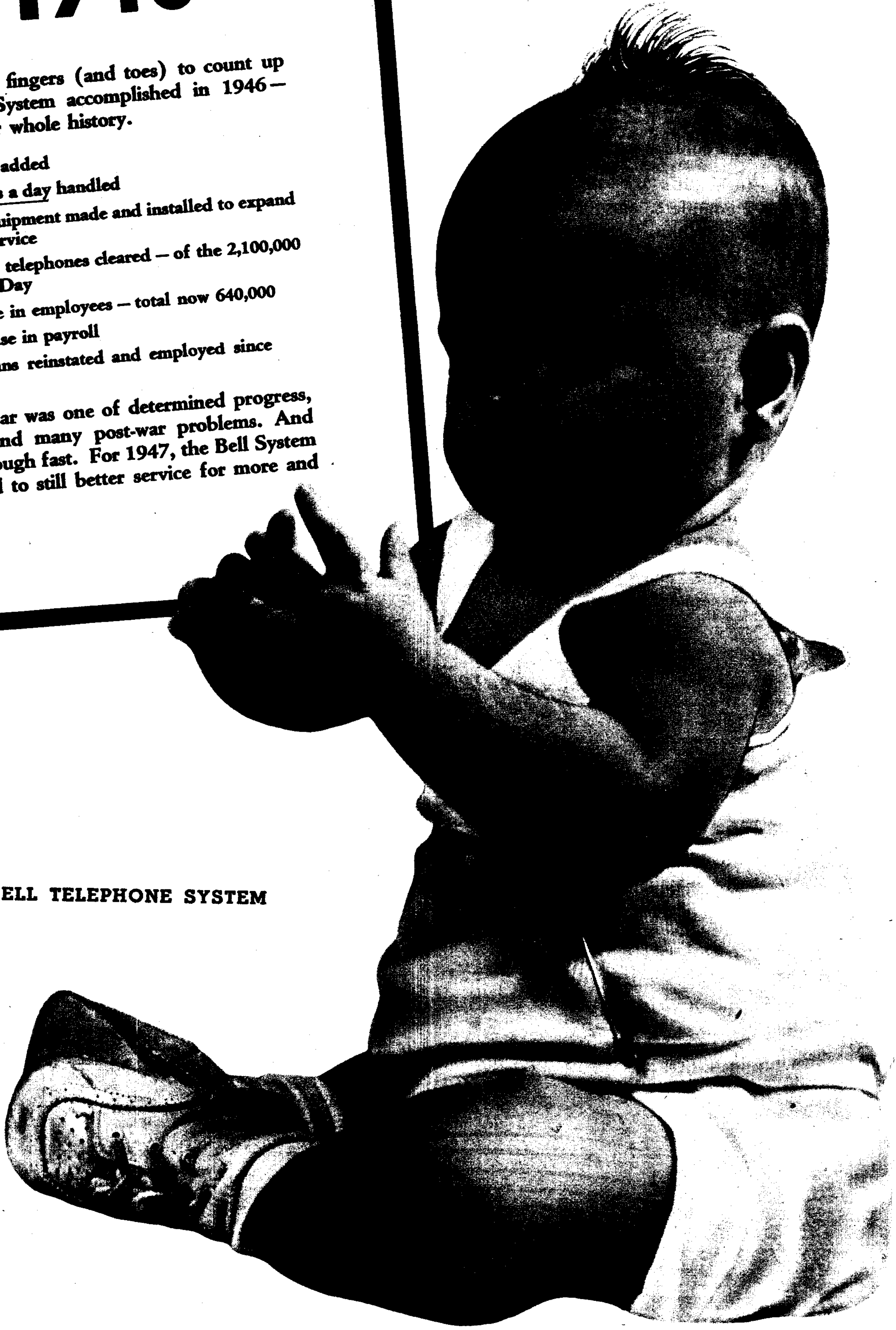
1,800,000 orders for telephones cleared—of the 2,100,000 orders held on V-J Day

160,000 net increase in employees—total now 640,000

$400,000,000 increase in payroll

120,000 war veterans reinstated and employed since V-J Day

The story of the year was one of determined progress, despite shortages and many post-war problems. And most calls went through fast. For 1947, the Bell System aims to go forward to still better service for more and more people.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

THE HIGHROAD OF THE FUTURE

BY WINSTON CHURCHILL

For the first time since 1939 when he completed his last assignment for Collier's, Winston Churchill has written an article. Eight years ago he wrote for Collier's on the chances of avoiding war with Hitler. Now the man whose indomitable spirit symbolized the will of free people to fight for their freedom, again estimates the chance of another world war and points out the road he thinks leads to peace

EIGHT years have passed since I wrote about "The United States of Europe," and several things have happened meanwhile. I described the unhappy and dangerous plight of the Continent, torn by ancient quarrels, stirred by modern nationalism, divided and hampered by a maze of tariff walls, overshadowed by the Hitler-Mussolini Axis, exhausted and drained by one Great War, and oppressed by fear of another.

Now here tonight in my same old room at Chartwell I am writing on the same subject, and I plead the same cause. Eight years ago I thought the argument was unanswerable. But it proved utterly vain. Within eighteen months Europe was plunged in a war more awful in its devastation than any ever waged by man, and—more than that—once more the European quarrel dragged America from its isolation, once more it involved the whole world. It almost seems an evil omen.

Certainly the scene we survey in the autumn of 1946 bears many uncomfortable resemblances to that of 1938. Indeed, in some respects, it is even darker. The peoples of Europe have fallen immeasurably deeper into the pit of misery and confusion. Many of their cities are in ruins. Millions of their homes have been destroyed. They have torn one another into pieces with more ferocity on a larger scale and with more deadly weapons than ever before. But have they found stable and lasting peace? Is the brotherhood of mankind any nearer? Has the reign of law returned?

Alas, although the resources and vitality of nearly all the European countries are woefully diminished, many of their old hatreds burn on with undying flame. Skeletons with gleaming eyes and poisoned javelins glare at each other across the ashes and rubble heaps of what was once the august Roman Empire and later a Christian civilization. Is there never to be an end? Is there no salvation here below? Are we to sink through gradations of infinite suffering to primordial levels—

"A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime"

or can we avoid our doom?

There is the old story of the Spanish prisoner pining for years in his dungeon and planning to escape. One day he pushes the door. It is open. It has always been open. He walks out free. Something like this opportunity lies before the peoples of Europe today. Will they grasp it? Will they be allowed to grasp it? Will they have time? The heart of an old man goes out to all these poor ordinary folk. How good, how kindly they are; how helpful and generous to one another in their village life; how capable of ceaseless progress and improvement. And here on their cottage thresholds stand Science, Invention, Organization, Knowledge—aye, and Power, too.

Not only are they offered the simple joys which, or the hopes of which, have cheered the pilgrimage of man—food, warmth, courtship, love, marriage, a home, little children playing by the fire, the fair fruits of honest toil, rest and serenity when life's work is done. They are offered far more—a wider, more agreeable form of existence, conscious and

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT

responsible citizenship, the career open to talent, a richer and more varied dietary, fun, amusements, happy genial intercourse with one another.

President Roosevelt declared the Four Freedoms. Of these the chief is Freedom from Fear. This does not mean only fear of war or fear of the foreign invader. Even more poignant is the fear of the policeman's knock, the intrusion upon the humble dwelling; the breadwinner, the son, the faithful friend, marched away into the night with no redress, no habeas corpus, no trial by jury, no rights of man, no justice from the state. Such are the conditions which prevail today over the greater part of Europe. A horrible retrogression! Back to the Dark Ages without their chivalry, without their faith.

Yet all this could be ended at a single stroke. Two or three hundred millions of people in Europe have only got to wake up one morning and resolve to be happy and free by becoming one family of nations, banded together from the Atlantic to the Black Sea for mutual aid and protection. One spasm of resolve! One single gesture! The prison doors clang open. Out walk, or totter, the captives into the sunshine of a joyous world. I do not at all conceal from the reader that an act of the sublime is required. It is a very simple act, not even a forward bound. Just stand erect, but all together.

Honor of Leadership Belongs to France

I selected France as the land from which the signal should come; first because it involves a finer self-conquest for the French than for any other great people to take the lead, and secondly because in no other way can France regain her true glory and place in the world. Such are conditions which comprise the elements of the sublime. It is now for France to take the Germans by the hand and lead them back into the brotherhood of man and the family of nations.

I am encouraged by a famous voice from the past. At the National French Assembly in Bordeaux on March 1, 1871, while the war between the French Republic and Germany was still raging, Victor Hugo said: "And one will hear France cry, 'It is my turn. Am I your enemy? No! I am your sister. I have retaken all, and I give it all back on one condition; that is that we shall be but one united people, but one single family, but one Republic. I will demolish my fortresses. You will demolish yours. My vengeance, it is fraternity. No more frontiers, the Rhine for all! Let us be the same Republic! Let us have the United States of Europe, let us have Continental federation, let us have European freedom!' "

It was difficult then. The prophetic message was rejected. The poet's inspiration died. Events took a different course. Germany flaunted the laurels of victory, and France for more than forty years brooded upon revenge. We had two world wars, in the first of which France was bled white, and in the second laid low and conquered; and in both of which Europe and the whole world were convulsed and shattered. And now they talk of a third World War to finish off what is left of our civilization and humanity.

The only worth-while prize of victory is the power to forgive and to guide; and this is the prize which glitters and shines before the French people at this solemn moment in their long history.

The cause or question points itself at the United States in a remarkable manner. Isolationism is no more. The Atlantic Ocean is no longer a shield. The Pilgrim Fathers could now cross it in a day; but the troubles from which they fled and the tyrannies against which they revolted can follow just as quick. Not content with tearing their own continent into shreds, the quarrels and hatreds of Europe have now laid their claws upon the New World. Americans should realize that they must seek the root of these evils. Prevention is better than cure. Why be ravaged every twenty-five years with pestilences bred in Europe? Would it not be reasonable prudence to use the power which has come to the New World to sterilize the infection centers of the Old?

Prolonged and careful study of Europe and courageous, tireless action to prevent the recurrence of war pestilence would now seem to be a prime interest of every thoughtful American, enjoined upon him by prudence as well as virtue. The peace and safety of the United States of America require the institution of a United States of Europe. It is better to face, in an orderly fashion and from on high, the remote potential antagonism of two continental groupings than to be dragged for certain into one toil and horror after another by chronic degeneration and the blind convulsions of chance.

The United Nations organization is the hope of mankind and the expression in American minds of these ideas and arguments. Regional organisms or federations under the supreme world organization are foreseen and encouraged in the San Francisco Charter. It is agreed they are not detrimental to the main structure. It has now to be realized as a fundamental, practical truth that without them the central structure cannot stand or function.

Let me use the military modes and terminology with which our sad experience has made us all only too familiar. When a great army is formed by a nation or band of allies, it has its general headquarters; but who would pretend, with our experience, that any general headquarters could deal directly with a mob of brigades and divisions, each headed by its colorful commander, each vaunting the prowess of its own recruiting district or home state, each pleading the particular stresses of its own task and station?

After what we have been through, everyone knows that with the army there must be groups of armies and also army corps, all with their properly integrated staffs and authority, and that by these alone can the will of the Supreme Command be made effective upon the course of events. Otherwise the great enterprises of war could not be conducted with the slightest hope of success.

In the same way and for the same reasons, unless the intermediate organisms are provided, the world peace organization will either clatter down in ruin or evaporate in empty words. What could be more vain and futile than a crowd of little states with a few big ones pushing about among them, all chattering about world unity, all working for their separate interests, and all trying to sum up their decisions by votes!

In fact, however, great progress has been made in the creation of these mighty, secondary organisms, and the main pillars of the world structure are already towering up as realities before our eyes. There is the United States of America within its larger association of the Western Hemisphere. There is the Soviet Union with its Slavonic fraternities. There is the British Empire and Commonwealth of Nations spread all over the globe and united by sentimental loyalties which glow in the flame and emerge stronger every time the furnace becomes incandescent.

We must undoubtedly contemplate an Asiatic grouping cherishing the spirit of Asia. The enormous populations of the Far Eastern world, now plunged in defeat or internal confusion, will someday find a coherent expression. Why, then, should there not be a place, and perhaps the first place—if she can win it by her merits—for Europe, the Mother Continent and fountain source not only of the woes but of most of the glories of modern civilization?

Here is an aspect which must be observed. Not only do three at least of the pillars of the World Peace Temple stand forth in all their massive strength, but they are already woven together by many ties of affinity, custom and interest.

Three Dominant Spheres of Influence

The United States of America, as the most powerful country in the modern age, is the guardian of the Western Hemisphere and has connections which are growing everywhere. The vast mass of Soviet Russia in Europe and Asia, with its Slavonic attachments, can only give an improved life to its many peoples through the vivifying but no doubt disturbing tonic of world-wide trade and contacts. The British nation, lying in the center of so many healthy and beneficent networks, is not only the heart of the British Empire and Commonwealth of Nations, and an equal partner in the English-speaking world, but it is also a part of Europe and intimately and inseparably mingled with its fortunes. All this interlacement strengthens the foundations and binds together the World Temple.

Let me now set forth tersely what it is we have to do. All the people living in the continent called Europe have to learn to call themselves Europeans, and act as such so far as they have political power, influence or freedom. If we cannot get all countries, we must get all we can; and there may be many. Once the conception of being EUROPEAN becomes dominant among those concerned, a whole series of positive and practical steps will be open.

First there must be a Council of Europe. This Council must look always forward rather than back. Secondly, it must seek the most free and fertile trade between all its members, and must work steadily for the abolition or at least the diminution of tariff and customs barriers between member states of the Council on the broad principle of the American Interstate Commerce Act. Thirdly, it must strive for economic harmony as a steppingstone to economic unity. Next, the Council of Europe must reach out toward some common form of defense which will preserve order among, and give mutual security to, its members, and enable Europe to take an effective part in the decisions of the supreme United Nations organization.

Inseparably woven with this is the approach to a uniform currency. As we have to build from chaos this can only be achieved by stages. Luckily coins have two sides, so that one side can bear the national and the other the European superscription. Postage stamps, passports, trading facilities, European social reunions for cultural, fraternal and philanthropic objects will all flow out naturally along the main channel soon to be opened.

If at the beginning the governments of the various countries involved are not able to take official action, strong societies and organizations must be formed of a private and popular character. There is no reason to suppose that existing governments, although they may not immediately feel able to take the initiative, will be adverse. Mr. Attlee, the British Prime Minister, has declared, "Europe must federate or perish," and he does not readily change his opinions. Prominent names could be cited of men in office and power in many countries in and out of Europe who hold the same view.

Vitality in the Idea of Europeanism

General Smuts, the South African soldier-statesman-philosopher, has proclaimed himself a champion of the idea. Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg have already begun naturally and unostentatiously to put it into practice. There is much talk of a "Western bloc"; but that by itself is too narrow a scheme. Nothing less than Europe and Europeanism will generate the vital force to survive. It may well be that everybody cannot join the club at once. The beginning must be made. The nucleus must be formed in relation to the structure as a whole, so that others can join easily as soon as they feel inclined or feel able. The ideal is so commanding that it can afford a gradual realization.

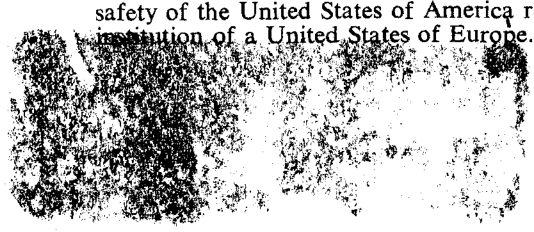
But we are told this conception of a free, reviving, regenerated Europe is anti-Russian, or, to speak more exactly, anti-Soviet in its character, intention and effect. This is not true. The many peoples of Russia and Asia who are comprised in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, and who occupy one sixth of the land surface of the globe, have nothing to fear and much to gain from the creation of a United States of Europe, more especially as both these groupings must be comprised within the world organization and be faithful to its decisions.

We are also told that International Communism will be hostile; and it may well be that the devotees of this anti-God religion in every country will be enjoined to raise their voices in favor of keeping Europe divided, helpless, impoverished, or even starving. Such conditions, they may argue cogently, are an essential preliminary to world Communist domination. All this may be so.

But Europe and the great world around it must find their own way through their troubles and perplexity. They must not let themselves be deterred from what is right and beneficial for their own policy and interests, by any arbitrary veto. We must have the four great entities and contributors to world government all playing their part and bearing their proper weight in the world organization. We must hope indeed that China will make a fifth. No one party or section of mankind must bar the grand design of a united Europe. It must roll forward, and within its proper limits it will roll forward, righteous and strong.

On my return from Zurich I read in an English newspaper, the Southern Daily Echo, the following commentary on what I had said:

"Geographers point out that the continent of Europe is really the peninsula *(Continued on page 64)*



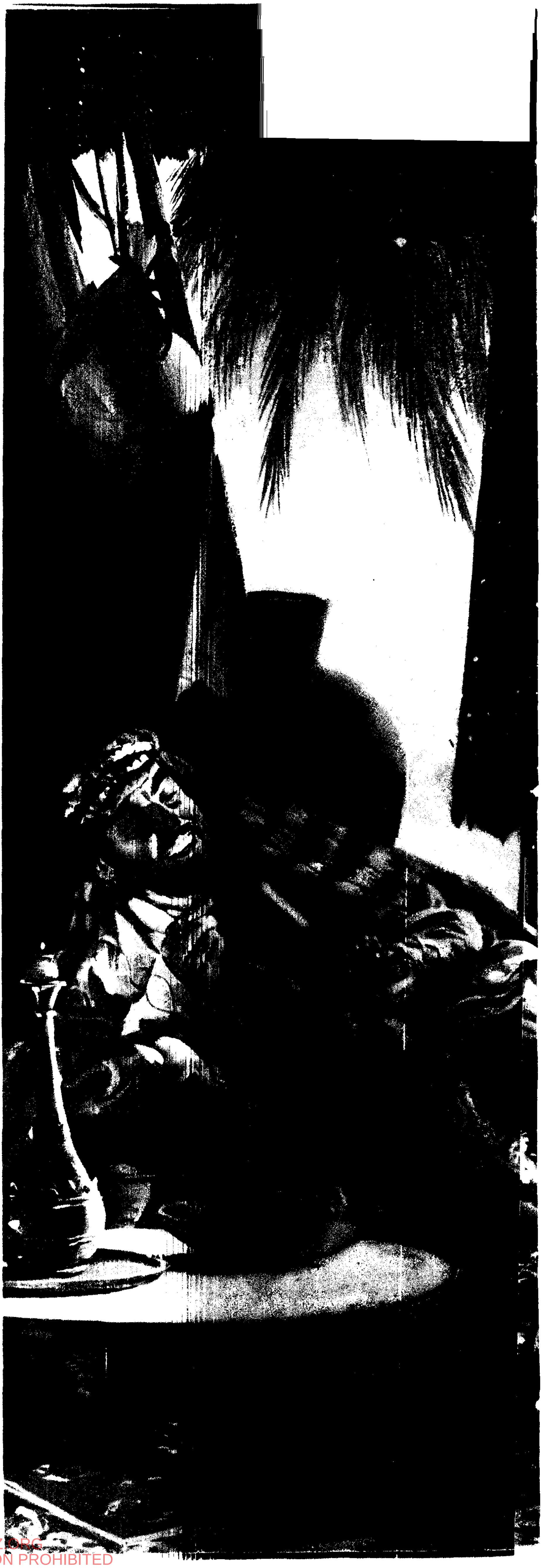
ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

"I am a just man," the sheik said, splitting a sand flea with his cutlass. And he was—fearfully just

YOUR MOVE, SHEIK

BY NEILL C. WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING



I'M NO dove. I grab oil leases all over the world for Golden Rule Petroleum Corporation, and I mean grab. But here I am, sitting in rosy dusk outside a tent on the Arabian Desert, my hands absolutely empty.

I am listening for the baying of the onrushing English oil-lease beagles and scared to death that I'll hear them. All day, over yonder in the sheik's tent, I have been shoving my good Yankee offers at the fierce old hookbeak. I know enough of human hokeypokey to spot whether Wadi, my interpreter, is pushing my goods or his own. He is pushing mine. As for Sheik Jafir, he simply sits, and maybe once an hour breaks a hole in his beard to let out words that show an artistic eye but have no bearing. And lifts his cutlass an inch and goes chop on a sand flea that has hopped onto his rug.

"You will find Sheik Jafir of the Beni Sakhr a lot of man," I was warned at Damascus. "Look out for the sword he swings. It's six feet long. The first rule in approaching him is: Don't do it. The second is: Don't do it in anything propelled by gasoline. He's old-fashioned. And the third rule had better be: Get your foot inside his tent before he knows you're around. If you start his sentries hollering and his dogs barking, he'll probably leap out and lop you off at the ankles, skewer you, flay you, slice you, and beat what's left of you to a pulpy whey with your own stirrups. But he's a just man. If you do get a leg inside his pavilion, he'll be the graven tablets of correct desert hospitality. Though, being Moslem, he serves no liquor."

Fair enough. It had been a rough journey. We had those watching English lease-hounds to shake off and the bivouacs of various tribesmen to avoid. But that moon-white mare of mine skims over the ground like a straw hat in a simoon. Wadi's black mount is no slouch either.

Wadi is a springy-legged, snip-nosed, slash-cheeked rogue with skin dark and dirty as a mud sump, but he knows the desert. I am very pleased he comes to me at my hotel with the photographs he found on the dead geologist. One glance at those shots and I can't get out into this heavy-folded lime and broken-shale country too quickly. This is the rich-looking structure Golden Rule has me searching for. Here, I perceive, are the set of anticlines that will turn Oklahoma back to the prairie dogs and make a forgotten word out of Bahrein.

We reach Sheik Jafir's encampment by the light of today's morning star. Wadi works me past the guard fires and between the curled-up dogs. The fellow could drag boilers, tools and drill pipe under a sleeping crocodile without tickling its belly.

I am inside Sheik Jafir's tent, yelling, "King's Ex! Sign here, Chief, or anyway, make your cross," before this owner of a six-foot sword can arch up off the ground. Though up he comes, and he is as big as the catalogue promised. And twice as angry and four times as hairy. But square. When I explain that I'm Bill Wherry and have come to dicker, he strides to the tent flap, throws it back, makes note that I've come on horseflesh, inspects the mare from bull wheel to walking beam, lifts her feet, looks at her teeth, does his morning prayer, washes his face with a handful of sand, and shouts for coffee.

The coffee is served by a little number in a few loose folds of drapery and a lot of frankincense. She is graceful, brown-armed, toggle-waisted, uncovered of face, bright of eye, with a few gay gewgaws tinkling in her blue-black hair, and she can put a bare toe in my coffee and stir it if she wants to. That would only sweeten it.

THE sheik and I sit cross-legged on a couple of rugs, facing each other, with Wadi at my shoulder to help out with the languages. Wadi does not rate any coffee. He rates only a good smart kick on the shins from the Bedouin damsel for cluttering up part of my carpet, as she goes around the tent lifting its walls back so the breeze can sift in. I am glad the flaps are up. We can keep an eye on the horses.

The desert song goes out. She returns with a couple of long-tubed, water-cooled tobacco pipes. She fills their bowls, hands their nozzles to the sheik and me, tongs up a couple of coals, lights us off, and backs out charmingly. I don't feel too happy about this water-pipe business. I don't like to drink my tobacco. I make note to myself to charge plenty on my swindle sheet for this ordeal.

But my sheik and I are losing time.

Time is what I worry about. The English already can be missing their dead geologist. Maybe he sent in an advance report. I am counting on only a few hours' lead over those English.

"Warn the grand old derrick here," I say to Wadi, "that all Englishmen are robbers. Tell him I'm an American. Explain that my company thinks he has a little oil down under him, probably only a quart or two and thousands of feet deep, but for sole rights to get it out and pipe it away we'll give him a two per cent cut."

This is very generous of me, because I got my early training by snatching oil lands from the Osage Indians. It is in the record that I wrenched twenty million dollars' worth, right out of Midcontinent, for six plug hats, a Morris chair and a glass hearse. But there were no English in on that one, riding hard to muss things up. "Tell him quick," I order.

WADI tells him. There is long silence. This much is exactly like making medicine with the Osages. Time passes. Lovely, valuable time. Our water pipes guggle. Sheik Jafir doesn't even say "Ugh." His beard oozes blue smoke, very slow. His sword goes lightly up and down, chop, chop.

I repeat my offer. Sheik Jafir lifts his eyes in sorrow toward the roof of the tent, rolls them in pain toward Mecca, fixes them on the rump and ears of my steed outside his pavilion, and says nothing. I judge I have bored a dry hole. "Your move," I say.

He recollects that it is time for another prayer, spreads the beard to the ground, kneels on it, mutters what's due, and swings back to his sheikly squat, not forgetting to play with the sword again. I wait. If I stick it out, he'll have to speak. Finally he does, with a groan that breaks off short.

"Is it good or bad?" I ask Wadi.

"He wants you to know that he is a just man."

The American consul at Damascus has told me that. Everything the consul told me is true, only more so. He said Sheik Jafir is six foot six. I make him six foot nine. He said there is a six-foot sword. I make it seven. He warned me not to hurry the sheik. I would rather hurry a pyramid.

But I must play it the sheik's way or pick up my marbles. I smoke twenty puffs. And I respond, "That's fine."

We're unanimous so far. He's a just man. We puff. I grow twitchy in the sills from sitting all on one level and the lobes of my ears feel sprung from straining for those English.

Nothing else happens.

I decide to bounce the drill a little. "Three per cent, Chief, and I'll throw in a set of dishes."

The home office will lift its eyebrows at this and remark among its vice-presidents that Bill Wherry is slipping, but I don't care. The home office doesn't sit around on hard flat carpets and drink tobacco out of a hose and do business with parties who lift and drop seven-foot swords.

Outside, our horses paw the sand. They should not be so restless; they don't have to sit on the damned stuff. Our pipes go out. For this I'm thankful.

But the dame I may have mentioned comes in again. She's swivel-hipped and smells of myrrh. I hear Wadi suck in his breath. She kneels and refills the pipes. Her fingers are slender and quick. She smiles lightly to me and withdraws. I find that I miss her, though our acquaintance has been only slight.

The sheik breaks his beard apart and for the second time croaks something. I drive my elbow into Wadi. "Am I getting places?"

"He says he is a just man. She is supple as a wind-blown reed. Her eyes are two soft fires."

"I know," I gnash. "He's a just man, but justice isn't blind when the little lady walks by. In that matter I'm a just man, too. But let's not get sidetracked. What does the great stone face say about my three per cent offer?"

"Nothing, yet."

Sheik Jafir and I go back to our game of sitting each other out. For this, the tough formation has all the practice. "Tell old rock-bottom," I finally instruct Wadi, "that I'm getting tailor's spread. No, don't tell him. Maybe it will give him sharp ideas. Hint to him that his style of hospitality isn't mine—not a sofa in the place—but that I find I am talking now about four per cent, and to hell with the home office. I'll even throw in an iron safe for him to lock away that sword in."

Wadi turns this into desert Arabic. My host sits like something carved out of a samson post.

"So that offer was another duster," I grunt to Wadi.

THE moon-white mare and Wadi's black charger paw and whinny. Our pipes go out. That girl comes in with fresh coffee and a fragrant mutton stew, which I can use, and again she fills our pipes. I'm beginning not to mind about the pipe. I can see how Solomon felt about the Queen of Sheba. This little jewel of Ophir hands me my pipe hose with what might be a tender glance and, I think, laughs softly. And she's gone. A bell-like echo is left hanging in the air. With perfume to it.

"This isn't a bad country," I say to Wadi, "if one has time to enjoy it. But they ought to stop beating their guests to death with a blunt instrument."

The sheik shakes loose with a dozen words. I am electrified.

Explains Wadi, "He says he is a just man. She has a head - finely shaped and proudly carried. She has shoulders sweet of curve and a straight clean back."

"Wouldn't you know it!" I cry. "And the flavor of her lips, I bet, is like lemon sherbet. He's a lucky man. But let's get back to oil. You know, the black, smelly, crude stuff. And a lease." I think hard, checking in with the time angle and how behind I am. Also there are the high ideals of Golden Rule Petroleum Corporation. "Go on—tell him I offer five per cent."

If he doesn't take that, I ought to pull out the tools and skid the rig.

He doesn't take it.

The moon-white mare, which Wadi sold me for ninety dollars and a carton of American cigarettes, is fast pawing the cover from all the oil in this region. When the English see it, they will offer up to twenty-five per cent and also a job on the pipe-line

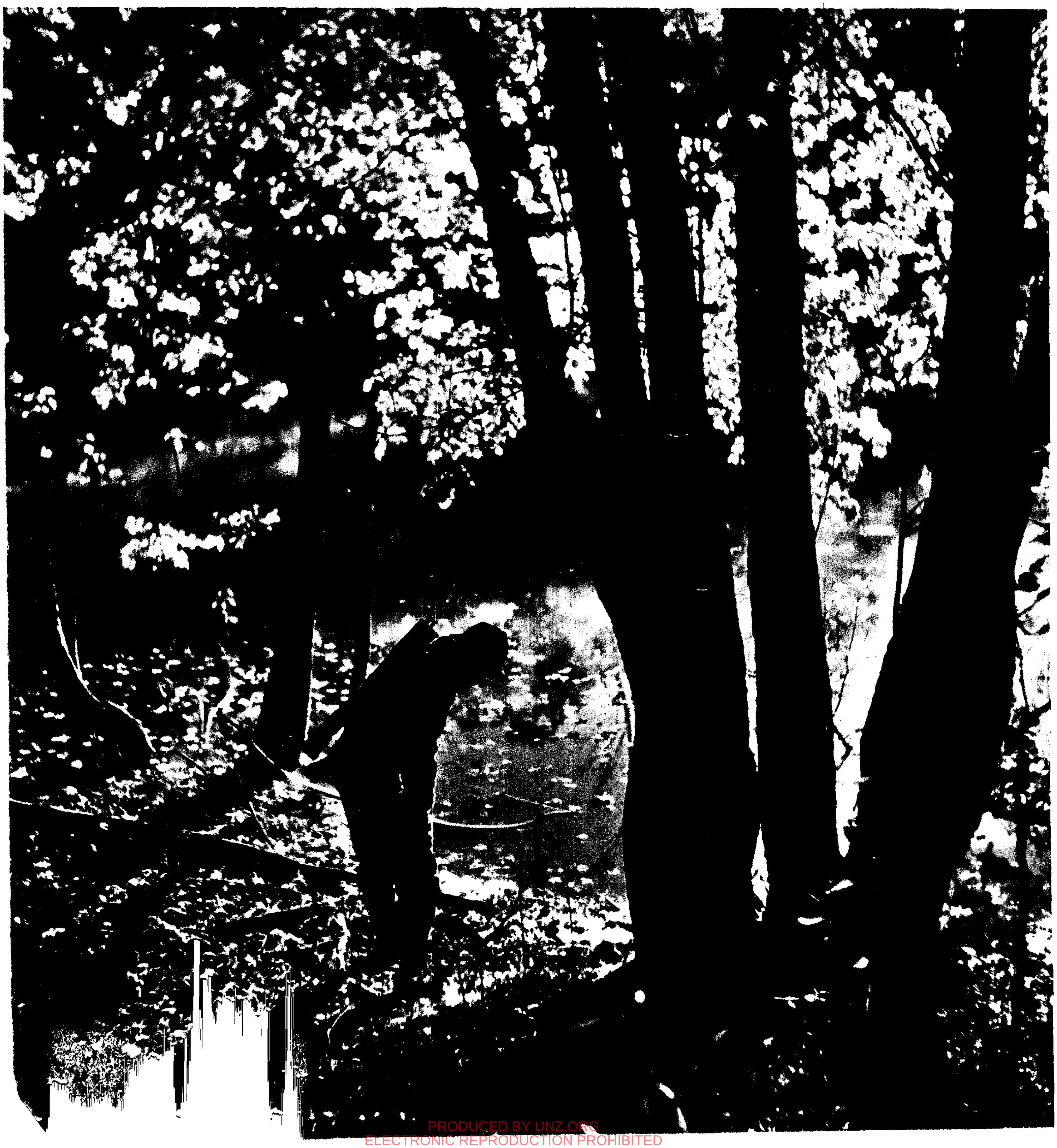
(Continued on page 53)

"The beautiful desert song comes in to fill our pipes and I'm beginning to see how Solomon felt about the Queen of Sheba"

THE BOWMEN GET THE GAME

BY HAROLD TITUS

Bow-and-arrow enthusiasts, tired of shooting at bull's-eyes, have taken to the woods after big game. They're getting it too



HE MOVED toward the next clump of jack pine a step at a time, bow at ready and arrow nocked. You move that way when you're bow hunting for big game or else you muff bets. Always on balance; always ready to draw and loose in a split second. You don't get those second chances that come to the rifle hunter. Once an arrow is loosed the deer is either yours or gone yonder. For, while the arrow is silent, the bowstring isn't, and getting a second broadhead out of your quiver is not a quicker-than-the-eye process like pumping another cartridge into the chamber.

Last night's rain had taken the rustle out of the frost-killed bracken so he could move silently—another "must" for the bow hunter because he's sunk unless close to his quarry. If it's as much as fifty yards away, better than two strikes are on the stalker.

Early sunlight poured through low, scooting clouds, and far upwind a scud of snow blotted out part of another ridge as he stopped in head-high pines. He was slipping the heavy mitten over his bare hand when movement off to the right made him freeze. He tried not to breathe as he rolled his eyes in that direction but with his heart hammering as it did, that was a chore. *You* try for your deer with Hiawatha's weapon and you'll understand that by comparison the excitement of rifle hunting is nothing at all. Just nothing at *all,* mister!

It was a deer, all right, a buck, with a nice antler rack. He was a hundred yards off and stopped, testing the wind with his nose. Nothing alarmed him, so he flicked an ear and came on at an indolent walk. Now he'd be completely out of sight; again, his head or hind parts would be in view.

Just beyond and slightly below our hunter was a treeless swale, the grass no more than knee-high. If the buck held his course he'd cross about there. If he took the swale itself or the near side it would be all to the good, but on the far side, pines grew thick as a hedge and an arrow wouldn't have a chance of escaping deflection.

Right ahead was an opening between trees, wide enough to shoot through handily. That was a break, for certain. Another break was coming up. The deer picked the easy going of the swale and came into sight broadside against that deep green background. He wasn't forty yards away!

The steel-pointed arrow came back to its head, held there an instant for the aim, the bowstring gave its warning twang and the buck jumped high. Did he jump only to collapse with the shaft through heart or lungs? If our hero was lucky the shot was a kill.

No one knows what the success ratio is this year. The deer herds are up in numbers so there were plenty to shoot at, and bow hunters have been getting good these last few years. But there are many first-timers in the woods, too, and the proportion of those with success stories to tell all winter may be small.

The contemporary Robin Hoods are trying their luck in big-game country, all the way from New York's Westchester County to the California Sierras. Ten years back only a handful of bowmen were out after meat; in 1945, upward of 10,000 stalked deer, bear, moose and what not in twenty states, with Wisconsin and Michigan the hot spots of activity. P. J. Hoffmaster, Michigan's Director of Conservation, is one of several brass hats in game administration who believe that this method of taking deer and other big species is no more than off to a fairish start.

"No form of hunting has ever built up as fast as this one," says Hoffmaster. "Folks simply go crazy about it. Just three or four years ago we thought of bow hunters in terms of a few hundreds. Now we're already into the tens of thousands. I'm guessing that there will actually be hundreds of thousands in a very few more seasons."

Wisconsin's Necedah Game Refuge, in Juneau County, sees the greatest concentration of bow-and-arrow addicts. Last year, of the 3,500 hunting archers in that state over 2,000 tried their luck and skill on this 40,000-acre refuge, which had been closed to any form of hunting for six years. Three thousand bowmen and women were allowed to invade it going in, under a permit *(Continued on page 46)*

Harold Eldridge was the first Michigan bowman to shoot a doe legally. That was in 1941

This deer got away despite the scores of avid bow-and-arrow sportsmen who hunted this year

Arnold Haugen of East Lansing, Michigan, is president of the Michigan Archery Association. He's enthusiastic about bow hunting and has just proved his expert aim by getting the deer he's toting

Dr. Frederick W. Stuewer, biologist in charge of Swan Creek Wildlife Experiment Station, Allegan County, Michigan, tracks a deer. He got a young buck later, with his bow and arrow

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

SLEEPING BEAUTY

BY FAITH BALDWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

The Story:
Dr. Richard Kent returns from Army service determined to ask Carla Fenton, a beautiful nurse, to marry him. He finds her about to marry one of her former patients, wealthy Harry Trask. Their marriage is a blow to Kent and also to Maggie Edwards, Harry's former fiancée. After a few months, Carla's and Harry's marriage begins to break up, and Harry is seen with his former mistress, divorcée Lucille Stanley. When Carla realizes she cannot make Harry happy, she leaves him and returns to nursing at Lister, the hospital in which Kent is practicing. Harry refuses to divorce her and periodically appears at her apartment, which she shares with a fellow nurse, Millie Davidson, whose fiancé has been killed in service. Harry accuses Carla of being in love with Kent and hires a detective to watch her. Finally convinced of her innocence, he agrees to a divorce and leaves for Reno. The next day Carla checks her list of new patients and discovers a pneumonia case, the woman who had succeeded where she had failed—Lucille Stanley.

III

CARLA took over the floor, received the capsule reports of the previous night and studied charts. A night special, going off duty, went glumly to breakfast. She drank the execrable coffee and said sourly to a yawning friend, "I could murder Fenton. I stagger off, half dead; she comes on looking as if she had slept twelve hours and breakfasted on roses and dew. I told her that my old lady had thrown a fit last night and, simultaneously, a vacuum. I said, 'You're in for a bad day,' but she just smiled and said, 'We'll see.' She knows damned well that Simson can't cope. Day special or no day special, Fenton will have to apply the tact and administer the soothing sirup. Nothing upsets her . . . if the whole shebang burned down, she'd manage."

But Lucille's arrival had upset the imperturbable Miss Fenton. She looked incredulously at Lucille's chart—the diagnosis was virus pneumonia—and reflected that with Manhattan's numerous hospitals to choose from, Lucille would contrive to arrive dramatically by private ambulance, at midnight, not only at Lister but on Ninth. Only on Ninth would there be a suitable room just vacated and, moreover, no special nurses available.

Since Mrs. Stanley was on floor care, Carla would have to assist. One of her nurses was still absent, and although a student had been assigned to alleviate matters, the floor was understaffed.

Approaching 907, Carla thought that, while she had performed many distasteful professional duties, she had undertaken none with the personal reluctance she now felt.

Lucille suffered from a high temperature and the conviction that every bone in her body had been broken by a malicious hand. When Carla entered the big room and spoke to her quietly, Lucille flickered a too-bright, unastonished eye in her direction and said, "Fancy meeting you here!" She then remarked, while Carla was competently engaged in making her more comfortable, that she assumed she wouldn't die but, currently, would prefer it.

Carla murmured assurances, irritated to discover that the flesh of her hands shrank from contact with her patient's burning flesh. She was not jealous of Lucille, but awareness of humiliation is as ignoble as jealousy. Jealousy is a flame; humiliation an acid. To be humble, to accept humility may lead to spiritual enlightenment, even to greatness; but to feel oneself humiliated is another matter.

During the early morning Lucille's physician, John Redding, made an entrance, respectfully followed by an eager intern. Carla met them, and a conference followed; after which Redding, Carla and the intern went into 907.

One of the nurses in the utility room watched them. She had nursed for John Redding in the old days. She commented upon this, adding, "Redding stinks."

If so, the odor was of eau de cologne, costly tobacco, and leather; of money, and a Park Avenue practice, the gardenia aura. Redding was under fifty and some said he earned his income. Others dissented but the tax collectors were happy, as were Doctor Redding's expensive wife and children. Nor was he unattractive, as elderly ladies had testified in their wills. And Lucille Stanley wouldn't have been found dead with an unattractive physician left to sign the certificate.

This morning, in reply to his solicitous questioning, Lucille admitted that she had had a hideous night. She added, with the shadow of her gamin grin, that she was fortunate to be on Mrs. Trask's floor; they were old friends.

Doctor Redding agitated his mobile eyebrows, being aware of Lucille's priority rights in Harry Trask. He knew Harry socially, and Carla professionally. Her return to the hospital was an interesting development.

He made his examination, departed and, at the desk, wrote his orders. He asked, "By the way, is it Mrs. Trask or Miss Fenton?"

Carla replied that, at Lister, it was Miss Fenton.

Redding looked at her, with admiration, but he did not mix business with pleasure. He said, "I wish I'd known you were working again, Miss Fenton. I need a second office nurse."

CARLA'S acquaintance with Doctor Redding was slight. She found him agreeable, and knew he was extremely clever, a fact sometimes overlooked by his various colleagues.

She said pleasantly, "I'm afraid I've had no office experience."

He remarked that he had a secretary who fulfilled her duties admirably, if she were thinking of that angle. He added, taking his leave, "Well, if you tire of Lister, the offer is open."

He meant it. In his office, Carla would be in the nature of an added attraction. Women patients would tolerate her because of their interest in her cracked-up marriage; at least Redding assumed it had cracked up. And men would be enchanted. Nor would he object to employing so unique a girl. Purely impersonal, of course, his admiration—like hanging a marvelous painting in his reception room.

Carla was left with the memory of a flashing smile, a resonant voice and the promise that he would move heaven and earth to procure specials for Mrs. Stanley.

Lucille's illness ran its course. She was acutely miserable for about two weeks; she hurt, coughed, and her temperature made a seesaw graph on her chart. And Doctor Redding was unsuccessful in his quest for nurses until the end of the first week.

Lucille was never too ill to engage Carla in conversation when they were alone. Whenever possible, Carla avoided 907 except during rounds, but there were times when she had to assume the actual bedside nursing. Nowadays, a charge nurse on a shorthanded floor could not remain at her desk or make only routine rounds.

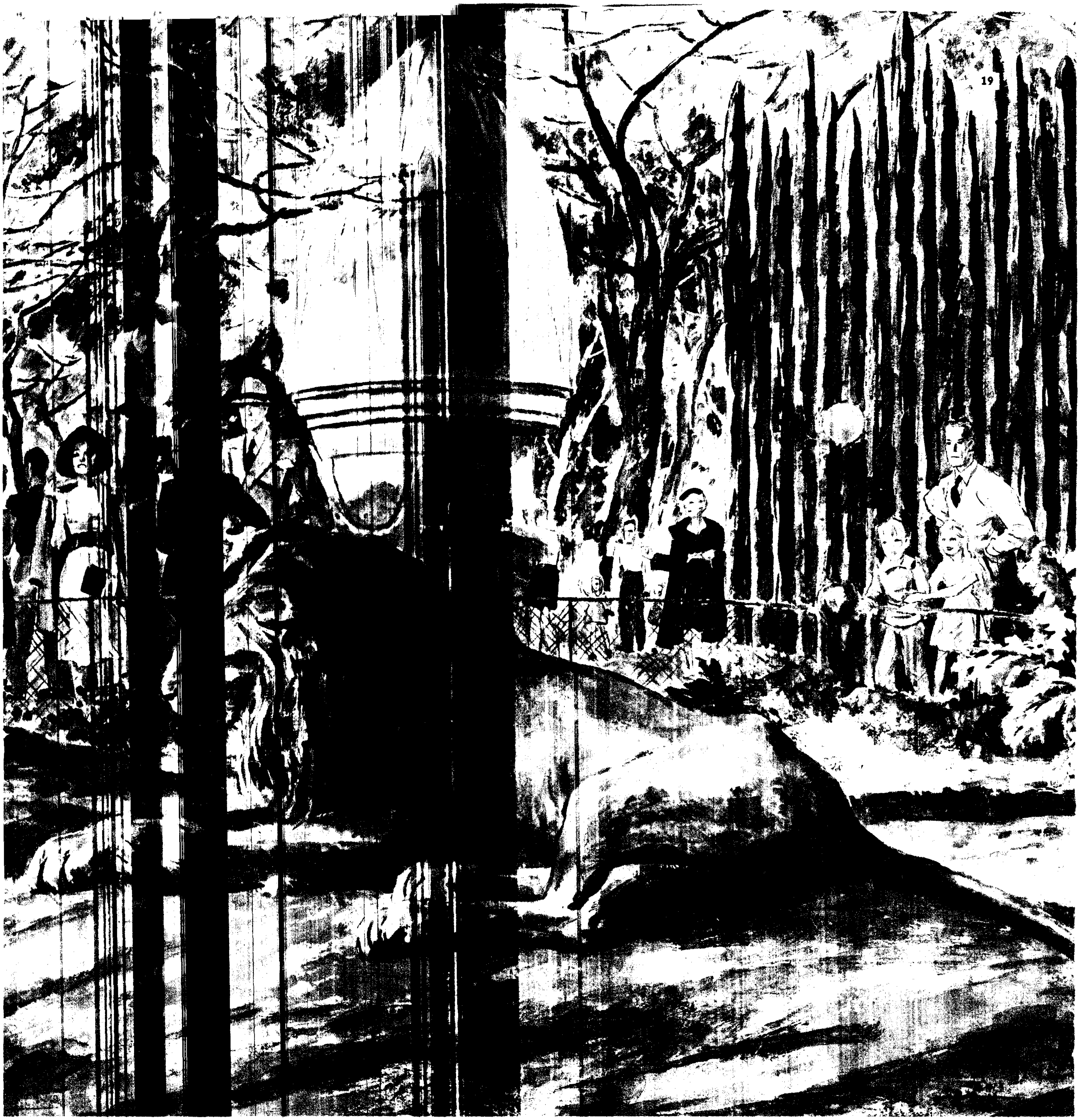
One morning, entering 907, Carla found Lucille telephoning. She retreated, waiting outside the door marked NO VISITORS. But she could hear Lucille talking, crying with hoarse animation, "Naturally, you can come, darling. I'll get around John. I'll run a stupendous fever until I do, or wreck the damned hospital!"

When Carla returned, Lucille was lying back against the pillows, looking spent. And Carla said, "I'm afraid you're not up to telephoning, Mrs. Stanley. And Doctor Redding has forbidden it."

Lucille said, "I made the call. Your professional manner is superb, Carla—cool, inflexible, impersonally concerned, impervious to love or hate. Yet Harry once broke it down, at the one extreme. You'd think I would—at the other. It was Harry I called. He insists upon seeing me."

"No one can see you," said Carla evenly.

"Wanna bet?" inquired Lucille. "Harry's going away . . . or didn't you know? Of course, I'm not exactly at my best."



When Mrs. Kent came to town Rich and Carla took her to the zoo. She was fascinated by the lions, guarded only by a moat and a small fence

Carla said, "Try not to talk."

"Let's not be so damnably polite," Lucille suggested. "You know about Harry and me, although he swears you didn't leave him on my account. That's a blow to my vanity—and his. But he was in love with me before he knew you existed. He even wanted to marry me but I wasn't that besotted. Then he came running back." Her parched mouth, valiantly rouged, twisted into a smile. "And I know *why*," she added.

Carla flushed hotly, but Lucille went on, "That hurt, didn't it? Maybe you have your vanity, too, after all. It's nice to know that when you're stabbed, you bleed as if you were human. You've a lot to learn. A man goes where he's wanted. I thought I was done with wanting Harry until he married. A wife is always a challenge, but when I first saw you I believed that no amount of wanting would suffice. Well, I was wrong."

She broke off, coughing, and Carla moved to the bed, wiped Lucille's lips, eased her back against the pillows, and did the necessary things.

"How you hate this," murmured Lucille, "listening to me, having to touch me—don't think I don't know!"

Carla said, "Until you can get special nurses I'm compelled to help care for you. It's an unfortunate situation, but can't be helped."

"I don't mind," said Lucille. "You don't even hate me, do you? You think that because you and Harry are washed up, and the move came from you, that nothing he or I do, together or separately, concerns you. But you might change your mind. If you do, I'll give you a run for your money. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly clear," said Carla, "and superfluous." . . .

(Continued on page 39)

THE BRUINS THAT BERT BUILT

The story of Coach LaBrucherie and his UCLA Bruins, who play their second Rose Bowl game this New Year's Day

BY SCOOP CONLON

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

When his kickers punt, Coach LaBrucherie follows through with them. Watching the game with Bert are pile-driving fullback Jack Myers (11), guard Bill Clements (49) and halfback Ernie Johnson (17)

FOR the first time in 19 years of Pacific Conference football, the Bruins of the University of California at Los Angeles—hereinafter referred to as UCLA—came through the past season untied and undefeated in conference play. They climaxed the 1946 season by defeating the University of Southern California on November 23d by a score of 13 to 6, on a field which had been turned into a quagmire.

That gave the Bruins the championship of the Pacific Coast Conference, and the right to meet the University of Illinois, champions of the Western Conference, in the Rose Bowl at Pasadena on New Year's Day. It will be the Bruins' second Bowl game.

Now that the alumni and rooters of UCLA have quit turning handsprings, they have begun to apportion the credit for the long string of victories. They are generally agreed that a fair share of the credit should go to the 58 players, but mostly they are showering kudos upon the Bruins' young coach, Bert LaBrucherie.

The career of the new miracle man has, so far, followed the pattern set by the illustrious Paul Brown, who went from the Massillon (Ohio) High School to become a sensation at Ohio State, and left there to coach the professional Cleveland Browns of the All-America Conference. Two years ago LaBrucherie was the obscure coach of the Los Angeles High School.

Only the scattered few who followed high-school football knew that he had made a distinguished record at Los Angeles High—in ten years his teams had won seven titles and had been undefeated in three seasons, while they had won 67 games, lost ten and tied two. But in 1944, when Edwin Horrell resigned as head coach of UCLA after a disastrous season, the university authorities surprised everyone by signing LaBrucherie to succeed him.

LaBrucherie has been described by a Los Angeles sports writer as "a quiet, modest, easygoing character about 40 years of age," but at the same time "a hard-bitten, down-to-earth realist." It took such a man, the Pacific Coast experts agree, to break the evil spell which the Trojans of the University of Southern California laid upon the Bruins.

Until November 23d of this year the Bruins had been walloped ten times by the Trojans, while they had won only one game and tied four. It seemed that the moment the ball was kicked off in the Trojan game, the Bruins forgot all their carefully

Cal Rossi (16) takes after a loose ball during the UCLA-California game. California's Jim Muir (12) is closely behind him. A little later, Rossi broke his leg and was lost to the team for most of the season

Cal Rossi (16) is assisted from the field after breaking his leg in the UCLA-California fracas

coached offensive play and went on the defensive. They seemed always to be playing just to hold the score down as low as possible. One ex-Bruin player said:

"We always felt like the poor guy who climbs into the ring with Joe Louis."

"Maybe you guys did," said a member of this year's team, "but we don't feel that way. Watch us from now on. We'll beat the Trojans every time."

In LaBrucherie's first year at UCLA, 1945, the Trojans beat the Bruins twice, 13 to 6 and 26 to 15. However, LaBrucherie's first Bruin team knocked off St. Mary's and stopped the celebrated Herman Wedemeyer.

When LaBrucherie called his 1946 squad out for practice, he found that 55 of his 58 men were war veterans. Other coaches have screamed to high heaven about the headaches incident to dealing with the prima donna vets who seem to be immune to pep talks about dear old Alma Mater. But LaBrucherie had no trouble. He omitted the pep talks and got along fine. He found that although most of his men were blasé old juniors and seniors, they were as eager to play as sophomores.

"It's really wonderful," he said, "to coach a bunch of fellows who know what it's all about."

LaBrucherie insisted that his staff abandon the austere keep-away-from-me attitude that has ruined so many coaches.

He has a first-rate staff, too. Line Coach Ray Richards has been at UCLA through three head-coach regimes. End Coach Shelby Calhoun came from the University of Southern California two years ago after a lot of experience under Jeff Cravath. And there's another young man on the coaching staff who has attracted considerable attention —a powerfully built ex-Marine named Mike Marienthal. He was a great guard in 1942, and he's still young enough to make almost any team in the country. But he left a leg at Okinawa.

Helping a Star Make His Comeback

As an indication of LaBrucherie's capabilities, his admirers point to the way he has handled Ernie Case, the Bruins' brilliant quarterback, whose work with the T-formation has been outstanding all season. In 1941, Case was understudy to Bob Waterfield, one of the UCLA greats and now an outstanding performer with the professional Los Angeles Rams of the National Football League. Then Case enlisted in the Air Corps, became a B-26 Marauder bomber pilot and was shot down and captured by the Germans. When he returned to UCLA and football in 1945 he got off to a bad start; his passes failed to click, his timing was off, and he was the goat of early season defeats by USC and St. Mary's Preflight.

But neither Case nor LaBrucherie was discouraged, and when the St. Mary's game came along Case was sent in and threw two touchdown passes, the last one with only 48 seconds left to play. This year, at spring practice, Case was coached by Waterfield, and he has been a hot performer all season.

Two other vital spark plugs in the Bruin offensive game are Cal Rossi and Burr Baldwin. Rossi, a flashy halfback from Santa Barbara, ranked with Glenn Davis of Army in 1945 in ground gained by rushing. He's a peppery, talkative player, and his defensive play is almost as good as his work on offense. This year he started brilliantly, but a fractured ankle put him on the bench for a while.

Baldwin is an end, and was a great pass catcher in 1941. After three years in the Army as an infantry captain, he returned to college apparently better than ever.

"I always knew Burr could snag passes," said LaBrucherie, "but this year he has become one of the greatest all-round ends I ever saw."

Grantland Rice also thinks highly of Baldwin; he picked the young man as one of the ends on Collier's All-America team.

Crowding close upon the heels of such stars as Rossi, Baldwin and Case are a couple of lightweight speed boys: Gene "Skip" Rowland, 170 pounds; and 155-pound Ernie Johnson; and Jerry Shipkey, who tips the scales at 215. Young Rowland, who is 18, is one of the three nonveterans on the squad. He caught the winning pass against St. Mary's last year, and is certain to be an outstanding star within the next year or two. Johnson, a Sacramento High School boy, played with St. Mary's Preflight in 1945. This season, behind the tough Bruin line, he has been something of a sensation.

Shipkey is a powerful and explosive runner. He's being compared favorably with Doc Blanchard of Army, and like the famous Bronko Nagurski, he runs his own interference. There are other fine backs, too, on the Bruin squad—Jack Myers, a pile-driving fullback; Al Hoisch, a speed back; Art Steffen, a strong blocking back, and Bennie Reiges, who understudies Case at quarterback.

The Bruin line is two deep and very strong, with four great ends, four strong tackles, four rugged guards, one great center, and a fine substitute for the latter position. Besides Baldwin, the ends are Tom Fears, Roy Kurrasch and Phil Tinsley, the latter a former All-America from Georgia Tech. Don Malmberg, a three-year letterman, starts at left tackle and does the kicking off. West Mathews, a big ex-Marine sergeant, is his substitute. Bill Chambers goes in at right tackle, ably supported by Bob Mike, a great Negro player. At left guard LaBrucherie can go with Mike Dimitro and John Nikcevich; on the right of the center are Bill Clements and Les Steiner. Don Paul, the only boy ever to be elected captain of the Bruins in his freshman year, 1943, is a fast center, very tough on defense. His substitute is Leon McLaughlin, a Navy veteran.

The UCLA football team played to 600,000 football fans this year, counting the Rose Bowl sellout. And as far as the Trojan jinx is concerned, one of the Bruin veterans said just before the game on November 23d:

"Afraid of the Trojan jinx? Listen, buddy, where I came from we don't know what it is to lose."

Out in Illinois they think the Bruins will learn that on January 1st. ★★★

Burr Baldwin, UCLA's great All-America end, is treated for a minor injury during the California game. Team physician Ed Ruth is attending him

Bert LaBrucherie (left) coaches his brilliant quarterback Ernie Case in how to kick the ball

Football players go in for the academic life occasionally too. Here are a few of the Bruins on the campus between classes. Standing, left to right, are guard Bill Clements, guard John Nikcevich, fullback Bert West, tackle Bob Mike, halfback Gene "Skip" Rowland and guard Mike Dimitro. The student at the top of the steps is not identified

THE BLACK BOX

BY EUGENE L. BURDICK

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESEN

A hero is rewarded

THE hair of Maria's head was black and lustrous and living. It hung far down her back, and as the fingers of Victoria, her daughter, rapidly parted it into small strands it seemed that each hair was a shiny, blue-black thread. The six-year-old child took a single strand in her hand, and it moved through her fingers with a zissing sound.

"The head, Victoria. Give some attention to the head," Maria said softly. Her daughter's hands moved to her head and pushed the hair away from the white scalp. She bent close and looked intently for the tiny, round, brown lice.

Juanito Tomado, Maria's husband, sat in front of his wife and daughter on the steps leading from his porch down to the street of Royal. His house had walls of palm thatch and bamboo. The roof was made of gray sheets of galvanized iron, which faintly showed a circular insigne: "Pittsburgh, Pa., U.S.A."

About the house the town of Tacloban, provincial capital of Leyte, simmered moistly. Along the sides of the streets the small, black, open sewer flowed slowly under a protective canopy of flies. Small eddies of dust followed a carabao down Royal Street. A small boy held the end of a rope that led through the wet, sensitive nose of the beast, and he gave it an occasional tug that caused the carabao to walk in a zigzag pattern down the street.

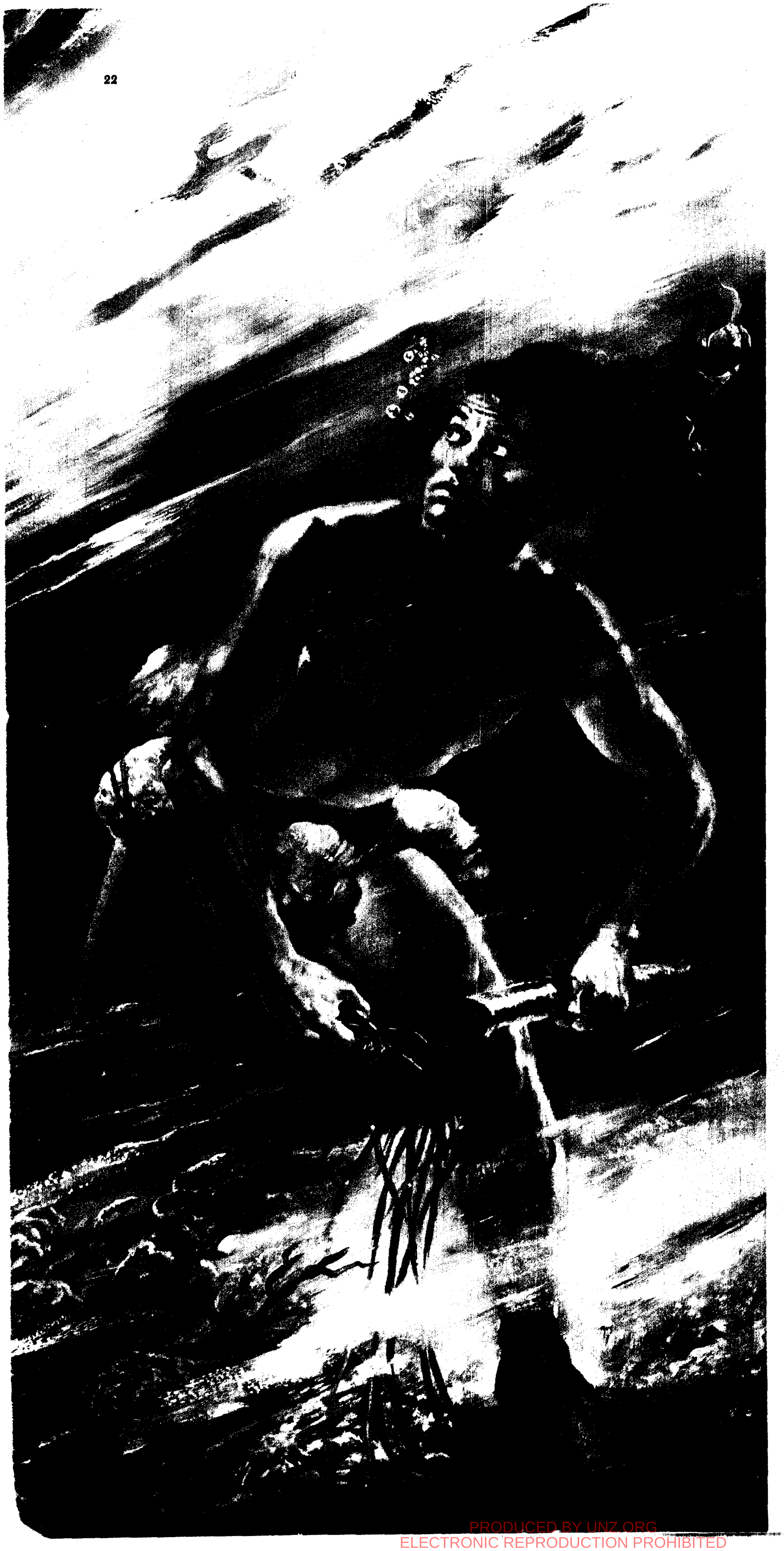
Juanito suddenly sat very straight and turned his head in the direction of the market place that lay at the end of Royal Street. His ears caught the cadence of marching feet, so muffled and so subtle as to be almost a fleeting, imagined impression. He turned to his wife and said, "The monkeys are marching today." Her eyes glistened.

"Ignore your father, Victoria. Give the attention to the head," she said.

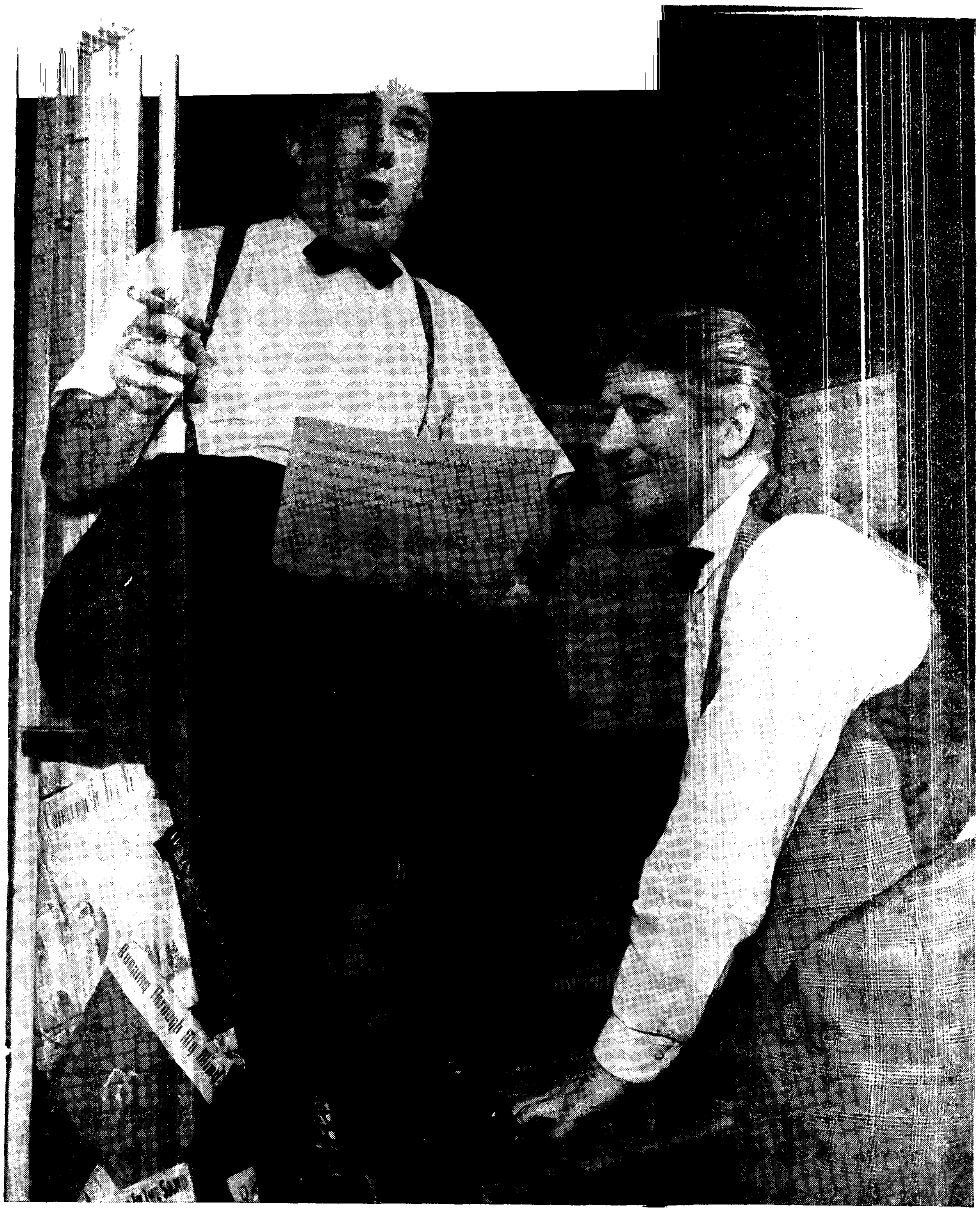
Juanito knew, even before the Japanese patrol turned into the market place to swing down the dusty street, that walking at the head of the formation would be Lieutenant Teretsuka, back but two days from a ten-day leave in Manila. He knew that Teretsuka had been reprimanded in Manila for the capture of two luggers by Filipino guerrillas. He also knew that the lieutenant had become venereal in the officer brothels of Manila. The lieutenant would not be happy today.

The platoon turned smartly down the street. Twenty-four small yellow men, their feet encased in rubber and canvas boots. Their yellow-brown skin stretched over their knobby knees and disappeared into their brown cotton shorts. Over their shoulders the long barrels of their rifles swung awkwardly.

Lieutenant Teretsuka was tall and thin, with a nose unusually aquiline for a Jap. Today his mouth was drawn thin and his eyes glanced nervously up and down the street. He *(Continued on page 32)*



It seemed to Juanito that the ocean was suddenly full of a dazzling white-hot light. The water around him became as solid and unyielding as a rock



Nick Kenny, the Bard of Bayonne, renders one of his tear-jerkers, while his brother, Charley, who writes the music, accompanies him on the piano

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

CORN DOCTOR

BY DAN PARKER

Broadway sophisticates scoff at Nick Kenny's "perms" as the purest of corn, but they can't laugh off the fact that his songs usually make the Hit Parade and sell hundreds of thousands of copies

AT NO time in history has a cathedral been built in a clump of pines. Nor does ecclesiastical literature contain any mention of a little cathedral. By their very nature, cathedrals are big and are located in cities rather than in evergreen forests. However, these two undisputed facts didn't prevent Nick Kenny from dashing off a song titled, That Little Old Cathedral in the Pines, which sold 275,000 copies of sheet music, made the Hit Parade and established Nick and his brother, Charley, as persons to be reckoned with on Tin Pan Alley.

Three million sheets of Nick Kenny's popular songs have contributed to America's paper shortage. It is almost impossible to tune in a band on the radio without hearing a Kenny classic. Nick's rating in ASCAP, the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, which looks after the interests of song writers and publishers in the matter of royalties is "AA," the highest of the fifteen fluctuating classes in which a song writer can be graded. He is one of sixty out of a total membership of 1,600 song writers who are in that classification at present. Broadway sophisticates who are wont to sneer "Corn" when Nick's songs are mentioned, will realize, when confronted with these statistics, that the corn is on the other foot.

The chorus of That Little Old Cathedral in the Pines, which is typical of Nick Kenny's lyrics, runs as follows:

Daddy wore a happy smile when his bride came
down the aisle
In that little old cathedral in the pines.
When a baby filled the nest, he was taken to be
blessed
In that little old cathedral in the pines.
He grew up and joined the choir where the organ
played each day
And he found his heart's desire in a girl who came
to pray.
Once again the wedding bells will softly peal
And as you and I before the altar kneel
I will hold your hand in mine
As they did in auld lang syne
In that little old cathedral in the pines.

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Although Nick writes lyrics dripping with saccharine sentiment, he has the voice of a truck driver and the vocabulary of a sailor's parrot. He's been around the most sophisticated street on earth for a quarter of a century, but in many ways he's still as naïve as a Nebraska dirt farmer paying Broadway his first visit.

Nick's apprenticeship for his career as radio editor and song writer was spent as a sailor and a professional football player. Some of his detractors claim he bludgeons band leaders into playing his songs and making them popular, but no one has to coerce Nick into rounding up entertainers, night after night, to play benefits for worthy causes. Nick and his brother Charley, who writes the music for Nick's lyrics, are as unlike as two brothers can be —Nick boisterous, self-assertive; Charley mild-mannered and retiring.

Budding Genius Aboard a Battle Wagon

The Bard of Bayonne has been writing verse ever since he was a sailor aboard the battleship Arizona —one of the ships the Japs sank at Pearl Harbor. However, there is *no* connection between these two facts, as far as is known. After several hitches in the Navy and a few more years in the Merchant Marine, Sailor Nick went to work twenty-five years ago as a sports writer for the Bayonne (N. J.) Times. As a side line, he wrote verses for a Bayonne movie house which were flashed on the screen whenever the management thought the customers needed a good cry.

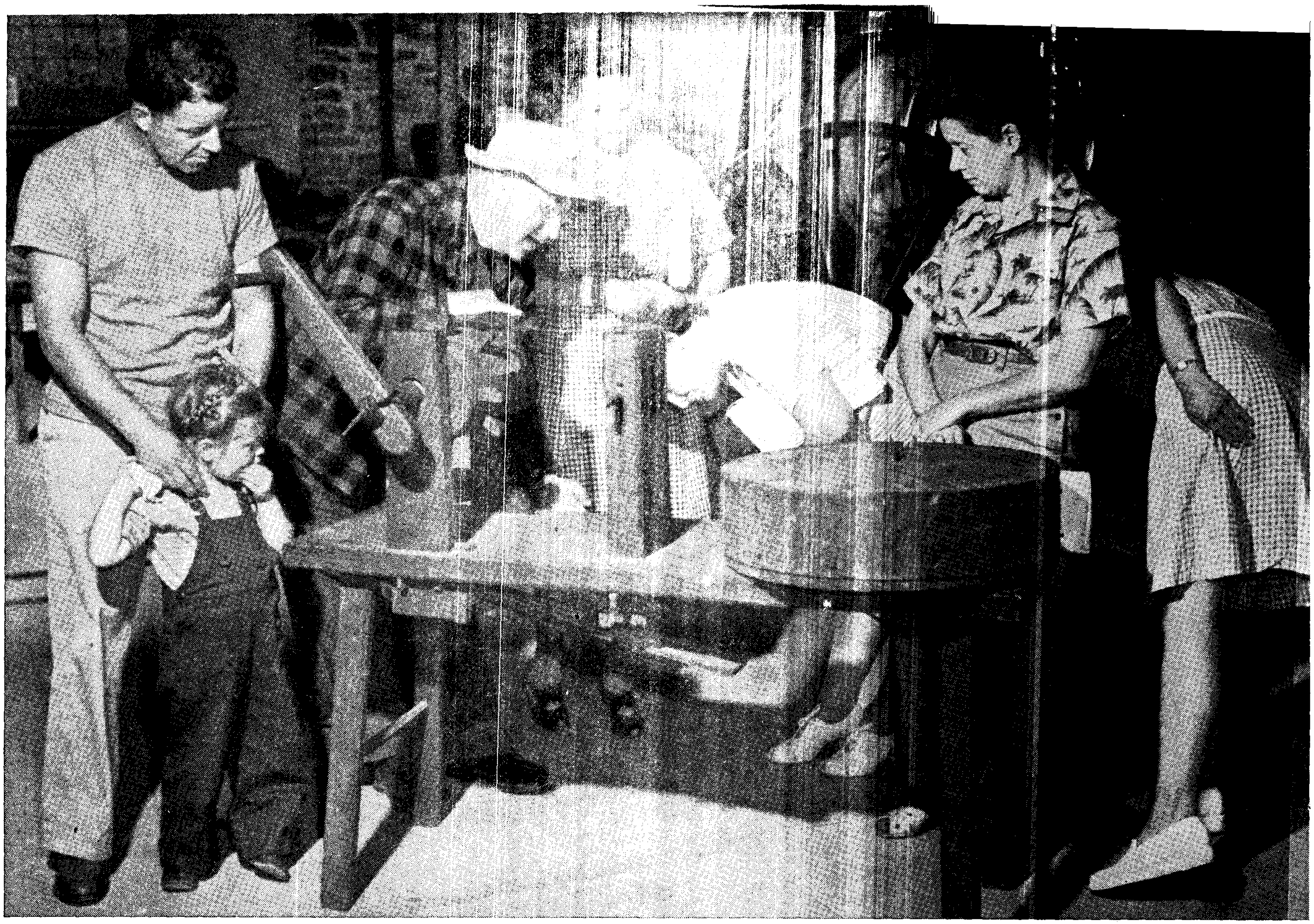
When he was resting from these two jobs, Nick played professional football with the Staten Island Stapletons. Probably the only reason Nick never developed into another "Red" Grange was that when he arrived on the grid scene, rubber nose guards were just going out of style. What a major tragedy this was can be judged only after one has seen Nick's rubicund schnozzle in profile. It has the generous proportions of a pelican's beak.

An apprenticeship on Boston and New York papers prepared Nick for his present post as radio editor of the New York Daily Mirror. It was by way of this pillar of radio chatter that Nick arrived as a song writer. His fan mail averages 1,300 letters a week, running just behind Walter Winchell's.

The office in which the Bard of Bayonne does his composing is probably the least composed place on earth. A stranger wandering into it by mistake would be pardoned for thinking he had strayed into the violent ward of a lunatic asylum. All is sound and fury. The place looks as if a riot had just passed through it. Everything is battered and dusty.

The walls are papered with copies of songs the Kennys have written, on which many generations of flies have interpolated new notes. Scrapbooks, grimy with soft-coal soot which drifts in through the open windows, are stacked up on a row of filing cabinets on one side of the room, powerful assurance to posterity that there'll always be a Patty Poem. (Patty Poems are short verses, dedicated to one of his daughters, with which Nick usually leads off his column.) In an anteroom, lined with sound-deadening drapes, which hang with a defeated air, are a battered piano, a microphone and enough litter to put over a wastepaper drive.

Bedlam was a haven of *(Continued on page 56)*



This is the "What Is It?" machine—the only item in the museum's 7,000-piece show which continues to baffle George. Most people believe that the contraption, built in the early 1870's, is either a child-spanking machine, a device for stretching drumheads, a sauerkraut grinder, a ballyhoo crowd-caller for a circus, or some kind of food chopper. George hopes that somebody who sees this picture may supply the definitive answer to the question: "What is the 'What Is It?'"

THE ANTICKITY MAN

BY HARMON AND ELSIE TUPPER

George Campbell has built up a fascinating collection of early American relics, just by "visitin'" with friends and neighbors

AT TEN o'clock one November morning in 1941, George P. Campbell was occupied with his chores as janitor of the New York State Historical Association's headquarters in Cooperstown, New York. A moment later he was summoned to the office of the director, Dr. Clifford L. Lord. When the interview ended, George had been appointed the Number One field collector for the Farmers' Museum and Institute of Rural Life.

In four years George Campbell built from scratch one of America's most alluring historical centers and the largest museum of its kind in the East. Almost single-handed, the ex-janitor snowballed a few curios up to a collection of 7,000 exhibits valued at $800,000, with a $100,000 remodeled dairy as a show place to house them.

Today, at forty-seven, George Campbell is a curator of the Farmers' Museum. But to thousands of rural New Yorkers he's better known simply as "the antickity man"—the genial soul who stops by the kitchen door and talks them out of cherished possessions.

Metropolitan bigwigs who go through the Farmers' Museum often ask if he had a secret pull with the natives, or a fantastically fat bank roll, or both. George smiles. "There's not much to it," he answers in his disarming, offhand way. "Mostly visitin' 'n' loafin' in poolrooms 'n' country stores."

The Farmers' Museum is the magnet for 10,000 visitors a year. On the main floor are authentic village shops—blacksmith, wheelwright, cooper, carpenter, hatter, glover, basketmaker and such. Surrounding the shops are hundreds of other displays, from wild-turkey calls and muzzle-loading shotguns to extraordinary devices you never dreamed existed.

There's a kitchen with 300 household thingumbobs—ponderous wooden meat grinders, foot-square fruit squeezers, hefty 20-pound laundry irons. In the onetime hayloft is half an acre of plows, cultivators and reapers, and there's another barnful of carriages, wagons and sleighs, including the red and yellow bandwagon of the Cazenovia Silver Cornet Band, that solid-sending outfit of 120 years ago.

The largest antiques are outside. There you'll find a squat stone building with STORE chiseled boldly over the lintel, and a country schoolhouse near by. The store, built in 1797, and the school, 20 years younger, were dismantled stone by stone in the neighboring villages, loaded on trucks and re-erected on their new site at a cost of $10,000.

When George Campbell started building this collection in 1941, no one dreamed that he would hit the jack pot. But in 15 months the ex-janitor filled the Association's quarters to overflowing. The acquisition of three private collections added further to the wild confusion, making a move imperative. Early in 1943, Stephen C. Clark, of the tycoon family responsible for baseball's national shrine in Cooperstown, came to the rescue with the offer of the model dairy farm, a 25-acre estate on the outskirts of Cooperstown. The museum opened its permanent home there that spring.

George's first weeks of collecting were filled with woe, however. He rang village doorbells until his finger ached. He called on his circle of farm friends until he counted silos in his sleep. He pursued wild geese that outsmarted him with regularity and method. By the end of the first two weeks he ducked at the sight of Dr. Lord, for all he could show were a battered door hinge, two pruning knives, a horse collar of uncertain vintage, and an ancient bell which he had to return because the old party who presented it wasn't the owner.

A change in his tactics seemed in order. So he set up a five-day-a-week routine for visiting the hangouts of the old-timers in surrounding villages. When the native gaffers assembled for their daily confabulations in general store, barbershop or hotel, he took care to be there and help toss the fat around. Gradually the octogenarians opened up under his prodding.

"It was gentle," George says, "just because the ol' coots rile up if you push 'em." But finally they began to remember things he wanted.

Some of the regulars had been wheelwrights, coopers and other now-forgotten artisans. They allowed the museum could have the tools that had made a living for them and their fathers before them. When they went up back stairs to fetch the stuff, George followed close behind, for often there were other articles near by—a Paul Revere lantern, a charcoal foot warmer, or a little spinning wheel for flax.

What Went with the Cradle

Once an antediluvian buddy confided that a farmer's wife in the vicinity owned a fine colonial cradle. George persuaded the woman to part with it and was driving away when she rushed out of the house, flourishing a small tin chamber pot.

"Here, this goes with the cradle!" she shouted, thrusting the pot at George.

"But, ma'am," he informed the owner tactfully, "that's what we call a—a modern piece. It doesn't go at all with a real ol' cradle like yours."

"Makes no difference," the woman answered firmly. "My grandchildren used this potty, my daughter used it, and *I* used it, and it's always set right alongside that cradle. Now, either you take the potty or you don't get the cradle!"

That settled it. George made out a receipt for "1 c/pot."

One of George's most difficult jobs was wearing down a character we'll call Farmer Bigsbee, the sliest and stingiest old fox for miles around.

George's mouth watered when he spied the farmer's treasures in the barn. At first, Bigsbee seemed half disposed to let them go, and so George broke out some choice 15-cent cigars. Then the farmer, suddenly veering around, said he'd better think the matter over. "But come ag'in, m'boy," he said, puffing appreciatively on one of George's cigars. "Come any time."

George did. For the entire winter of 1943 he repeated his visits, bringing cigars each trip. However, by spring he'd given the old gent the contents of at least three boxes of fancy tobacco, and was ready to give up.

Bigsbee must have read the writing on the wall when George didn't haul out the usual smokes, for he himself brought up the subject of "them antickities."

"Y'know, sonny," he said with a shameless grin, "if ya hadn't carried me them see-gars every time ya came here, I'd 'a' probably given ya that stuff quite a spell back. They's mighty good smokin' 'n' I jus' hated to see the supply cut off. Now come along, take what ya want outa the barn, but don't git caught like that ag'in!"

Often the owners of rare articles cling to them because of sentiment.

There is a cart that was a family hand-me-down through generations of itinerant peddlers. "This crazy affair belonged to a gent close to 90 'n' the last in his line—he loved it so much he wouldn't leave it outa his sight.

"When I told him I wanted it for the museum, he wouldn't hear o' partin' with it. Finally, a farmer friend o' his speaks up. He gives me a wink 'n' says to the ol' fella, 'How long d'ya think you're goin' ta live, ya ol' coot? Why, you're like to kick the bucket any day, 'n' *then* what'll happen to your chariot? Some furriner'll git aholt o' it to haul manure—ya hear me? *Manure!* Then you'll whorl aroun' in your grave 'n' wish ya'd given it to this fella here.'

"Well, the peddler finally shook hands on the deal. But he wouldn't stay aroun' while I took the cart away, 'n' went mopin' off into the house.

"While I was towin' the wagon outa the barnyard, all of a sudden the whole back end fell with a crash, the wheels rollin' every which way. The peddler comes down from the house laughin' his head off.

"'Ya sure would 'a' felt foolish if ya'd been a-stealin' that car,' the ol' fella cackled. Then he reached into a paper sack in his hand and gave me the nuts offa the axle. 'Here them burrs be. Now, put 'em on 'n' keep 'em on till ya git to where y're goin'—then take 'em *off,* 'n' ya got the best damn' padlock ever invented!'"

There is one article in the museum that George tends with special care. It is an ancient side-hill plow. He shows it with a pride that puzzles you until he explains: the old relic earned him his first nickel when, a kid of eight, he plowed a field for a next-door neighbor.

During his first year's collecting, George had no more idea than the owner what articles would bring. A hundred-year-old linchpin wagon he obtained for $25 is now conservatively appraised at $150.

The Blacksmith's Daughter

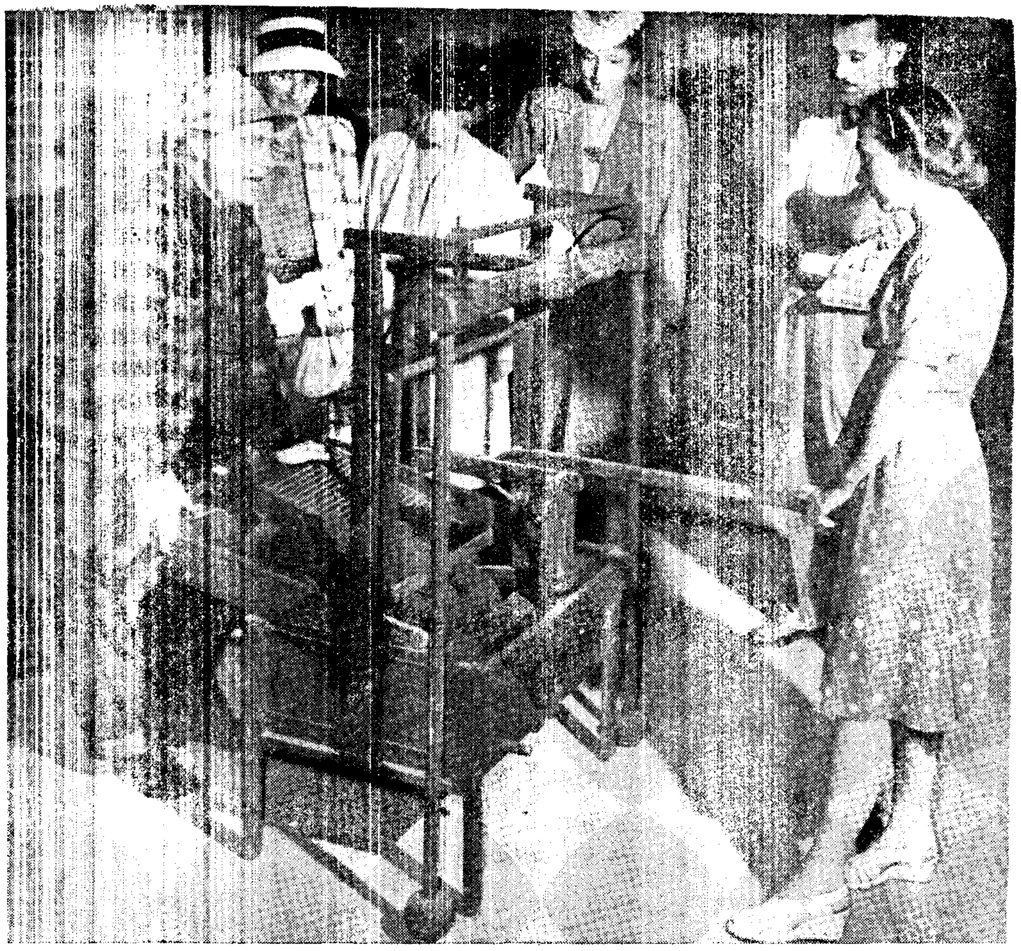
George still doesn't know the value of all his finds. Visitors to the museum often turn up with surprising information. Once a wisp of a woman became pleasurably excited when George told her about the blacksmith shop in the museum. With a tiny squeal of delight at the sight of the Old Forge, she suddenly seized two six-pound welding hammers and brought them ringing down on the anvil.

"It's been a mighty long time since I heard *that* sound!" she exclaimed with a gratified little smile. Then she explained: "My father was a blacksmith and I—well, I guess I didn't like dolls much when I was a girl."

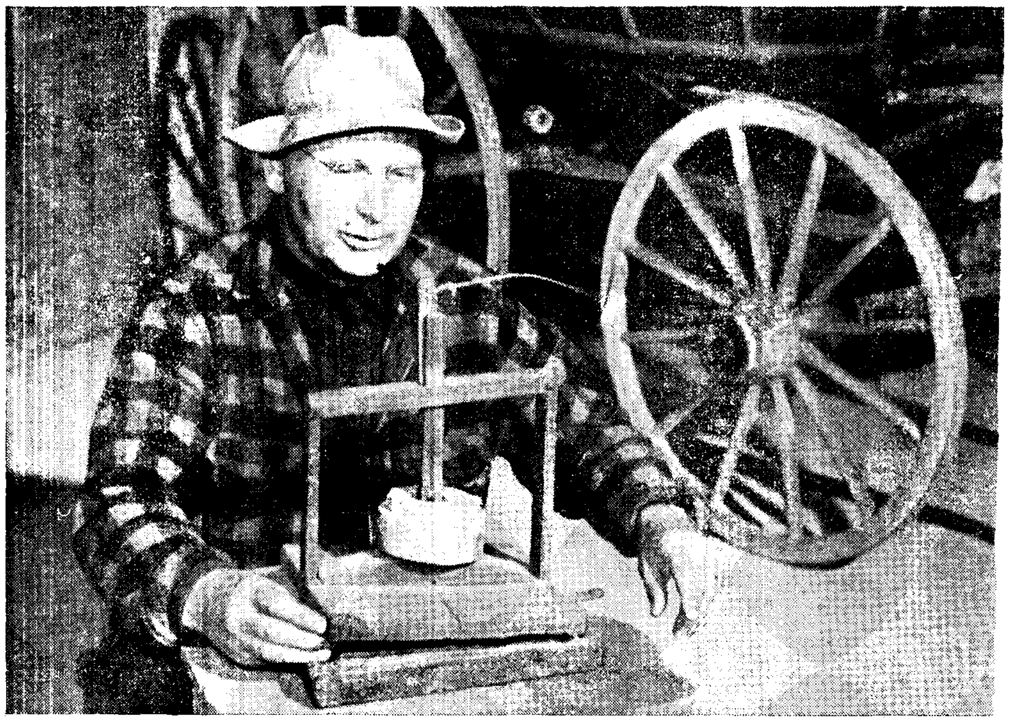
Today George has another assignment that should floor even the most sanguine of his collecting colleagues. The shelves and counters of the country store must be stocked, not with modern merchandise, but with the same eye-catching wares the original Yankee proprietor of 1797 displayed: bolts of calico and gingham, canisters for teas and spices, pork and cracker barrels, rum jugs and whisky kegs, cisco tubs for salted fish, plug tobacco, candy and licorice sticks, button molds and corn cradles.

George is unperturbed at the thought of searching for these rarities. "Guess it'll jus' be a matter of visitin' 'n' loafin' all over ag'in," he says. "Only one thing worries me—some day I'm goin' to run outa ol' men." ★★★

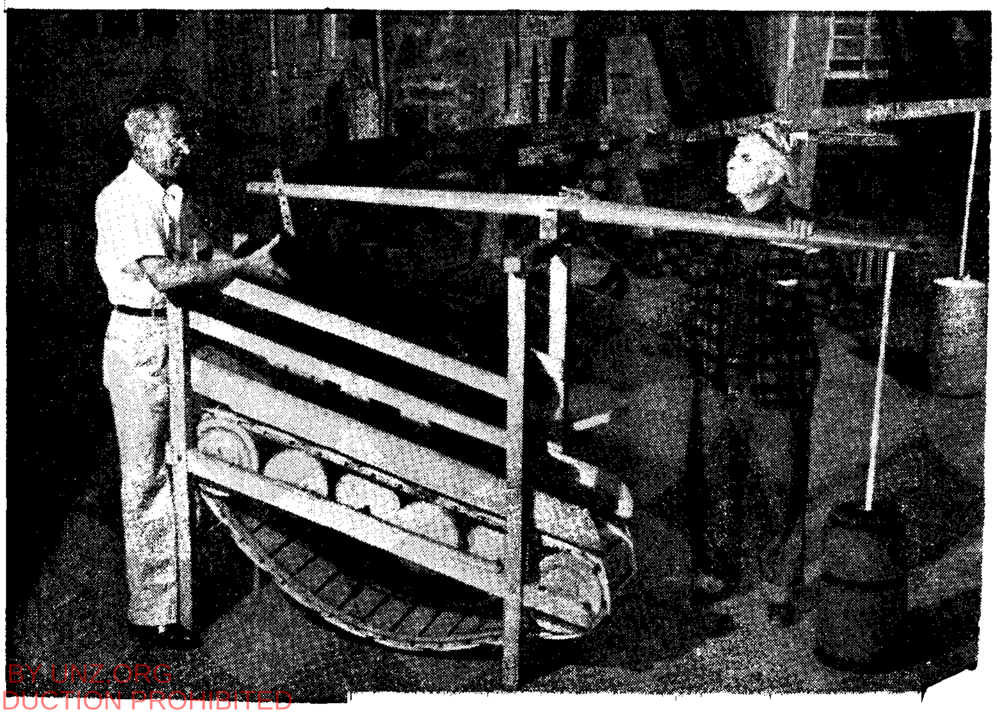
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FONS IANELLI



The interesting-looking device above is not a torture rack, but an unpatented backwoods washing machine of 1855. Hand operated, it was an early example of how the pioneers solved household problems. Here George explains its workings



For days, George was baffled by the thingumbob above. He tinkered and fussed with it until one day the lid crashed like a thunderclap on his finger. Then he realized that the contrivance was a primitive mousetrap! The imposing affair in the picture below is a dog treadmill and churn. All you need to make butter with this thing is some cream to fill the churn and a pooch trained to turn the treadmill. This item was manufactured around 1840 in Fly Creek, N. Y. It still works



CHALLENGE TO THE G.O.P.

BY THOMAS L. STOKES

THE reporter wandering about the country in the weeks before the election could make no mistake about the sound and fury of resentment that on Election Day became the final rites for what its creator, himself, once called whimsically "Dr. New Deal." But there were other interesting things to be observed here and there.

There was, for instance, the young Republican back home from three years in the Navy, a sober and serious businessman, who was persuaded to run for Congress by Harold Stassen. The young man had seen the world—and at war.

He had come back to rediscover America and find his place. He was conscious of his responsibility to the world outside and to the now-confused world within our borders. In the eagerness to win, some of his campaign managers tried to get him to attack the incumbent Democrat on what they claimed was a vulnerable chapter in his record in Congress. The young man looked into the record and came to the conclusion that his opponent had been misrepresented in the matter, though it would be hard for him to defend himself. He refused to raise a questionable issue.

There was another young Republican, also a veteran of the war, who had left public office in his state to join the Army as a private and to rise from the ranks in distinguished service. He also was running for Congress. He was familiar with the puny hypocrisies of politics. In the primary campaign he singled out one provision of the Congressional reorganization bill then still before Congress—the increase in salary for members—and twisted it skillfully into a demagogic tirade against the incumbent for daring to vote himself a raise in pay.

All in all, the reorganization bill was one of the most meritorius that Congress had considered for a long time, and presumably the young candidate knew it. He smiled slyly as he spoke privately of the advantage he was taking of his opponent.

"I hope they pass it," he said. "I'll need that salary increase if I get elected."

Both young war veterans were elected and now sit in the new Congress. There are both sorts, and all sorts, in this Congress as in every Congress in our history. But, unlike many others, it settles down to work in a time that calls for statesmanship, not just politics.

The danger that faces the new Congress is the temptation to chase off wildly for something that another President, after another war, described as "normalcy" and which came, in the end, to stand for greed and grab in our own affairs at home, and selfishness and isolation abroad.

There was an ominous undertone to the clamor of discontent in the country during the recent campaign. It came, paradoxically, from people comfortably prosperous, anxious only about getting more of the world's goods, and bitter about any curb on profits and prices. There was the weird cry for "meat" which seemed, as one heard it, to symbolize the desire for all things material. And there were campaign orators who went on from there to drape the mantle of "Communism" falsely about the whole Democratic party. But, effective as were these issues, responsible Republicans know full well that it is not upon such flimsy bases of campaign oratory that they can now proceed to meet the obligations thrust upon them.

Their problem is to forget this campaign talk and the alarms it stirred up, to get behind the disgruntled complaints of the people and find out what they really want and need. That requires a high order of statesmanship.

As to exactly what the people were asking in the election, it is unsafe to be too specific. Whatever is said, it must be remembered that a lot of people voted for the losers. It is probable that these people were voting not so much for the Democrats as "agin" the Republicans. No analysis is available, but it is fairly logical to assume that these are people of meager income, who are now having a hard time in the squeeze of inflation. Some Republicans at least realize it is wise not to overlook them in whatever they do.

For, come a setback economically, those people could be joined by millions more who now feel financially secure and respectably middle class once again. Such a quick shift was demonstrated when the last depression turned the 1928 triumph of Herbert Hoover into the Republican debacle of 1932. That could happen again, and the swing might veer toward some figure much to the left of the late Franklin D. Roosevelt.

What, then, were the people saying last November 5th and what will this mean to the Republican Congress?

Protesting Against Curbs

They plainly spoke up vociferously for liquidation of war restrictions of all sorts, the regulations that kept the corner grocer and drugstore proprietor, as well as bigger business, harassed over endless records and papers; the shortages and rationing that the housewife accepted philosophically during the war but which irritated her afterward as she stood in endless lines for queer cuts of meat.

Republicans, accordingly, were ready to wipe out these war restrictions in one broad, generous gesture and thus gain the gratitude of the millions who had voted them into power. But President Truman beat them to it immediately after the election, executing a few days before the election, a final withdrawal in the retreat that had him backing away continually during the campaign. Anything he might have left undone, the Republicans will do.

This will include, necessarily, a formal declaration by Congress of the end of the war, which is the act that will wipe out extraordinary powers granted the President during the emergency. These powers are so far-reaching and involve so intricately many important functions of government that Republicans some weeks before the election delegated a special committee to study the whole problem so that it may be worked out in an orderly way without disrupting important government operations.

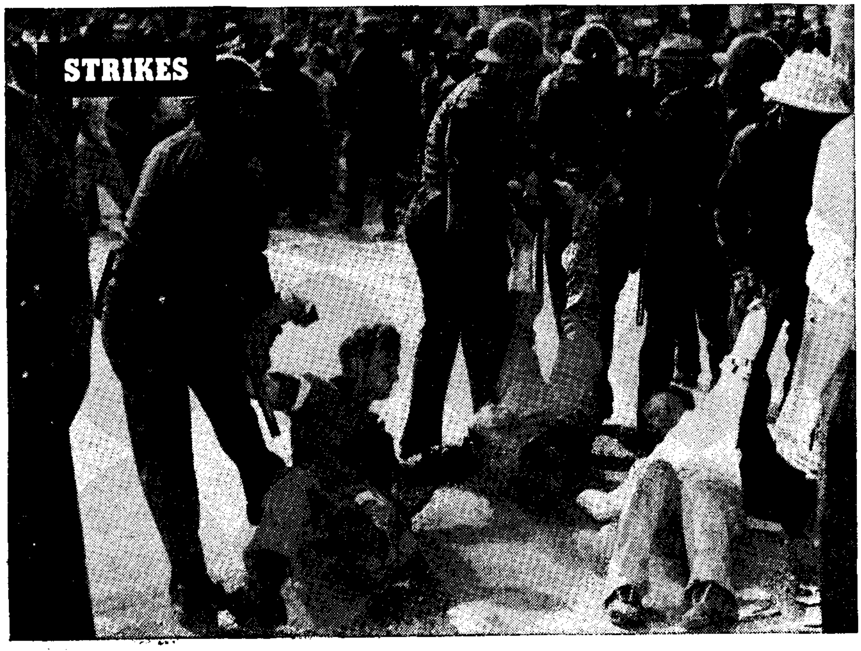
What else did the people say?

It was easy to see that they stated their bewilderment and annoyance over labor's calling of strike after strike, so that somewhere along the streets of every city there were always men and women picketing. Most exasperating were strikes in public utilities—in power plants, streetcar and bus lines—and occasionally in hotels. In so many instances the strikers had just cause, though it was difficult for the public to find this out.

But some of the disputes grew out of internal fights among labor leaders jockeying for power and some were jurisdictional quarrels between unions, which the public can never condone. Not only the public, but lots of workers got their fill of that sort of business, judging from the election returns. Republicans could not have won so overwhelmingly without the votes of many union members.

Agitating the citizen who belonged to no labor union, but who perhaps has been generally sympathetic, is the increasing power he saw labor gaining for itself in the Democratic party. The people of this country obviously are not yet ready for a labor party. The Democratic party had begun to take on that complexion in some sections, notably the larger cities, so much so that in the November elec-

ACME


STRIKES

© HARRIS & EWING

BUREAUCRACY

tion many lifelong Democrats parted company with it.

All of this was magnified by infiltration of Communists into a comparatively insignificant number of labor and other organizations allied with the Democratic party, also in a few big cities. There the Communists were visible and busy enough, small though they were in actual numbers, to offer an opportunity which was seized by propagandists to create a bugaboo in small towns where no one ever saw a Communist.

All of which means that an early order of business of Republicans in Congress will be labor regulatory legislation and, as an offshoot, investigations into Communist activity and an exploration in government agencies—still manned by Democrats—to ferret out possible Communists, party-liners and left-wingers.

New Labor-Relations Setup

In both of these enterprises Republicans count upon support of Southern Democrats, just as they did in the last Congress. Older heads are counseling caution in labor regulation, but it seems clear that such legislation will go far enough to require more responsibility by labor in its contracts, to give the employer more voice with his workers and more influence in labor disputes, to regulate picketing and secondary boycotts, and probably to set up some new arbitration devices with authority to delay strikes in public utilities and industries affecting the public health and welfare until there has been full investigation of the facts.

Bureaucracy was pulled out and dusted off again in the last campaign, as it always is no matter what party is in power. (It is strange to recall now that Franklin D. Roosevelt used it effectively against Herbert Hoover back in 1932.) As pictured in the campaign, bureaucracy is millions of persons either sitting around in offices wasting their time shuffling papers or long-haired sinister fellows plotting how to annoy the average citizen with new and strange regulations.

The picture is somewhat different to one who has lived and worked about Washington for many years. He knows that "bureaucrats" are, by and large, hard-working people who are not very well paid and are having a time feeding and clothing their families under inflation. But for this election, bureaucracy had come closer to the citizen during the New Deal and war years when the government moved directly into virtually every community. It was identified with the regulations its legions administered.

Furthermore, it heaped insult on injury to have government workers in some small towns making as much as leading local businessmen, and government stenographers getting better salaries, in many cases, than a majority of the townsfolk.

Bureaucracy, since it has thus achieved a dramatic quality, will be the opening wedge for economy in the new Republican Congress. Many thousands have left government service since the war, a considerable number of their own volition. The Budget Bureau began to lop them off in great droves soon after the election. Many more may go as Republicans cut pay rolls in carrying out their program to balance the budget. For it is their firm intention to balance the budget for the first time in fifteen years.

Economy, in turn, will be a cover behind which Republican party managers can operate—if they so choose—to curtail or stop certain New Dealish government activities. There is a way to do this that is not so discernible to the public. This is to cut appropriations of funds for the disapproved agencies and thus limit their activities.

The story thus is hid in the dry and not easily understandable statistics which burden the voluminous appropriation bills so heavily that congressmen, themselves, can usually interpret them only after careful study. Democrats, of course, are alerted against such operations which might hit things like public power development, public works, anti-trust pursuits of the Justice Department, and maybe such agencies as the Securities and Exchange Commission and the National Labor Relations Board.

Republicans may find that they must move warily in reducing the scope of New Deal social and economic activities. For the basic structure of the New Deal was not an issue in this last campaign, if one who watched it closely all over the country is any judge. It might be recalled that neither the late Wendell L. Willkie in 1940 nor Governor Thomas E. Dewey in 1944 challenged any of these basic reforms. They only promised to administer them better. Any serious curtailment in appropriations affecting activities which both parties have accepted and which the people

(Continued on page 48)

The campaign oratory that gave Republicans control of Congress is not enough to keep them there forever, says one of the nation's leading political reporters. The party is facing its severest challenge since the days of the Civil War

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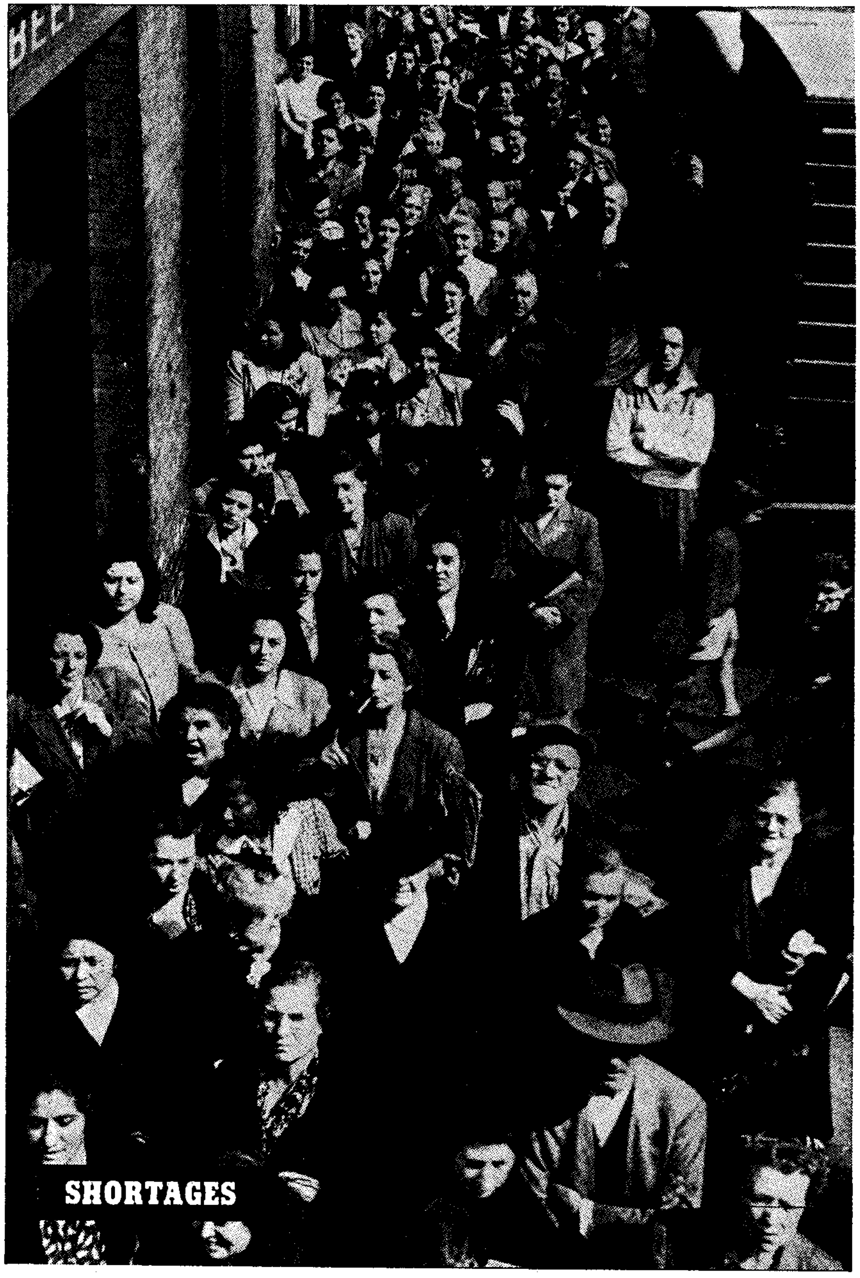

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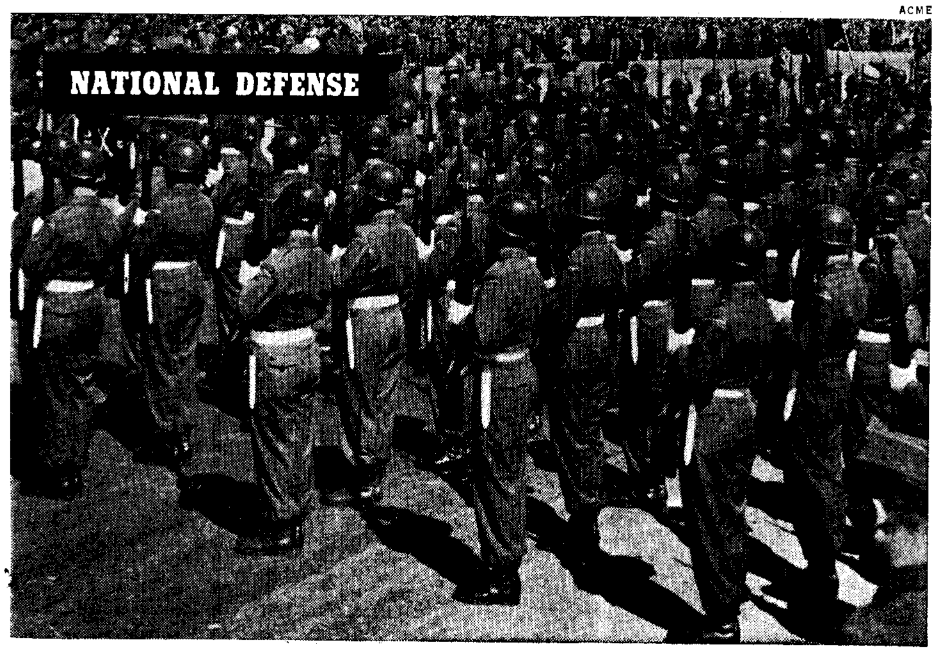
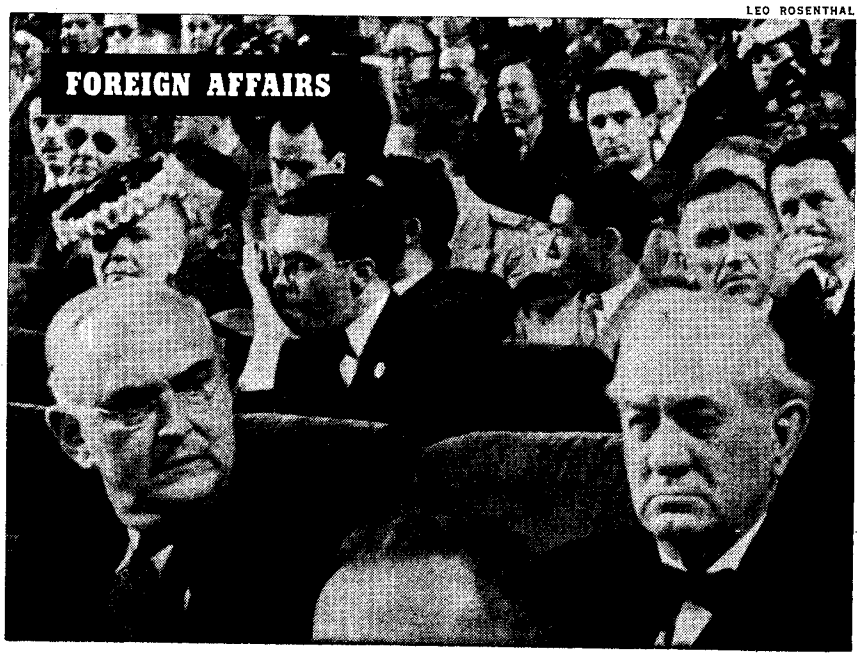


LEO ROSENTHAL



THE UPRISING OF EL INDIO

BY KYLE CRICHTON

He started as a revolutionist in Mexico, wound up as a great movie director. How great, U.S. audiences can decide when they see his latest film, The Pearl

MEXICANS, like Chicagoans, are always in a quandary about violence They repudiate violence as a policy but secretly take pride in the fact that they are manly people.

For instance, Emilio Fernandez is a great motion-picture director, but stories about him invariably point out that he is also an emotional character who would as lief pot you with a derringer as not. In Mexico he is affectionately known as El Indio, and that carries with it the inference that Indians are rugged folk who dislike a negative answer.

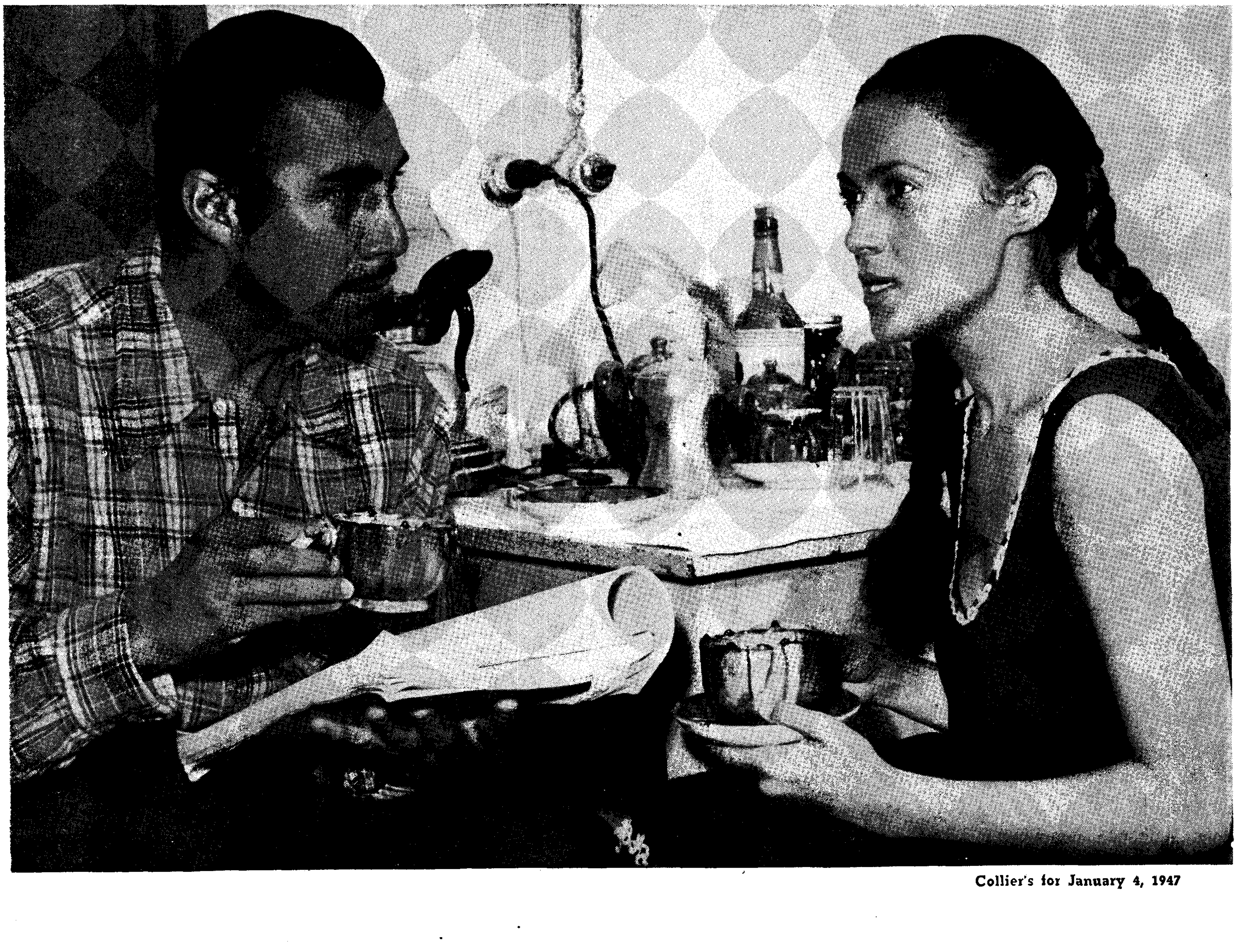
At the coffee shop in the Reforma hotel, which seems to constitute his office, El Indio is revealed as a *caballero* of almost tender charm. The waitresses either ignore him or easily talk him out of his wants In short, a most humble and gentlemanly man, whose proclivity for smacking producers in the whiskers and hunting government officials with a gun seems utterly unbelievable.

We have called Fernandez a great motion-picture director and base this opinion on one picture, La Perla (The Pearl), which we saw in an uncut version. It is filmed from a story by John Steinbeck and will shortly have international release under RKO.

The Steinbeck story covered only one sheet of paper and Fernandez supplied the rest. It concerns a poverty-stricken pearl diver who comes up with a pearl of great value. He has a wife and a baby son and realizes that the pearl can assure their future and provide an education for the boy. However, there are the usual avaricious gentlemen around, eager to snatch the bauble When the pearl diver refuses to sell at their price, they try guile and then force. The young couple is forced to flee through swamps and jungles, over deserts, into the mountains. In a final battle with the pursuers, the child is killed. The young couple stand on a cliff and he hurls the pearl as far as he can throw it, back into the sea. They return to their old home to take up life again.

Since Fernandez came right up from the depths himself, his pictures stress injustices—the Indian's need for land, his stark poverty, the ruthlessness of the military. He was born in the mining town of Mineral del Hondo in Coahuila His mother was a Kikapu Indian, his father was a Mexican-Indian; he is therefore three-quarters Indian

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SCHUYLER CRAIL



When he was ten the revolutions broke out and he went off to war with his father. It was a civil war in which brother fought brother, and in one battle Emilio and his father helped burn down the hacienda of his grandfather. They were first with Carranza and then with Obregon when he fought Villa. On a trip between Torreón and Chihuahua, Emilio was captured by the Villa forces while acting as military escort on a train. He was ordered to be shot.

"They took away my shoes and I waited till they could get the group lined up," says Emilio. "The Villaistas had been drinking and there was also a sympathetic officer there. I got away and ran all night. When daybreak came, I looked out of the grass where I was hiding and found I was right back where I started from."

He escaped again and went on with the fighting. At eighteen he was lieutenant colonel and had been assigned to the Tehuantepec Military School to take up flying. It was then that the Huerta revolt broke out and Emilio stole a plane and started for Oaxaca to join him. He was captured and this time got twenty years in the Military Prison of Santiago Tlaltelolco in Mexico City for his pains. He was there nine months, until he could smuggle in dynamite, blow a hole and escape.

He heard that General Gandara was continuing the rebellion with an uprising in Lower California and started in that direction. He got as far as Chihuahua, was shot in the leg and barely managed to get away to Ciudad Juárez. There he calmly walked across the Rio Grande and headed for San Antonio, where Huerta was hiding.

"It's no use," said Huerta. "We're washed up. You're on your own."

Emilio went out to Kelly Field with the idea of getting into the American Air Force, a dubious ambition at best, because he spoke no English and was not a citizen. They turned him down and he went to ditch digging and assorted chores.

Inspiration at Valentino's Funeral

By degrees he worked his way up through Fort Worth, Wichita and then Chicago, where he became a boilermaker. His English was still sketchy but it was good enough to get him involved with a girl who was the ladylove of a bootlegger. This ended with Emilio leaving town on high. The train he took for California happened to be carrying the body of Rudolph Valentino. The furor surrounding this event convinced him that being an actor, even in death, was great stuff. He followed Valentino right to the grave.

"A wonderful funeral," says he wistfully.

In Hollywood, he was taken on as a double for Warner Baxter, because he could ride. He also played as an extra in Carmen, which was starring the gelid, crystal-like lady known as Dolores Del Rio. He next had a job as carpenter on the lots and through that met his hero, John Ford, the director.

"I taught him the words of La Cucaracha, and after that he always put me in his pictures," says Emilio.

He stayed in the States eight years but in between times had a go at Hawaii and the South Seas. When he got back to the States, the Immigration people finally caught up with him ("What political refugee ever has papers?") and deported him. In 1933 he was back in Mexico.

They picked him up there immediately as an ex-convict and flung him back into the *juzgado*, but memories by now had grown dim and they finally decided to save themselves the expense of caring for him. He started all over again as an extra in Mexican movies, which is a profession as near destitution as anyone could wish. For five years he peddled the script for *La Isla de la Pasión*. It was an outburst of anger over the theft by the French of Clipperton Island, near

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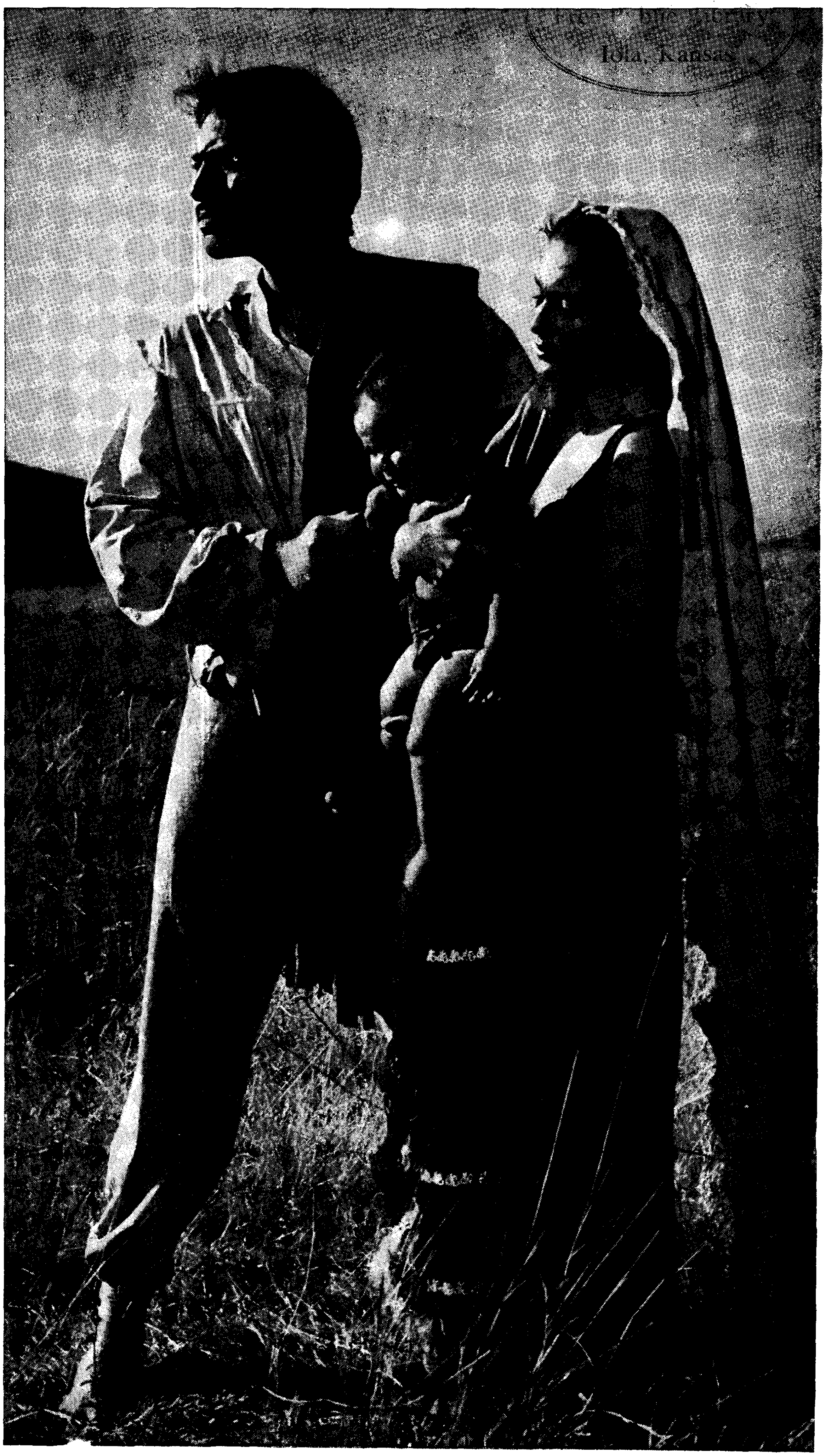

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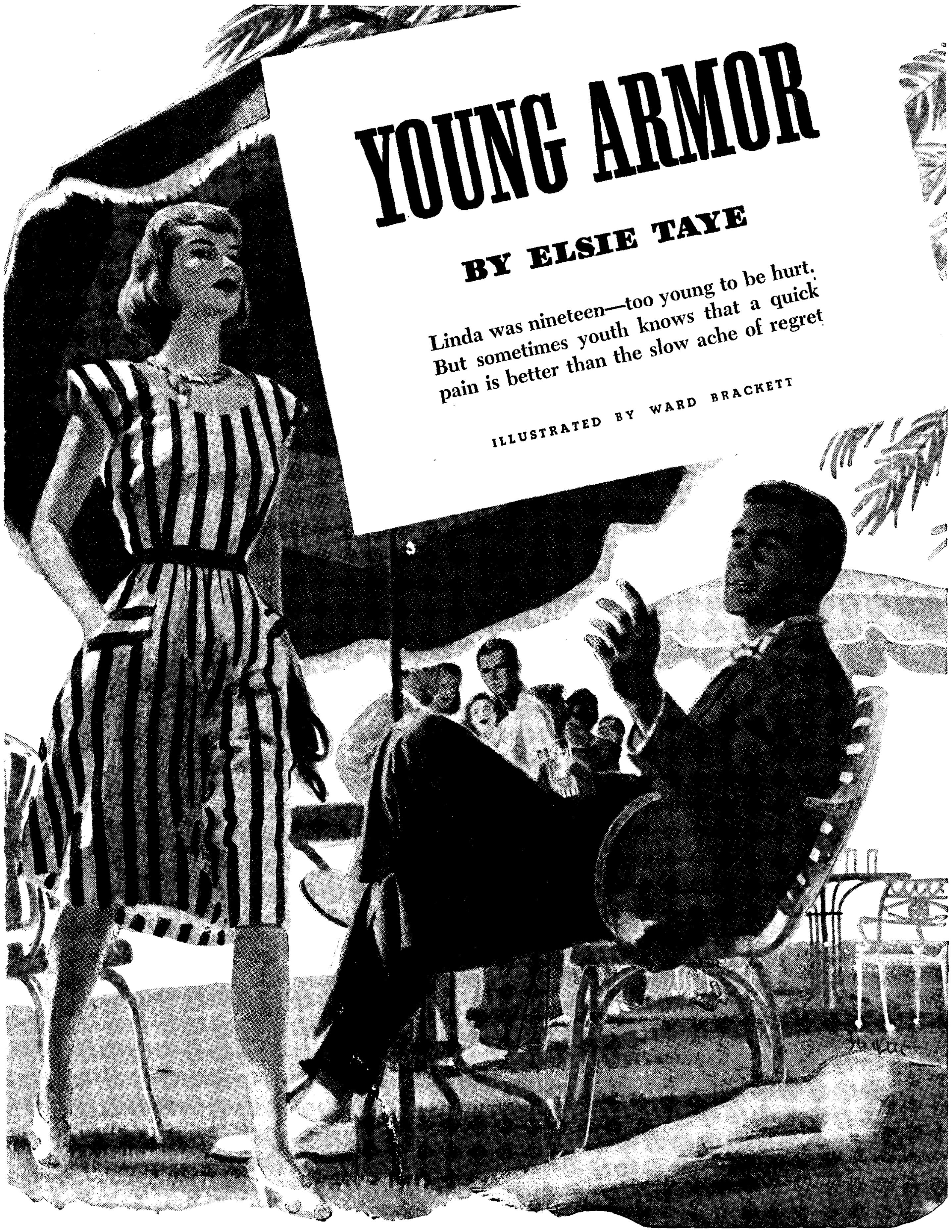
In the photo at the left Emilio Fernandez, Mexico's top movie director, listens critically while Maria Elena Marques, leading lady of The Pearl, practices speaking her lines in English. Right: A scene from the movie, which is based on a John Steinbeck story. Here the pearl diver, played by Pedro Armendariz, is fleeing with his wife (Señorita Marques) and baby from the villains of the piece, who wish to make off with the hero's pearl

YOUNG ARMOR

BY ELSIE TAYE

Linda was nineteen—too young to be hurt. But sometimes youth knows that a quick pain is better than the slow ache of regret

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT



"She's the most selfish, inconsiderate girl I've ever known. She left the party flat, saying she was going for a walk. But she never came back"

MRS. MILES nervously folded the morning paper as she heard Linda padding around upstairs in her bare feet. It was eleven o'clock and that was all right. She liked to have Linda sleep late in this, the last part of her summer vacation. But there must not be one word said about the party last night. And Mrs. Miles felt like saying plenty.

She squeezed orange juice and was making fresh coffee when Linda appeared in a candy-striped house coat. Linda was a complete stranger to her mother. Oh, the maple-colored hair, worn short this summer, the silver-gray eyes, the tall size-twelve figure which was too thin, were familiar enough. It was the sharp, brief smile, the sudden hostile glance, the proud retort—any of these things Linda might produce if her mother so much as mentioned the party last night. It was the way Linda had been all summer. Mrs. Miles remembered young love as a thing of sweetness and light, a kind of blanket affection for everyone. But it seemed the new version was different.

Kissing her mother's cheek Linda said, "Good morning. You run along and check up on that pearl of great price upstairs. She doesn't *move* anything. I'll get my own breakfast."

The vacuum cleaner went on at that moment in the room above. Not that it meant much. Mrs. Miles knew that Gertrude sometimes turned it on and sat down while she left it in one spot for minutes. This was bad for the rug, but you took what you got in cleaning women, and paid what they asked.

Anyway, the silver-gray eyes were clear and luminous. Mrs. Miles was ashamed because she had looked to see. Linda hardly ever drank anything, one of her father's cocktails perhaps before dinner, or a Collins on a hot day. But goodness, no one could be blamed for expecting the worst, the way things were.

With every intention of minding her own business Mrs. Miles heard herself saying, "The winner of the wassail contest called you up about an hour ago."

Linda, getting eggs from the refrigerator, laughed sharply. "How do you know it was the winner?"

"None of the rest of them would be able to call up, probably."

"Now, now," said Linda mildly. She was not quite awake yet.

"And," said Mrs. Miles, unable to stop, "I saw a picture of a house once that was built entirely of bottles. You've got a good start down in the recreation room right now."

"Beer bottles and Coke bottles," said Linda, a slight note of warning in her voice. "Believe it or not, some of us drank Coke." She whirred the egg beater.

Then, Mrs. Miles thought as she went upstairs, the ones who drank beer certainly had not gone short. Bruce Rollins had not gone short. You could be sure of that. Bruce was the man Linda was in love with. Once and for all. We always knew it would be that way with Linda.

UPSTAIRS Gertrude jumped and looked resentfully at Mrs. Miles. Gertrude seemed to think she'd been sneaked up on, just when she was working like a horse, too. Snapping off the vacuum she said, "I got a good look at that room in the basement when I was changing my dress down there. It sure is a sight."

"We'll straighten things up, and all you'll have to do is sweep it and wipe off the tables," said Mrs. Miles, refraining from mentioning bottles.

"Bottles," said Gertrude firmly and turned on the vacuum again.

Thwarted, Mrs. Miles collected things from Linda's room and her own for the dry cleaners, checked her grocery list and dressed for marketing in a chambray dress that had cost twice as much as a chambray dress should and made her look fat. Not as fat as George. But it was becoming to him, as extra weight so often is to a man, making him look rich and important. We used to think we'd like to be rich and important, but we're not the type. And we couldn't have had more fun than we've had. Anyway, it's a matter of degree. I suppose Gertrude thinks we're rich and important—or no, she doesn't. She thinks we're nothing. That's why she brags about the rich houses she works in, as extra help, of course.

Leaning to the mirror Mrs. Miles applied lipstick. If that's the telephone Linda *will* answer it. Will she ever? She knows that Bruce called this morning. So do I, but I pretended I didn't recognize that wonderful voice of his. You'd think he was the soul of integrity.

As her mother came down the stairs, Linda, her legs over the arm of the hall chair, was just reaching behind her to replace the telephone. She smiled politely to indicate that there

(Continued on page 59)

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THE BLACK BOX

Continued from page 22

walked with a curious, bowlegged gait.

As he drew abreast of Juanito's house he stopped, and the patrol shuffled to a stop behind him. He spoke in slow, good English.

"Look, the American colonials pick lice from one another's hair. These are the animals that talk of independence." He brought his hand to his head in pantomime of stupid wonderment.

Half of the Japanese laughed loudly and translated the lieutenant's joke into Japanese for their less schooled brothers, and they in turn laughed, so that the response seemed dragged out and manufactured. One made a joke about the Filipino's using the lice for flavoring their soup, and the laugh mounted jerkily and false again, for the joke was in English. The laughter finally faded out, and the soldiers moved their sweating feet nervously and looked from Juanito to the lieutenant.

JUANITO looked at Maria and Victoria. The child's hands were at her sides and she was staring intently at a red ant making its way across the bamboo floor. Maria's eyes no longer glistened, and the light of quick intelligence had left them, and they seemed covered and animal-like, as if determined not to see. Her cheeks were suffused, and Juanito, knowing that she actually felt shame, was suddenly burning with a white blast of hate for the Japanese officer.

On some obscure level his mind calculated the possibility of sweeping up the bolo beside him and decapitating Teretsuka. He rejected it instantly, for he knew he would be smashed by dozens of bullets before he had reached the bottom step. His impotence made his stomach sick, and the blood seemed to throb thickly back of his eyes and past his ears.

He felt Maria's hand on his shoulder, and he turned and saw that her eyes were bright and shining. The anger started to drain out of him.

"It is nothing, Juanito, and besides, look. They have the black box."

His eyes moved back to the patrol and saw that two men in the middle of the formation carried a black box of shiny plastic. Dozens of loose wires dangled from the box, and the face of the box was covered with radial dials. The anger now gone from him completely, Juanito looked at Lieutenant Teretsuka and forced his lips to form a smile. Teretsuka turned, his face twisted at some obscure disappointment, and gave a command.

As Juanito watched the patrol move down the street, he felt a sudden, rich relief. For three weeks this black box had bound him to the front porch of his house. He had been afraid to leave for fear that in his absence the Japanese would pass with the black box. He had begun to feel as if all his life he had been sitting on the bamboo porch, looking into an endless stream of yellow, opaque Japanese faces.

Now he had seen the black box, and he was free to move again, to leave the porch. He felt almost lightheaded with joy and excitement.

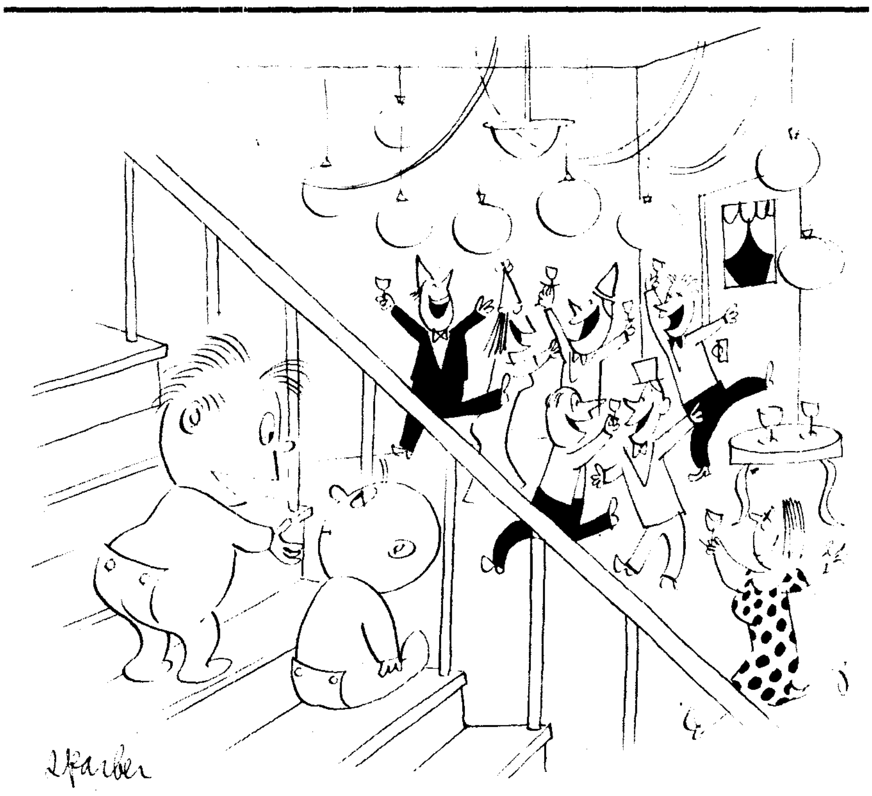
As the patrol turned off Royal Street, Juanito stood up and walked into the house. Maria followed him into the dark interior.

"Ah, Maria, you are the one with the eyes and with the head, too," he said. "I was so angered that I did not see the box. And after waiting for three weeks."

He chuckled softly and ran a finger down the line of Maria's chin. He picked Victoria up and threw her into the air. Her patched dress fluttered in the air. When he started to talk to Maria the child put her arms slowly to her sides.

"I must go at once to Conrad to tell him of the box," he said. "He will be at the hut of Peno, the fisherman. If anyone asks say that I have gone to Tolosa to see Ruiz, the dentist."

TIMMY **by HOWARD SPARBER**



"Wait till our happy childhood days are over, Hanky—then we'll have fun too"

COLLIER'S

He rubbed his feet impatiently over the floor, and his wife and daughter sensed how happy he was that the waiting was over. Suddenly Maria smiled at Juanito and bent her knees and started to shuffle across the floor. The lines of her fine, thin figure disappeared, and she looked like a short, thick bundle of cloth. She raised her voice in a husky song, and Juanito knew she was imitating Conrad, and he started to laugh.

"St. Louis woman, with all your diamond rings," she sang softly. Her feet moved across the bamboo in a slow shuffle. It was exactly like Conrad. She had seen Conrad only once, and then he had quietly drunk whisky, and finally he had stood up and sung this song and shuffled exactly as Maria was doing. The Filipinos did not know the song, but Conrad's thick, muscular clowning had set them to roaring with laughter, and Maria had never forgotten it.

She stopped singing and walked back to Juanito. He laughed softly at her and held her face in his hands for a moment and then turned and walked out the door.

He moved through Tacloban rapidly, and as he reached the outskirts of the town he broke into a trot. His feet puffed small balls of dust from the path. They hovered for a few seconds in the air and then collapsed slowly to the ground.

AN HOUR later he ran across the clearing in front of Peno's hut, past the boat that lay close to the beach, tilted on its side with the sail neatly furled. He pushed open the door of the hut.

Conrad and four Filipinos whom Juanito did not know squatted on the floor and almost filled the tiny hut. The Filipinos stared silently at Juanito, and Conrad broke into a smile and stood up. Conrad's green overalls were streaked with dirt, and under his armpits two dark arcs of sweat marked the cloth. The hut stank of fish and in a corner was a huge pile of fish heads with thousands of yellow, hardened eyes gazing blindly in all directions. In the center of the floor was a piece of cardboard with thick, heavy lines on it, and Juanito could see the names "Samar" and "Leyte" on it. He realized it was a crude map.

"I have seen the black box, Conrad," Juanito said. "Teretsuka and a patrol went down Royal Street with it this morning. It was shiny and with wires, as you said it would be. They took it toward Tolosa."

"I thought so," Conrad said. "It all fits into the picture. Two nights ago American troops landed on Suluan and Homonhon. The invasion will come soon. We must be ready for it."

Conrad's voice had an excitement in it that Juanito had never heard before. Conrad winked at him, and then he started a heavy, crashing tap-dance step, and he brayed out the words, "East Side, West Side, all around the town." The hut shook, and the pile of fish heads slid across the floor. Conrad's heavy boots crushed several of them heedlessly. Then Conrad stopped with his arms outstretched and said, "Mammy." The Filipinos stared at him for a moment before they all realized that he was joking and happy. Their thin laughs rocketed around the hut. Conrad made a short bow and sat down beside the map. He was calm now and steady, and there was not the slightest smile on his face.

Juanito watched Conrad and thought again that he had never seen one like him before. For this Conrad in a fight was cool and cunning and used his tiny force with a savage efficiency. He lost few men, and the Filipinos had come to respect and trust him. He showed them countless small tricks, such as hollowing out a pineapple and putting a grenade in it so that the grenade would explode when an unwary Jap robbed the garden of a deserted *barrio.* He also taught them how to bend the leaves in a pattern that all Filipinos could recognize, and not one of the pineapples had ever been touched by a Filipino. He paid no attention to the women and never ate twice in succession in the same *barrio.*

Conrad took a short, fat pencil from his pocket and pointed to the place on the map where Samar and Leyte jut out suddenly toward each other to form the lower part of Leyte Gulf.

"If our forces land on Leyte, they will have to use the lower part of the gulf for anchorage," he said. "But the Japs have laid a field of mines from Samar to Leyte across here."

He drew in a mass of solid, black dots across the narrowest part of the gulf. The Filipinos nodded, and Juanito noticed for the first time that three of them had small canvas-covered boxes strapped to their backs and new, small carbines beside them. He looked curiously at the guns, for they were a type he had never seen before.

"The mines cannot be swept up, because they are on the bottom and are controlled from the beach," Conrad said. He drew a small, wavy line from each mine and brought all the lines together a short distance off the shore of Leyte.

"All the wires to the mines come together here and run into the beach in a big fabric and lead pipe. All the Japs have to do is wait until one of our ships is over a mine and then close a lever, and the ship would be gone . . . pfffft." Conrad's hands made quick, fluttering motions of a ship blowing up and disintegrating.

CONRAD took a brown, native cigarette from his pocket, stripped the paper from it, put the wad of tobacco between his teeth and lip. He sucked softly through it, and the sound was loud in the hut. The Filipinos studied the map closely, and one by one nodded their heads. When the last one had nodded, Conrad started to talk again.

"The only job Teretsuka and his company have is guarding the mine field and firing the mines if our ships come into the gulf. The big pipe ends in a pillbox on the beach, where the mines are fired from. The black box that Juanito saw this morning is the control box for the entire mine field. The Japs have kept it at the armory at Tacloban, because without it the mine field is useless, and they did not want to have it captured. They must have word that the invasion is coming, and so they are taking the black box down and connecting it to the wires that lead to the mines. Understand?"

The Filipinos all nodded, and one opened his mouth to speak and closed it without saying anything.

"Go ahead, Benjamin, say what you have to say," Conrad said, and grinned.

"Why do we not wait until night and rush the pillbox and cut the pipe in the excitement?" Benjamin asked.

"Ah, that Teretsuka is a smart hombre, Ben," Conrad said. "There are three machine guns back of the pillbox. Also, the pipe is thick and strong. It would turn an ax. Attacking the pipe would be one great, bloody suicide. But you are right—the wires must be cut. Now, how's this for a strategy?"

He turned to the map and pointed with the fat pencil to the place where all the lines led into the pipe.

"Here the water is only twelve feet deep, and with wire snippers one man could cut all the wires in a few minutes. The wires are thin and should cut easily."

The Filipinos smiled at one another.

"Juanito has volunteered to do that, so we will give him another man and a canoe, and they can do the job tonight. There is no moon, and they can do it quietly."

Conrad slapped his knee and stood up. The Filipinos stood up slowly, looking at Juanito. There was envy in their eyes and also speculation. They wondered who would go with Juanito.

"You three birds will go with me and help put up a road block above Tolosa," Conrad said, and waved at the three with canvas boxes on their shoulders. "There's dynamite in those boxes, so don't go falling off any cliffs on the way. Ricardo, you will go with Juanito in the canoe."

Conrad walked to the door, and the three Filipinos fell into a line behind him. Halfway across the clearing Conrad looked over his shoulder at the Filipinos and started to sing:

"Fight on for old S. C.
Somebody bribed the referee—"

The three Filipinos looked up startled, and then for a second their shoulders shook with laughter. They added their voices to his with careful and elaborate pronunciation and the little group marched into the jungle singing. Gradually the sound died and Juanito and Ricardo were alone. The sun was setting. A light breeze blew, and darkness started to flow in thinly off the gulf.

Juanito turned to Ricardo, who was small and dark. From his face it was certain that he was part Chinese. He had a mustache that waved out to tiny points. He held a cigarette straight in his lips, and in the dusk it seemed that the cigarette was part of the mustache. It looked like a thin, brown bird with hairy wings. The cigarette bobbed as Ricardo spoke:

"You are wondering how I will be if the bullets come, eh? Well, I have been nine months with the guerrilla colonel on Luzon. Last month I was on the road block at Ormoc. I have been in six fights." He stopped talking and looked over Juanito's shoulder at the patchwork of the sail on Peno's boat. He turned and looked squarely at Juanito.

"I believe I will be steady if we have to fight," he said. "But one cannot tell, even after six fights."

He gave a hard, humorless laugh; stopped abruptly and waited for Juanito.

"Conrad picks only the good ones, Ricardo," Juanito said. "I trust you."

They looked at each other and suddenly both started to laugh at the recollection of Conrad's clumsy dancing shaking the hut. They turned and walked down to the canoe.

THE canoe moved over the sea quietly; but to Juanito it seemed that each paddle stroke left a permanent, phosphorescent scar on the water. He gazed toward the dark, indistinguishable shore in tense expectancy. He felt a quick, passing spasm of panic at the thought of missing the clearing in the dark. Then, as he saw the lighter darkness of the sky dip slightly down into the blackness of the jungle, he gripped Ricardo's shoulder.

"Here is the clearing. Move closer to the shore," he said.

The bow of the canoe swung toward the beach and moved without a sound. Juanito slid into the water and, reaching back into the canoe, grasped a crude diver's belt of stones and adjusted it to his waist. The weight of the belt carried him slowly to the bottom.

The water was black and impenetrable, broken only occasionally by the phosphorescent wake of tiny, fast-moving fish. The floor of the ocean here was smooth and sandy, and Juanito pulled his body through the water, allowing one hand to trail on the bottom. He slowly expelled the air from his lungs, and then, as his chest forced the last of it out, he pushed himself to the surface with a strong shove of his legs. On his twelfth dive his trailing hand rubbed over a hard cylinder. He kicked himself around and followed it toward the open sea. He pulled himself along for fifteen yards until it suddenly split off into scores of small wires. He came to the surface, and when the canoe came alongside he pulled the snippers out and sank again.

Grasping a bunch of the wires in his hand he cut viciously at them. The clippers slid off with a muffled click that sounded loud to Juanito's ears. He fought down panic and knew he would have to cut them one at a time. His fingers rapidly separated the wires. The clippers bit solidly through the first one. He was able to snip nine of the wires before he was forced to the surface.

"It will take longer than we thought, Ricardo," he whispered.

Ricardo's teeth gleamed whitely, and he nodded. "But make good speed, Juanito," he said. "I can see their cigarettes on the beach, and they move about more than I like."

Before Juanito came up from his eighth dive he felt the rest of the wires and knew he was almost through. Suddenly he sensed that the solid darkness of the water against his eyeballs had got lighter. Automatically he opened his eyes. With a belly-constricting horror he realized he could see the wires clearly in his hands. He turned his eyes to the surface and could see the canoe and outrigger clearly outlined in a white light that shimmered in waves down through the water. Juanito gave a tremendous push with his legs and burst far out of the water. From the beach a white, intense light beat across the waves. It was so bright Juanito could see the drops flowing from his clenched fists that he held before his face. He could see Ricardo's face, and the light made the mustache stand out in sharp precision against his face. A voice called out sharp commands from the beach.

FROM SOAR TO SORE

Although I note that prices soar
In dining car, café and store,
I'm getting less instead of more,
Come on, consumers, let's get sore.

—Margaret Fishback

Suddenly Juanito felt very naked and helpless. How secure and protective the darkness had been—what a rich, black luxury!

"Dive quickly, Juanito. You must cut all the wires that remain. They will start to shoot soon," Ricardo said. His voice was calm and effortless and seemed to be coming to Juanito from a great distance.

Juanito inhaled a huge gasping breath and pushed himself under with a touch on the outrigger. Now the water was clear and brilliant, and shells and pieces of coral reflected a pleasant white glow. The lead pipe lay dark across the white sand, and he could see that only a handful of wires still remained uncut. He grasped the wires in his hand.

And at that very moment Teretsuka turned in the pillbox on the beach, and swore softly. "Fire the mine closest to the beach," he ordered. "They have a man in the water and our guns will never hit him."

The Jap corporal squatting beside the black box turned a dial and closed a small lever. The electric impulse raced down the wire, through the strands that Juanito was holding in his hand. Inside the tar-covered mine a small wire blazed white, the primer popped softly, igniting the booster charge, and with a released ferocity, the mine tore itself to pieces. Two hundred feet from the canoe a white, shattered column of water rose in the air.

It seemed to Juanito that the ocean was suddenly full of a dazzling white-hot light. The water around him suddenly became as solid and unyielding as a rock. Then, spreading out from the exploding mine, like spokes from a wheel, hundreds of lines of force of the explosion moved the water in front of them in rigid, speeding columns with the strength of the explosion behind them. A dozen of these columns raced into Juanito's body, and smashed through to dissipate themselves in the water beyond. The air in his lungs and body was forced out in one great blast. His bowels seemed consumed with an itching fire, and he felt a spinning, red-spotted darkness behind his eyes.

With his last remaining strength he dropped the stone belt and pushed weakly against the sand. Somewhere in his mind he realized that the force of the explosion had pulled his hand back and ripped the last half dozen wires loose from the lead pipe. Slowly Juanito lost consciousness.

WHEN Juanito's body softly bumped against the canoe Ricardo reached out and with a hand under each arm drew him in carefully. He could see blood flowing in tiny streams from Juanito's ears, nose and body. Just before the explosion of the mine Ricardo had shot out the light on the beach, and then the explosion had ripped the gun from his hands and sent it skidding across the water. As the carbons of the ruined searchlight cooled, the glow became a light orange and then vanished.

Ricardo dipped the paddle into the water, and the canoe began to glide across the water in short, skittish movements. From the clearing the tracers reached out in flat, questioning parabolas and, hitting against the water, snarled off into the sky. . . .

Five days later Juanito sat on the steps of the house on Royal Street. About his abdomen was an endless, wide belt of white bandage, which the American doctor who landed with the assault troops had applied. Juanito's arm carried a small, red puncture, and he tried to tell Maria how the doctor had emptied a bottle of straw-colored material into his veins.

Royal Street was jammed with a long line of American trucks that moved occasionally, with a metallic grinding of gears and puffs of exhaust. Clouds of dust swirled up the street. Victoria's restless fingers groomed her mother's head and stopped only when the column of trucks moved.

The long line of trucks jerked to a stop again, and one stopped in front of Juanito's house. It was full of soldiers who were hung with rifles, grenades, canteens, and many packets.

The men in the trucks stared up and down the street. One looked long at Maria and turned to the rest.

"Godamighty, look at those gooks! That kid is picking cooties from her old lady's hair," he roared.

Suddenly it seemed to Juanito that his body ached, and he was again conscious that his intestines felt as if they were stuffed with sand. He knew that Maria's eyes were again opaque and dull. His mind reached out delicately for an answer, but the weariness of his body seemed to have spread to his head. He extended his legs to the stair below and pushed himself slowly to his feet looking steadily at the soldier who laughed.

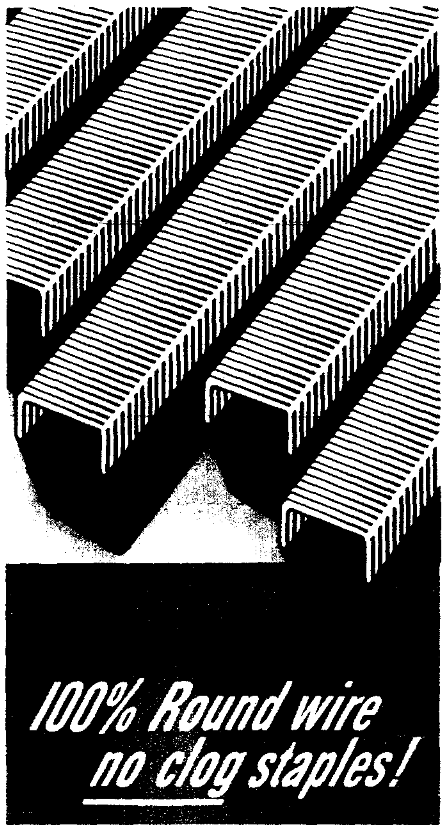
A lieutenant with a round baby face walked down the line of trucks.

"All right, men," he shouted. "Let's get going. Let's get them trucks rolling."

The trucks roared, the gears meshed, and the column jerked ahead. The laughing faces of the men in the trucks disappeared in the yellow dust.

Juanito turned to Maria and Victoria. They were both staring at a red ant and did not look at him. He looked at the red ant as it clambered up one slippery side of a piece of bamboo and slid down the other side. He watched it as it went up and down the bamboo floor in its crazy, sliding way.

THE END



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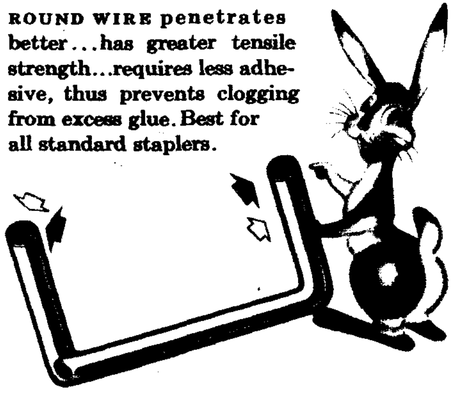

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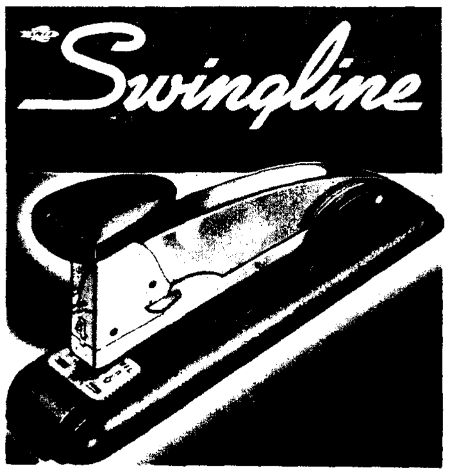

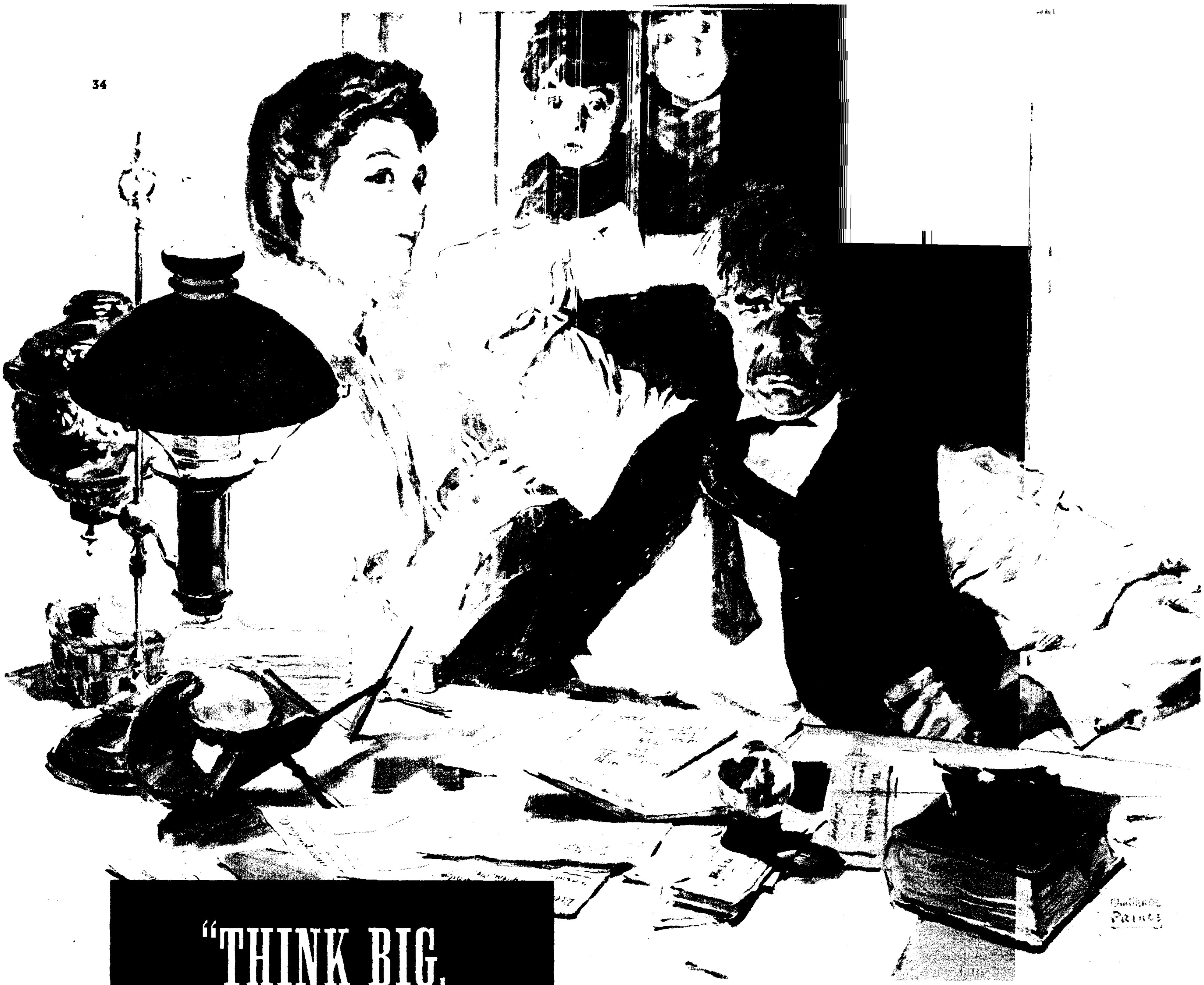

"This checkbook doesn't balance," said Father. "You are off by ninety cents." Mother's head tossed. "If you're alarmed, John, I shall give you ninety cents"

"THINK BIG, ACT BIG!"

BY NICK BODDIE WILLIAMS

That's what Father kept saying. But he forgot that it's the little things that count. And he didn't count on Mother

WE THREE boys oughtn't to have been up that late but it had been a good Christmas, and Mother was worn out by it. Then after dinner, while old Drunken Mary was finishing the dishes, Father got himself settled with a cigar in the living room and an exhausted peace descended on our family.

"Yes," Father said at last, "it's going to be a wonderful age."

"I expect," said Mother. Which was another way of admitting that she hadn't heard what he said. She was busy just then at her rosewood desk, flipping dog-eared bills and receipts and checkbook stubs that she kept in a pile beneath the blotter. She was a furious bookkeeper, able to make a greater display of figuring than anybody that I ever knew, to get the answers she got. "John, would you mind giving me my allowance three days early next month?"

"I certainly would mind," Father replied, patiently. "That's no way to operate, expecting to get money before it's due. No man can run his business—"

"I'm not running a business, John. This is a home!"

"And a very pleasant one," said Father quickly, hoping he'd mollify her. "You don't hear me complaining, do you, Nan? I've got a lovely wife and three fine boys—"

"How do you spell extension?" Mother asked. "S or a t?"

"An s," said Father. He stretched his long legs out in front of him and leaned back carefully in Mother's Chippendale chair. Nonetheless, it creaked. "What I was going to say—"

"Yes, John?"

He glared at her. "Nan, aren't you listening at all?"

"Of course, I am," Mother said. "You said a wonderful age. I know that some people say that forty's getting old but—"

"I meant," said Father acidly, "the twentieth century. Has it occurred to you that we are on the threshold of a turning point in history? The twentieth century, Nan, the age of opportunity—the age of automobiles and probably airplanes, the age of electricity. Bold new ideas! Why, Nan—"

"I'd like to get rid of this rickety old furniture," Mother said.

"What's that?"

"I'm not at all interested in airplanes," said Mother. "They're for you Jules Verne fans. But if I could get that fumed oak set at Loveman's—"

"Now, Nan! After you paid to bring this stuff all the way from Baltimore to Birmingham?"

"I had to do that," Mother retorted. "When Aunt Alice gave it to me, I had to bring it out or hurt her feelings

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

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When you've pleasant things to celebrate—
Celebrate of course with PM!
Let there be gardenias in honor of smoothness . . .
Let there be good friends to enjoy good taste . . .
Let someone offer the toast, "Pleasant Moments"
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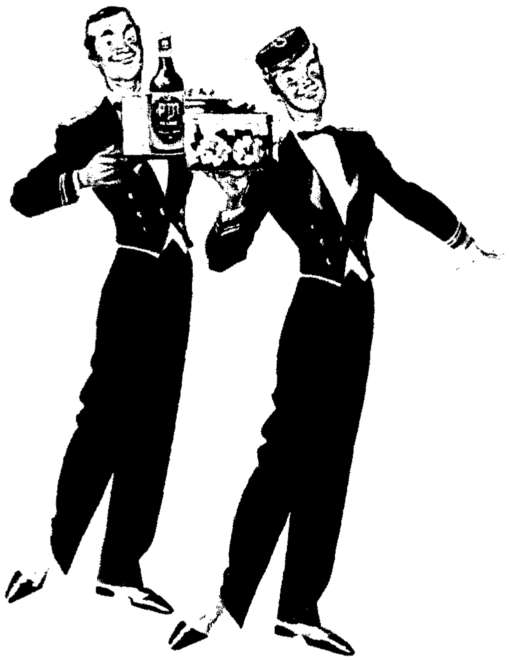

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very deeply. And if you think that for a paltry few hundred dollars freight I'm going to insult—"

"It's not a question of insulting anyone," snapped Father. "It's a question of spending money."

"I only wish," cried Mother, "that you had to dust this horrible, dark old mahogany!"

"I thought that Mary did the dusting in this house."

"Mary! Oh, John—"

"You mean that she's been drinking paregoric again?"

"I'm willing to put up with Mary's paregoric-drinking," Mother said. "After all, you brought her from your father's tobacco farm in Kentucky and she's our responsibility. Of course, I knew she was a field hand but I didn't dream—"

"All right, all right," cried Father, jumping up and striding violently toward the sideboard in the dining room. "All right, Nan! I'm sentimental. Maybe I'm also an imbecile."

Mother's lips pursed. "I certainly didn't say that, John."

FATHER'S decanter banged against his glass. He jerked the golden bourbon level with his eyes. Then, deliberately, he set it down. "I won't be driven to it," he announced. "I'll drink when *I feel like it, but I won't be driven to it* by the vagaries of the female mind."

He came back with the glass, a contradiction upon which Mother declined to comment. She sat there shuffling that pile of bills around, knowing that when Father was in this mood there would be more. There was.

"It's not," he said when he was sitting in the Chippendale chair again, "that I blame you for wanting something new, something in keeping with the times. I do, myself. And if this thing that Monckton and I are working on—"

"What thing?" Mother demanded, instantly alert at mention of Monckton's name. Mr. Ned Monckton was a kind of red flag in her mind, particularly since he and Father threw that banquet for the Haskell Indians.

"Oh, just a little deal," said Father complacently. "In real estate."

"Oh, John! The last time—"

"Those lots at Five Points," Father laughed. "Sure, we got stung. But not this time, we won't. This thing is pretty big, Nan. Monckton and I will put up ten thousand each tomorrow morning to take an option on the tract, then the next day we'll write our checks for ten thousand more to buy the land outright—"

"That's twenty thousand. John Williard, you haven't got that much."

"I'm getting it."

"But how on earth—"

"That's a side issue. I don't think you grasp business, Nan. The important thing is that the second of January we'll sell out to the Southern Railroad—"

"You're not speculating!"

"Confound it all, I'm not! We got our information from Ned's cousin in the Southern's land office, and they've got to have this tract to build a spur—but never mind that. I can't afford to talk because the man we're buying from—well, if he had the slightest notion of the Southern's intentions you'd never get that fumed oak set. And I might keep on *trying po'tacky drunk and chicken-stealing cases* the rest of my life. But not me, Nan! The iron is hot. We've got to think big, we've got to act big in the twentieth century."

And then he drained his glass.

I guess that did it. I doubt that he intended to convince Mother so much—he just couldn't help it. Practicing law in Birmingham, where silver-tongued delivery was routine, he didn't even realize how stimulating he made words. But the next afternoon, when we three boys came back from the crawfishing at Roebuck Springs, we saw a van from Loveman's store in our front yard.

When we got in the house we hardly recognized it. Mother was standing in the living room, looking that pleased way that a hen looks when it settles on a nest of eggs, and Miss Ida Jenkins was watching the men from Loveman's carry that old furniture of Mother's toward the attic stairs. The fumed oak set had arrived.

"I don't know what John's going to think," Mother was saying. "But with the twentieth century coming on and everything, what's a little extravagance?"

Miss Ida eyed a sofa disappearing up the stairs. "Extravagance, Nan? Perhaps you'd like to sell the old stuff. If you're hard up."

She shouldn't have said that. Of course Miss Ida liked to pride herself on being blunt. She was Mr. Ed Jenkins' wife—Miss Ida's bluntness supplemented Mr. Ed's circuitous mind. Between the two of them, Father contended, you could always get a foggy idea of the facts. But just now Mother wasn't after facts.

"Yeah, I'd like to dance like this into eternity too . . . but Dad wants me to have the car back home by one o'clock"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

"Ida," she said, "I didn't dream you were so generous."

Miss Ida laughed. "Oh, Ed's selling a worthless piece of land near Bessemer to some poor idiots. I'd pay—two hundred dollars, Nan. It's in bad condition, but it is Chippendale and I'm collecting it."

"These happen to be family pieces," *Mother snapped,* "and they're not for sale."

"But if you're going to put them in the attic, Nan—"

"John might not like the fumed oak. Come here, boys, I want to show you something beautiful."

"I think I'll run along," Miss Ida said. And did.

We crawled around the fumed oak set, sniffing the strong, *invigorating* varnish smell, examining the chalked hieroglyphics on the huge, flat table with shelves built into its sides, the two chairs in green leather with bronze tacks, the two latticed bookcases and the davenport on which all three of us could sprawl at once.

"Sho nice," old Drunken Mary called out from the dining room. "Mister John'll sho like dat. He'll have room for his laigs."

"That's really why I got it," Mother said. And then: "Mary, for dinner, let's have spareribs."

"Miss Nan, ain't you liable to spile 'at man?"

"I thought," said Mother placidly, "I might."

We three boys got the spirit of it then. Nothing was going to be too good. It may have been a special brand of salesmanship, but it was nice. And things kept getting nicer when the smell of spareribs sizzling crept to us. At five o'clock—the hour that Father usually reached home—Mother got into her white lace dress, wearing that cameo of hers, and we knew this was to be a holiday evening in our home.

By then, old Drunken Mary was putting dinner on the table. We went out by the *elephant ears in our front yard,* expecting to see Father striding toward us with that jouncy walk of his. At five-fifteen he hadn't come. Nor at five-thirty. Mother came out and stood upon the porch.

"Whatever's keeping him?" Mother demanded irritably. "Tonight of all nights! Maybe I should telephone."

OLD Drunken Mary mumbled something through the door. There was a faintly nasal ring to her voice, a whine, suspiciously like the way she sounded when she'd been at that paregoric bottle. Waiting always made her nervous and she wasn't one to let her nerves alone.

"Mary!" called Mother.

"Ma'am?"

"Perhaps you'd better put those spareribs in the oven now."

"T'won't do no good."

"Perhaps," said Mother, "you had better go—"

"Mean I'm fired?"

Tension. We felt it gathering. "No," Mother snapped. "You're not. But you have got to stop—"

"I got to die," old Drunken Mary said. "Dat's all."

"Now, that's enough! You put those spareribs in the oven, like I told you, and when Mr. John gets home—"

We heard a whoop. Father was coming up the walk as if he had springs in his heels. "Well, Nan!" he cried, and worked his legs away from us. "Nan, I've—now get off, boys!" He followed Mother from the porch straight through the living room, not noticing a thing. "Nan, I've—well, later, later! I'm starved. Is dinner ready yet?"

Mother stood rigidly beside the fumed oak table. "Ready?" she snapped. "It's six o'clock! You can't expect me to keep servants, John—"

"Why, Mary'd never leave us," Father laughed. "She worships me. Besides, who else would want to get her out of jail on Saturdays?"

Old Drunken Mary dropped a bowl of new potatoes on Mother's damask cloth. "I quits," she announced. "Ain't no man got a right to talk dat way 'bout me. No, sir—no man! Jest pay me now, Miss Nan, *includin'* dat two dollar ninety-five you borrowed Saturday."

Father was thunderstruck. He hadn't seen old Drunken Mary standing in the dining room. But he was used to thinking fast upon his feet. "Confound it, Mary, *what's that that* smells so wonderful? Spareribs, I'll bet!"

"I wants," old Drunken Mary sniffed, "my two—"

"Spareribs!" cried Father. "What a smell! Cooked as they cook them only back in Hopkinsville! Why, Mary, just today I told the courthouse gentlemen about you cooking them. All that delicious seasoning, all that brown gravy. You should have seen their mouths!"

Old Drunken Mary thawed a little. "Moufs?"

"Drooling," Father explained. "The thought of that brown gravy got them. Hopkinsville brown gravy, the way I've had it since I was a boy. Thick and rich."

"Suppose," said Mother, "we eat dinner now? You can't make it much thicker."

WHEN Mary padded toward the kitchen, Father grinned. "I certainly fixed that."

"You certainly did," said Mother. "That's what makes it difficult for me, the way you baby her. I don't mind slaving to make this house seem comfortable. But when you come swaggering in here as if you were the Lord of All Creation—"

"What the devil?"

"Oh, nothing at all. It's really just an ordinary set of furniture. I shouldn't actually expect—"

Father looked horrified. "Great Scott! *You didn't buy that fumed oak set?* Why, Nan, that costs—"

"I know precisely what it cost—I paid for it. It's in the living room. But of course I shall send it back. If it's so dull that you don't even notice it, right before your eyes—"

Father was striding to the living room. "All right, it's beautiful! It's beautiful! But I've got so much on my mind—did you say *paid* for, Nan?"

"Well, part of it," Mother said carefully. "I used the money I've made raising chickens and some little Christmas gifts."

"It seems to me that if you're so infernally rich, you wouldn't need to borrow two dollars and ninety-five cents from Mary. Just how much more—?"

"Perhaps," snapped Mother, "you'd prefer to see the bill and the check?"

"I certainly would. This is no time—

here, boys, finish your dinner and go out a while. Be back by dark."

As it worked out, dark caught us still a mile from home. We finally marched in expecting to be sent immediately to bed. It was a letdown to find we hadn't been missed. Mother was working furiously at the tatting she kept for just such times, pretending not to notice Father's frazzled look. He had that pile of bills in front of him; he'd shed his coat, his tie was twisted down a little and his hair, which he kept brushed meticulously, looked as if someone had been tugging it.

"It's just," he said, "not possible, that's all."

Mother bit off a thread. "I don't see why it bothers you. I understand it perfectly."

"But where does all this money go? Where does it come from, Nan? Five dollars, twenty dollars, four dollars thirty-five—all those are deposits."

"I sold some things. Chickens and eggs. And that old suit of yours."

"Old suit of mine! How many old suits do you think I've got?"

"None now."

"You mean—never mind. I simply can't make head or tail of this. Look at this check—chickens, fifty dollars. If we ate chicken morning, noon and night—if I took baths in aspic, Nan, we couldn't possibly—"

"These were a new variety to cross with my Rhode Island Reds for meat. That's why I had to get that special feed, that fourteen-dollar check. But then they wouldn't touch it, so I sold that for eleven ninety-three—"

"And where's the eleven ninety-three?"

MOTHER said witheringly, "Most of the eleven ninety-three is in the fumed oak set. Some of it went into that hat you said such nasty things about, so I sold that to Mary for two dollars. Of course I really needed five just then, not two, but I had a nickel, so that was how I borrowed two ninety-five—"

"You're nickeling me to death! After an hour, all that I'm positive about is that this checkbook doesn't balance. Why, I don't know. How, I can't even guess. But you are off by ninety cents."

Mother's head tossed. "If you're alarmed, John, I shall give you ninety cents."

"For the Almighty's sake, Nan, that's not the point. The only thing that matters is that you have balled this up. You can't do that. You've got to keep these money matters straight. You've got to keep this checkbook balanced every minute of the time, because—well, Nan—"

The sudden dropping of his voice must have alarmed Mother. She straightened up. "Well, what?"

He swallowed hard. "I had to put a mortgage on this house."

The tatting shuttle slid from Mother's hands.

"I had to do it, Nan," said Father, speaking very quietly. "I'd borrowed every cent I could, a thousand here, a thousand there—even if this broke us, Nan, I had to take the chance. Big things—"

"Yes, big things, John."

"All right," he said. "At any rate, I'm in this to the hilt. That's why you can't make these unbusinesslike mistakes. That's why you oughtn't to have bought the fumed oak set on credit, for if the Southern doesn't buy that tract as soon as we expect—"

"I can send the fumed oak back."

"Not now, you can't. If word got out that I was being pinched the Southern might stall us for months."

And there things stood, at least until the following afternoon, when Mother went into that chicken yard of hers to show old Drunken Mary which hen would be next for fricasseeing. However Mother might confuse her checkbook stubs, she kept her chickens straight. Let one of them relax a little on its laying and we knew—or rather Mother knew—what we'd be eating Sunday.

"That one," she said accusingly, just as Miss Ida Jenkins leaned across the fence.

"About that Chippendale, Nan," Miss Ida called. "If you should change your mind—"

"Be sure to baste in well with sherry," Mother said, "and stew it for two hours. No, Ida, I—"

"I might," Miss Ida interrupted hastily, "go as high as five hundred dollars."

Mother's lips pursed. For ten intensive seconds she stood thinking. Then she said, "I might sell it, but not for that."

"Five hundred dollars is a lot of money for that old stuff, Nan."

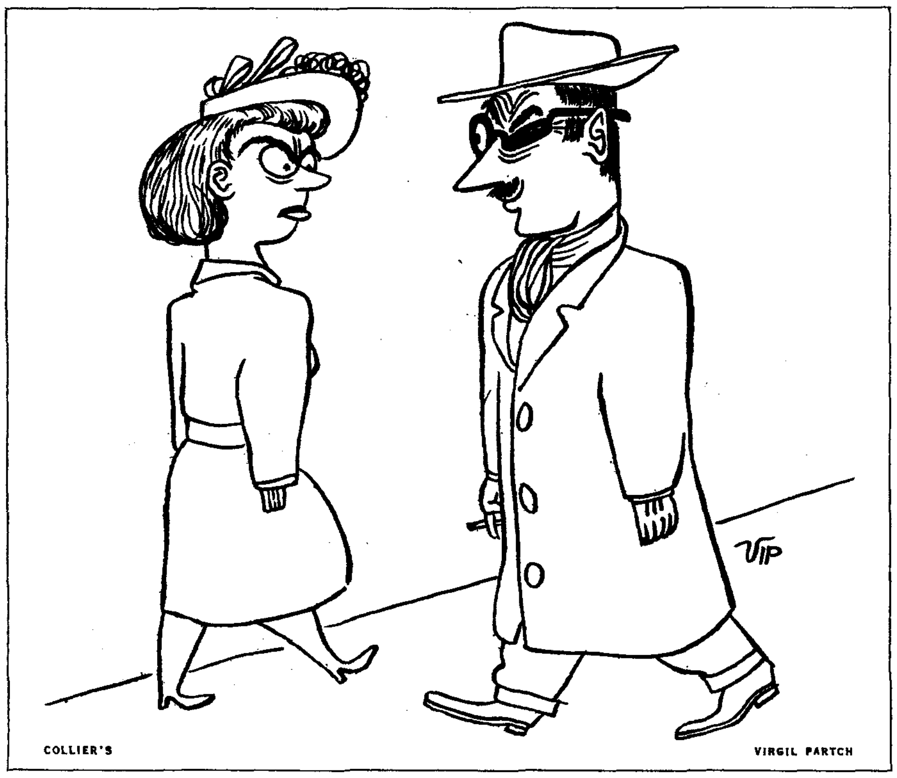
"Not when your husband's getting what Ed is for that tract out by Bessemer."

Miss Ida said, "But I don't know how much!"

"I do. Exactly forty thousand dollars. And John's the idiot who's paying it, John and Ned Monckton in another of their hair-brained deals."

"Why, Nan, I didn't dream that John—"

"Neither did I," said Mother bitterly.



COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

"Until you jumped three hundred dollars. Then I knew Ed must have been bragging. Yes, Ida, I'm prepared to sell, but there won't be two idiots in this family. The Chippendale will cost a thousand dollars."

Miss Ida gasped.

"It won't be costing you a thing. That thousand is John's money."

"Do you call that business?"

"What do I care? I'm just plain mad. I'm going to send the fumed oak back—"

"Let me see Ed."

"See him tonight. By then he'll have John's option money in the bank. I don't mind saying this will be your final chance. I've sat on Chippendale all my life, and if I start again, I'll never quit. If only to remind me that you wanted it."

I guess Miss Ida understood. Sometimes a man forgives, especially for a profit, but women never do. Mother would send that fumed oak back to Loveman's if it broke her heart.

FATHER came home from Birmingham that New Year's Eve as if he'd just inherited the earth. He reached our picket fence and eyed it carefully, as if deciding whether he would jump across. He might have made it, too, feeling the way he did. But he came sedately through the gate.

"Well, Nan," he called, his voice magnificently controlled. And then he couldn't stand his dignity any longer. He flung his arms out. "Nan, it's done! I wrote the final check—Monckton and I have bought the land. Ed Jenkins owned it—that was why I didn't dare to talk, afraid you'd mention it to Ida. You should have seen Ed's face when we told him about the railroad spur!" He couldn't keep his exultation down. "You see now, Nan? That's business. The Southern's lawyer telephoned before I left. They'll meet our figure on January second. Monckton and I will split a twenty-thousand profit. That's the way it's done. Think big, act big—"

The telephone was buzzing in the hall. Father strode out. And in a moment he was answering. "Yes, this is Williards' residence. Yes, this is he. Oh—"

A silence came. And then, "But that's not possible. Confound it, man—"

Tension again. His voice rose sharply when he spoke. "No, no! Why, I've been doing business with your bank—all right, all right! By nine o'clock! Just hold it there and I—"

The receiver clicked. When Father came into the living room he had his checkbook in his hands.

"Get me the phone book, Nan," he said at last.

She got it for him. For several minutes he turned pages, writing numbers on a pad. Finally he said, "You've guessed it, Nan. I've got to raise more money somewhere, fast. I made a thousand-dollar error in my bank account—"

"Oh, John!"

"If I don't cover that check before the bank is open, we don't own the land. I'll lose my option money—mine and Ned's. The profit, too—oh, go ahead and say it! It's what I deserve for being so almighty-sanctimonious with you. Think big! Act big!"

"John—"

She raised the blotter from that pile of bills upon her desk. What he saw there made Father gasp.

"Why, it's—why, Nan, a thousand dollars cash!"

"That was the way I counted it," she said. "And ninety cents—you see those dimes and nickels, don't you?"

"Yes, Nan. But where—?"

"Suppose," said Mother, "we have dinner now. Then we can come back to the fumed oak davenport and while the century is turning we'll talk business. No, not there, John—Ida Jenkins bought that old sideboard. You'll find the whisky in the pantry from now on."

THE END

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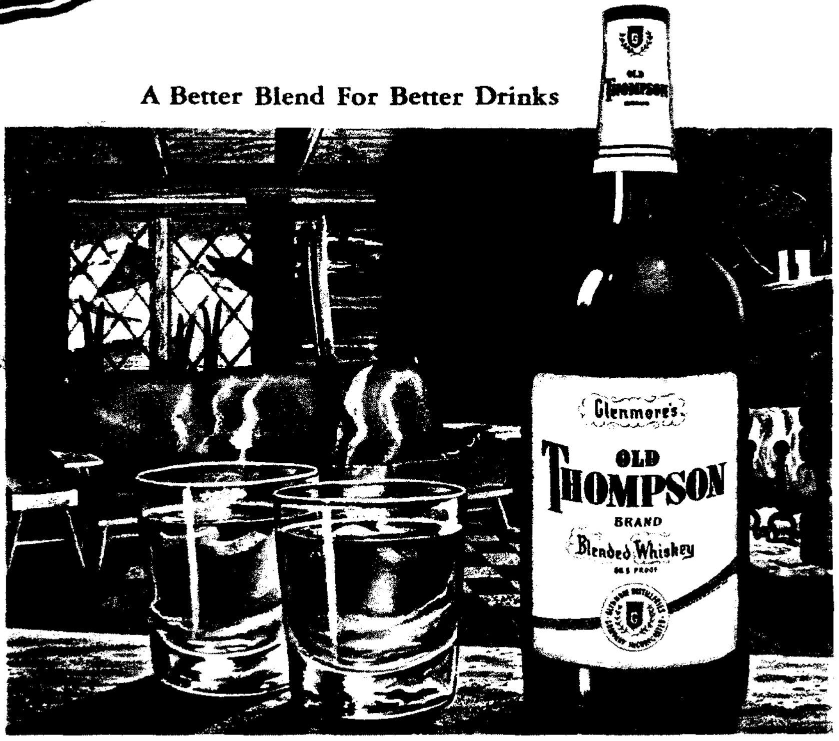

OLD THOMPSON
BRAND

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BLENDED IN KENTUCKY BY GLENMORE

SLEEPING BEAUTY

Continued from page 19

When special nurses were free to take the Stanley case, Carla withdrew, her obligation toward 907 and its occupant involving only routine rounds. The NO VISITORS sign remained but, during the second week, Carla looked up from her desk to see Harry. The floor was comparatively quiet, but Carla, writing reports, had not heard the elevator stop at Ninth.

"Hello," he said easily. "May I see Lucille?"

She had expected this, sooner or later, but it was nevertheless a shock; to put down her pen and look at him coolly and directly involved conscious effort. She said, "I'm sorry, Harry, but Doctor Redding doesn't want her to have visitors yet."

"I know. I talked to her on the phone last week. She promised she'd wangle it. Apparently she didn't."

"She's been quite ill."

"So I understand. But I came anyway. A good excuse." He put his packages on the desk. "Suppose I talk to you, instead?"

"I'm on duty," she reminded him, "and it's hardly the time or place."

"Aren't you interested to learn that I fly West tomorrow upon your delicate errand? But I'll be back. Lawyers, a judge, a brief exile and a piece of paper can't alter things between us, Carla."

He looked bad, Carla observed, and his eyes were hungrily possessive. Remembered emotions of past happiness and sorrow rushed to her mind and she said unhappily, "But things *have* altered."

"Not for me," he told her stubbornly. He added, "I didn't expect to see Lucille. How is she, by the way?"

"Very uncomfortable," Carla answered mechanically, "but she'll do nicely, barring complications."

"Good. Is it fun," he asked, "to be back in the salt mines? Or would anything be preferable to living with me?"

A special nurse neared the desk and loitered, her eyes big with recognition. She had been Harry's night nurse at Lister, long ago. "Well," said Harry, "if it isn't old home week. Hello, Miss Smith."

Miss Smith said hello and how's tricks and whatever, then departed, impatient to spread the tidings. And Carla commented, "Well, that's torn it—this will be all over the hospital before supper."

"I seem to make things difficult," he said. "I don't mean to—I'm sorry about the damned detective. I suppose I went a bit screwy. It might have consoled you to hear what my father's comments on that misguided gesture were."

"It doesn't matter now," she said and added, "I'll see that Mrs. Stanley gets the packages, Harry. Please go, now. I can't talk further and sufficient harm's done, I think."

ELEVATOR doors clanged. Doctor Redding arrived, unattended. He had been summoned to Seventh on an emergency, and had decided to see Lucille before leaving, having found her restless and recalcitrant on his morning rounds. He stopped at sight of Harry and his jaw came close to dropping.

"Just the man I want to see," announced Harry. "I'm trying to persuade Miss Fenton, that is, Mrs. Trask, to let me see Lucille. She won't."

The situation was not devoid of interest. Doctor Redding cleared his throat, shook his head. He was aware of the appeal in Carla's eyes and it directed his course. Kill two birds with one permission; earn Carla's gratitude, retain Trask's esteem—if any. He said, "Very well . . . but just for a moment. You can look in at the door."

"Thanks," said Harry. He nodded at Carla, and pledged, "Be seein' you." She knew he meant it.

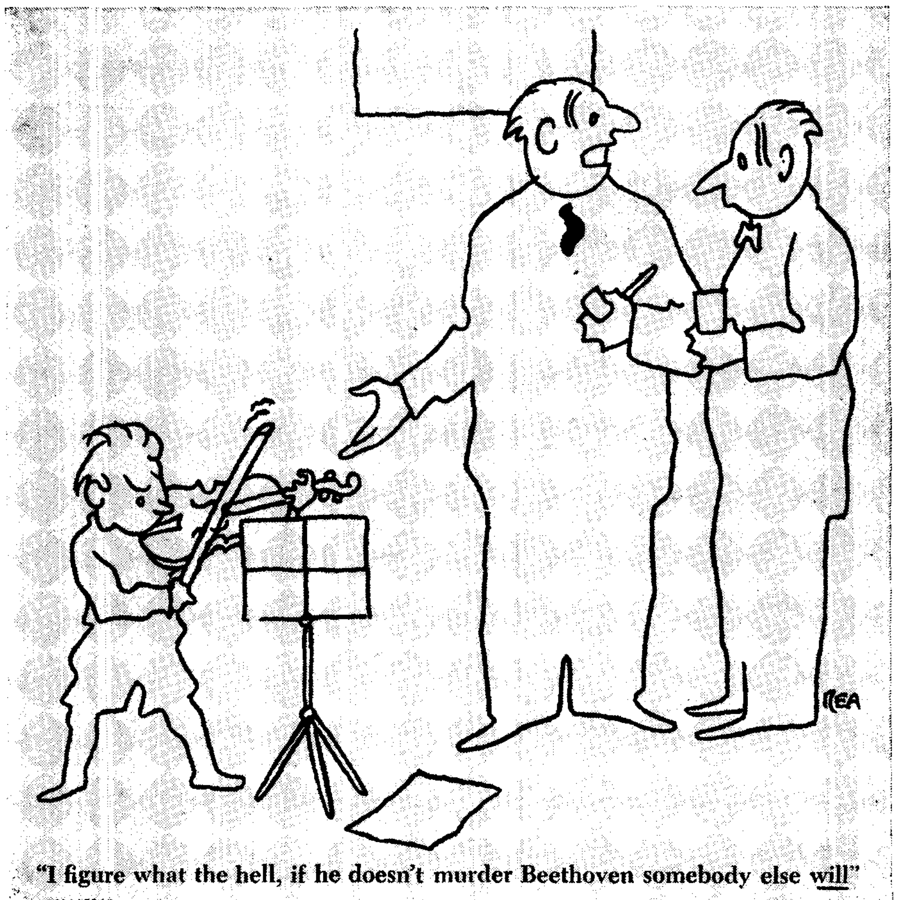
Redding took Harry to 907 and opened the door. Lucille shrieked. Redding went in but Harry remained at the door. The visit was brief and unsatisfactory and when Redding guided him back past the desk, Carla was not there.

"I came," Harry admitted in the elevator, "to have a little chat with my wife. A wasted effort."

No use, thought Redding, pretending he didn't know what was up. He said, mildly, "It's none of my business but why don't you plan your little chats elsewhere? Gossip travels fast here."

"Thanks," said Harry, "I've already arranged to stay away—for six weeks."

That night, Carla and Millie dined with Rich and his roommate, Henry Eagen. Carla and Rich had agreed that it was good for Millie to get out, and Eagen made a pleasant fourth, but Carla had to argue long and furiously to persuade Millie.



"I figure what the hell, if he doesn't murder Beethoven somebody else will"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Carla waited for an opportunity to talk privately with Rich. "Harry came to the floor, today," she said.

"Did you see him?" asked Rich.

"I couldn't avoid it. He came to see Lucille Stanley. Doctor Redding arrived and rescued me. He let him see her, for a minute. I took care not to be at the desk when they returned."

"Was Trask unpleasant?"

"The situation was," she said. "Rich, he leaves for Reno tomorrow."

He said, unconvinced, "Maybe he's bothered you for the last time, then."

"I'm afraid not But it's so futile, it only upsets us both. And I can't get away—"

"From him? That's crazy," he said strongly. "What do you mean, exactly?"

"Just that—he said so, practically. I wondered—a job on the West Coast, perhaps—or in some obscure place? It doesn't matter where I go." She stopped and considered. "Yes, it does, my friends are here. You, especially. You're the only one I can talk to, Rich."

Small consolation but consolation nevertheless. He suggested tentatively, "You could go home." He was returning to Maplehill in June, and if she were there, if he saw her every day in the familiar surroundings . . .

"I can't, with Mother feeling as she does. She hasn't even written me."

"I didn't think you'd want to go home," he admitted. "You can run away from Trask, you might even be successful. But you can't escape from yourself, Carla."

NO ONE knew that better than he, who could not escape from himself nor from Carla. She was himself. Nor had he tried, he thought. It would have been helpful to tell himself that it was enough to be with her, to see her, to touch her hand and watch her smile, but it was not and never had been.

She said, "Perhaps not, but I'd settle for escaping from the entire Trask family."

He said, "If he comes to Lister deliberately to annoy you, surely something can be done about it?"

"With their annual donations and Mrs. Trask's cousin, the opulent Mr. Willens, on the Board? They'd fire me before they'd order Harry to keep out of Lister and off the Ninth floor."

Rich said, "I'd give my right hand to help you, dear."

"I know," she said, and smiled at him with such sweetness that his heart turned over.

When they reached home Millie commented, as she and Carla reached the apartment, "Hank Eagen's a swell person."

"I like him a lot," Carla agreed, "and Rich says he's a good doctor."

Millie said, "His eyes are a little like Roger's." She sat down as if her bones had collapsed and went on drearily, "I suppose some people forget for a while, for as long as it takes to sleep or see a movie or read a chapter in a book. Sometimes I think I'm going crazy. When I sleep I dream, when I watch a movie I stop seeing the screen, and I can't read, the words don't make sense. On a hard case, I can forget, while I'm working. But you don't always have hard cases, nor work to the limit every second. Maybe days would be better. Now that I've come off my case maybe I won't go back nights. Unless your patient is terribly sick you have too much time at night."

Carla went down on her knees and put her arms around the small, forlorn figure. "I wish I could help."

"Thanks," Millie said, "you can't, though. But I like having you around. Hank asked me tonight if I'd go out with him alone."

"What did you say?"

"I said sure. He likes me," said Millie, "so maybe it would be a kindness, maybe not. I've often thought if I could get excited over some man—not in my heart nor mind but just in my body . . ." She looked at Carla and her mouth shook. "Maybe that would help, for a little? But I don't know, I haven't, yet; I feel as if I were dead, only not enough."

Carla said gently, "That wouldn't be a solution, Millie, because it wouldn't be any more real to you than a book or a movie."

Millie nodded and rose. "I know," she said. "Well, I guess I'll take a pill and get some sleep."

Carla asked, disturbed, "How often do you take sleeping pills?"

"At first, every night. Now, just once in a while." She watched Carla rise, and asked, "How long has Rich been in love with you? It's strange you didn't fall in love with him. He's such a wonderful guy."

Carla's expression was one of utter astonishment. "But he isn't in love with me, he's never been."

"Are you sure?"

"Naturally. You know how long we've known each other."

"What has that to do with it? People don't always fall in love at first sight. I'd known Roger since I was a little girl, too."

"You're just imagining things," Carla said, smiling.

"Maybe," said Millie, and went off to bed.

MISS REYNOLDS called the next day. Since Mrs. Stanley's night nurse had left the case, would Millie go on until a night nurse was no longer needed?

Carla heard all about it. When she went into 907, Lucille said, "Well, I've fired that impossible woman. She behaved as if she were haunting a house. Besides, she sniffles. She sniffled all night long. It drove me nuts."

"Miss Wright is a good nurse," Carla said, "and they're hard to come by."

"When she rubbed my back, I felt the hands of the family skeleton," Lucille complained. She added, "I feel like hell but I understand my temperature is down. I've told John he has to let me out of here as soon as possible. He says it will be a month before I feel human. But I can get well at home, or I might go South. I suppose you know John let Harry see me?"

"Yes."

"He leered around the door, very Halloween. I vanished beneath the covers; I looked like Halloween, too. But he said I looked fine and when he got back from Reno, we'd celebrate. Did you see him?"

"He stopped at the desk."

"Oh? And made a scene, I hope. Wish I'd been there."

"There was no scene."

"You lie," said Lucille. "Harry always makes scenes. I suppose his mother is having screamy-weamies wondering whether or not he'll marry me on the rebound. He won't, but don't tell her. I like to keep her guessing. But if ever you regret your bargain, don't worry about me, concentrate on Maggie. She waited for your marriage to break up, now she'll wait for Harry to tire of me, or vice versa. Old school tie, the faithful heart, Griselda in a shiny coupé. She'll get him, eventually, but only when I'm willing," said Lucille.

Carla said, "I sincerely hope she does."

"White of you, but I've other plans. You see, I'm not tired of him, yet," Lucille said.

MILLIE went on the Stanley case. Lucille's former nurse warned her, "I'm going to nurse a brat who's already run through three night nurses, but I bet he's an angel compared to Mrs. S."

Millie said grimly, "I'll manage."

She arrived on duty, small and competent, and Lucille greeted her cheerfully. "Hello, Miss Davidson," she said, "nice of you to take over, as I dare say you've heard I'm an ogre."

Millie said she hadn't heard.

"You will. I like your looks," Lucille said, negligently, "we'll get along."

"Maybe we'd better," suggested Millie, "as there are so few specials."

Millie had no opportunity to talk to Carla until Carla's next day off and Millie, waking in the afternoon, heard her moving about the apartment. She went into the kitchen in her scuffed slippers and childish pajamas, and sat on a stool. "What time is it?" she demanded.

Carla told her. "I looked in on you," she said, "but you were dead to the world. I've made some tea."

Millie poured a cup. "I didn't know you knew Mrs. Stanley. I mean, outside Lister," she said.

"Did she tell you so?"

"Last night. Why does she hate you?" asked Millie. She had acquired an appalling bluntness.

"She's an old friend of the Trasks," Carla replied equably.

"I wish you'd warned me."

"I didn't know you were with her until the morning after you went on," said Carla, "and we haven't exchanged two words since."

Millie said, "Last night she asked questions until I got her to sleep. She asked where I lived and all that. I told her and she said she'd known you, in Greenwich, before you returned here, and were we old friends? She asked if you went out a lot. Not directly, she just said how beautiful you are and she supposed you were very popular. Only, she said, 'wolf bait.' I said I knew nothing about your private life."

Carla said, "Don't worry. Naturally, she's curious."

"Why naturally?" inquired Millie. "Who cares what anyone else does? Well, she won't get anything out of me. I'll be glad when she has visitors, they'll take up her time till nine, anyway."

When Lucille went home, she took Millie with her. It was customary to take your day nurse, if any, but Lucille's had declined. Millie, after consideration, assented. It would be a change, and Lucille wanted her to go South later. She might take floor duty when she got back. She was tired of the long nights.

Carla enjoyed being alone, as much as she liked Millie. It was also pleasant to tap on the door of 907, enter briskly and depart. She had been very glad to see Lucille Stanley leave her floor.

She saw Rich frequently and felt a certain constraint between them. It must be on his part, she told herself, bewildered. Surely it wasn't on hers. There was nothing she could put her finger on, he appeared glad to be with her, they talked, as always, easily enough. Yet she was increasingly aware of something unsaid, which deeply troubled her, as she did not understand it.

One night she asked him, "Rich, is anything wrong?"

"How do you mean, wrong?"

"I can't explain. It's only that you seem—different."

He was a little short-tempered. "I can't always be the same, Carla. Can you?"

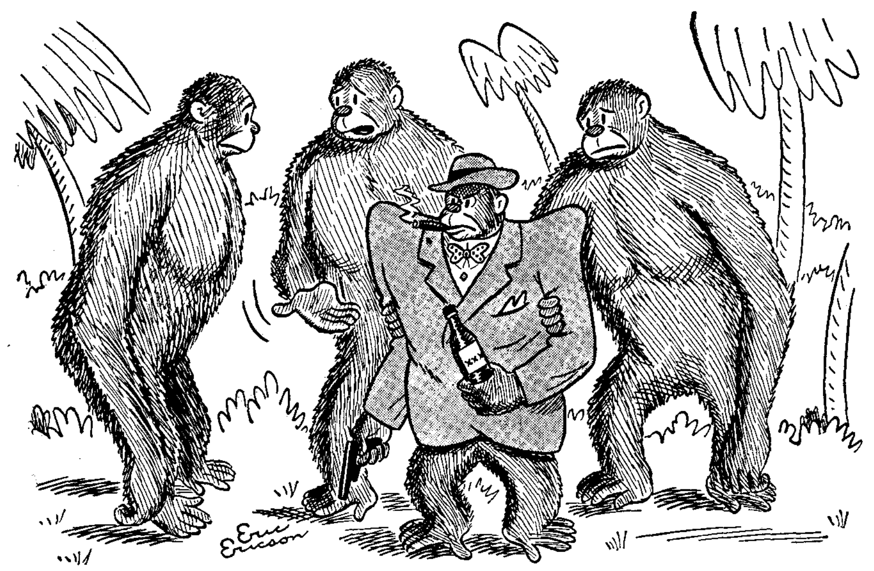
"With you, yes."

He shrugged. "I've been working hard. I'm tired, I suppose. Sorry to be so dull."

"You aren't dull," she said, a little forlornly.

He wanted to take her in his arms, there in the crowded restaurant, to cry, "I am the same, always, that's what is wrong. I cannot change. I must go on loving you and it gets worse, instead of better, more difficult instead of easier."

Carla was tired, too. Not because of her work, but because she lived under a strain, holding her breath until the six weeks had passed. Harry's arrival in Reno had been printed in the gossip columns as well as a straight news item. Several of the staff men stopped at Carla's desk to say, sincerely, they were sorry. Some of the older men openly deplored the publicity which might accrue to Lister, but Miss Reynolds and Doctor Mason handled that, and Carla handled a reporter who camped upon her doorstep. Or rather, Rich did, summarily.



"We just captured him living with human beings—hope we can get him back to normal!"

COLLIER'S ERIC ERICSON

"If only you'd kept your temper," Carla mourned, after the reporter involuntarily had departed.

"Don't ask the impossible," he said. "Of all the sneaking little— Oh, well, it's done now. But I'm sorry I happened to call for you this evening. Left to yourself, you would have disarmed him. Carla, you shouldn't be living alone."

"Perhaps, but I must for a while, as Millie's going South with Lucille Stanley."

Rich said grimly, "Our reporter friend will learn my name eventually. Don't be surprised if I turn up as your new heart interest."

Carla laughed, feeling absurdly self-conscious. Harry's suspicion of Rich had not disturbed her; Harry was masculine and jealous. But she felt retroactively impatient with Millie's question, "How long has Rich been in love with you?"

PRESENTLY six weeks were over. Harry was granted his divorce, Carla saw the lawyer again and everything was settled. Until the day Maggie telephoned her at Lister to say she had to see Carla as soon as possible.

Maggie came to the apartment that night and dropped immediately into Millie's big chair. She looked troubled and unhappy. "It's Harry," she said; "you've got to help him, Carla."

"We're divorced."

"That doesn't relieve you of responsibility. In Reno he drank and gambled heavily. His father learned about it, of course. After the divorce, he went straight to Hot Springs, to Lucille Stanley."

Carla asked, "Maggie, what can I possibly do about it?"

Maggie took off her little hat and sailed it across the room. "I don't know," she admitted. "His mother, of course she's dreadfully worried, suggested I take a vacation and go down. As if I could do anything with him, or would expose myself to Lucille's malice! You're the only person who can help him."

Carla said, "I've always liked you, Maggie. I wish we needn't meet on opposite sides. And there's no way I can help you or Harry."

Maggie said, "Listen to me. I don't care what he does. I don't even care about Lucille. No, that's not true. I care so much that sometimes I think I'll die of it. But he doesn't love her. He loves you. It's *because* he loves you that he's gone back to Lucille. He probably thinks no one else would have him on those terms. Well, maybe I would." She was half crying as she added, "I suppose you think I'm crazy."

"Maybe. But I envy you."

"You?" Maggie looked at her, laughed, and half strangled on a sob. "I don't know why I came here. You won't do anything. When you left him I was glad. I tried to believe that I'd put his happiness before mine, so I said awful things to you about your leaving him. But I could have shouted inside, because you were going and maybe someday he'd turn to me." She paused and said helplessly, "I hear myself *saying* these things and can't believe it."

Carla said, "It's all right, Maggie."

"It's all wrong," said Maggie, somberly. "Now, I do put his happiness first. He can't go to pieces like this. Carla, won't you go back to him?"

"No," said Carla.

Maggie rose. She looked very tired. She said, "All right. Forget it, will you? I guess I'll just have to sweat this out, alone."

A night or two later Carla picked up a letter from Mrs. Trask. She could visualize her former mother-in-law, sitting at the beautiful secretary in the morning room, selecting a sheet of stationery, and guiding her pen in the formation of stately sentences.

The divorce a *fait accompli*, Mrs. Trask wanted to know what she was to do with Carla's possessions.

"These," she wrote, "belong to you, and it is our wish that you make whatever disposal of them you desire. The situation is of your choosing but I realize that most young women in your position would have accepted a financial settlement. I respect your attitude but you split hairs when you refuse to take what is rightfully yours. Will you tell me what time you are likely to be at home, or if there is someone in your building who can be trusted to receive packages for you in your absence?"

Carla thought: I respect her, too. Harry's mother had every reason to be gratified by the failure of his marriage. Yet her pride had suffered, for no mother rejoices when her cherished son is discarded. And if Maggie had not exaggerated Harry's current condition, Mrs. Trask must be deeply concerned.

She blames me, thought Carla, it must have killed her not to say so.

The Trasks were not given to making April-fool gifts, snatched back by plausible strings. And Florence Trask probably couldn't wait until all reminders of her temporary daughter-in-law had been removed from her sight.

Carla listed the things she had left at the Trasks'—evening gowns, dressmaker suits, shorts, play clothes—none of which would be suitable contributions to the nakedness of Europe. A mink coat, costing seven thousand dollars, would repel the cold, but impractically. She couldn't send it to her mother, for Emily had a sense of the appropriate. Carla thought: I'll sell it with the other things, and give the money to people who need it. She could not sell the jewels. She would put them in her safe-deposit box with her insurance policy and War Bonds.

She was writing her difficult letter when the telephone startled her. Long-distance, Hot Springs calling. Was this Miss Fenton?

THE next voice was not Harry's, but Millie's, low and cautious. "Carla?" she asked. "I'm in a pay booth and haven't much time. We'll be back next week. Meantime, my patient has had a visitor, who's usually fried to the eyes. He left yesterday. I think I know where he's headed. Tell Miss Reynolds, will you, that I'll be ready for work soon. And, Carla, go easy."

She asked, "What did he say, Millie?"

Millie said hastily, "Footsteps approaching. I can't talk now. 'By."

Carla replaced the instrument on the cradle. She thought: He'll try to see me here or at Lister.

She put her hand on the telephone again, with an impulse to talk to Richard. But she did not dial the number. It would be unkind and futile to distress him. She had to see this through, alone. She couldn't go to Harry's father again. He would tell her, correctly, that the management of the situation was now up to her. The worst factor was the suspense. Harry might turn up tomorrow—or next week. She couldn't anticipate when or where.

Her patience had worn thin, her remembered affection, even her sense of guilt. She had been impelled to leave him, believing that although she still loved him, his happiness was her only concern. She herself had been acutely unhappy, but now she could feel only irritation and almost irrational anxiety. Harry's attitude was a waste of time, an embarrassment, and wholly immature. An adult faced, and accepted, reality, and was equipped to make the adjustment to personal unhappiness.

He telephoned to the floor on the following day, which Carla had not expected. If anything, she had believed that the elevator doors would shut and he would walk purposefully down the corridor. But when she answered, he spoke to her without preliminary. He said, "I'm coming to see you, Carla, tonight."

"I won't be there," she told him steadily and hung up.

Carla had an engagement with Richard for the evening. She canceled it when she came off duty. "I'm sorry, Rich," she said, "but something's come up."

"Trask?" he inquired, instantly aware of her tension.

She said, "Of course not," and was grieved because she must lie to Rich. She had never done so. If she could not tell him the whole truth, she was silent.

He asked, "Don't tell me you're turning me down for a new interest, or if so, don't bother to break it gently. I'm immune."

"Don't be absurd," she said crossly.

"Okay," said Rich, "better luck next time. I'll call you."

HANGING up, Carla went down to find Alice. Since fabrications wouldn't do, Carla explained briefly about Harry. She added, "He's been drinking, I understand. Of course, I could go to a hotel but—"

"What hotel?" Alice answered. "Stay here. I'll call off my date and sit by the door with a shotgun."

Carla said, "Keep your date. I'll get my things and go to sleep."

"Have you had anything to eat?"

"I wasn't hungry."

"Look in the icebox," said Alice. "Never worry on an empty stomach. I won't be home late, I'm afraid—Bert takes his profession so seriously!" She put her hand on Carla's shoulder. "Maybe he won't even show up."

Carla asked, "Will you corner Mr. Jones and tell him that I've gone away for the week end?" Mr. Jones was the apartment superintendent, reliable and agreeable.

"Sure," said Alice. "Funny, isn't it? Most women have one hell of a time trying to keep their husbands, but you can't lose yours, even in Reno!"

After a while, Bert put his thumb on the buzzer, and Alice rushed off to meet him, leaving Carla alone with the radio, books, and acknowledged fear.

Alice returned before midnight, with her lipstick off the beam. "I'll get that guy yet," she prophesied, happily. "That is, if he isn't looking. A very satisfactory evening. Anything happen here?"

"About nine, your buzzer rang and kept on ringing. I didn't answer. It might have been Harry; he'd ring every bell in the house," Carla said.

There were few bells. Mr. Jones and his family occupied the basement flat, two Lister specials the first floor, Alice the second floor, Carla and Millie the third.

As Carla left for work in the morning she encountered Mr. Jones sweeping the sidewalk. He said, "I thought you went away, Miss Fenton."

"I didn't stay," she answered, and hated Harry for involving her in trivial falsehoods.

"A gentleman came last night, about nine, and asked for you. He like to wore out your bell. Rung Miss Hannan's, too, and the first floor. Then he got me up. I'd gone to bed early. He said he was a relative and that it was important. He didn't leave no name."

"What did he look like?"

Mr. Jones pondered and achieved an accurate description.

Carla walked to Lister in the bright sunlight. She couldn't go on hiding downstairs indefinitely. She would have to move.

When she came off duty, she asked to see Miss Reynolds, and sitting in the big office, she explained the situation. "I don't want to leave my job," Carla concluded. "I'm needed, and I like it. But so long as this situation continues it will cause disturbance and gossip. I know how you and Doctor Mason would feel, and the Board, too. I was so grateful when you overlooked the circumstances under which I returned here—especially with Mr. Willens on the Board. But if anything should happen . . ."

Leotha said, "I appreciate your difficulty, and your consideration. You must do as you think best. Perhaps, this won't last. Circumstances do alter, you know. Have you any plans?"

"I'd hate to work in another hospital in town," Carla said, "and even if I did—" She shrugged. "I'll have to move anyway. I've thought of leaving New York altogether, of going home, but I can't seem to make up my mind. It's stupid, really."

Carla went on, "Millie Davidson telephoned me from Hot Springs recently and asked me to say she was returning." She smiled at Miss Reynolds. "She's very competent."

No need to hammer a point home with Leotha. Carla left it at that. Millie would do all right on Ninth.

"You'll stay until we find someone?" Leotha asked.

"Of course."

"There's a single room just vacated in the Nurses Residence," suggested Leotha. "Would it provide a temporary solution?"

"It would indeed," said Carla.

AFTER Carla had moved, Millie returned, brown, and a pound or two heavier. She unpacked, went to Lister, and saw Miss Reynolds, after which she appeared on Ninth at Carla's desk. "Hi," she said.

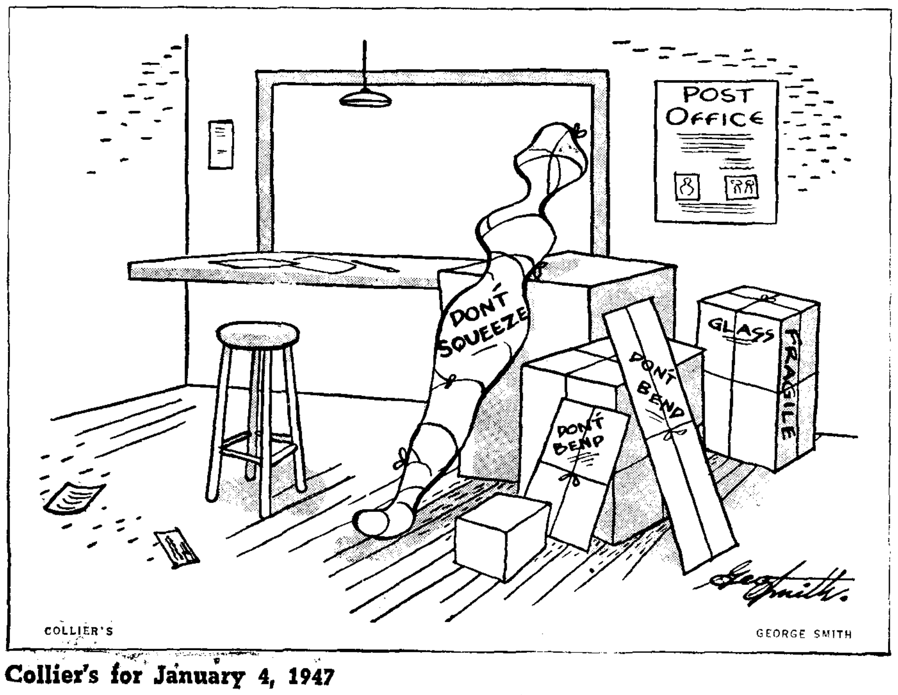
"Hi, yourself," said Carla. "You look marvelous."

"It was too divine," said Millie, expressionless. "Can you eat with me tonight? I'm filthy rich."

At the restaurant, Millie asked, "Mind if I talk turkey?"

"I wish you would."

"You won't like it. When your ex-husband arrived at Hot Springs, La Stanley was frisky as a colt. But they had sensational rows. My hearing's awfully good. He wasn't drunk all the time, at



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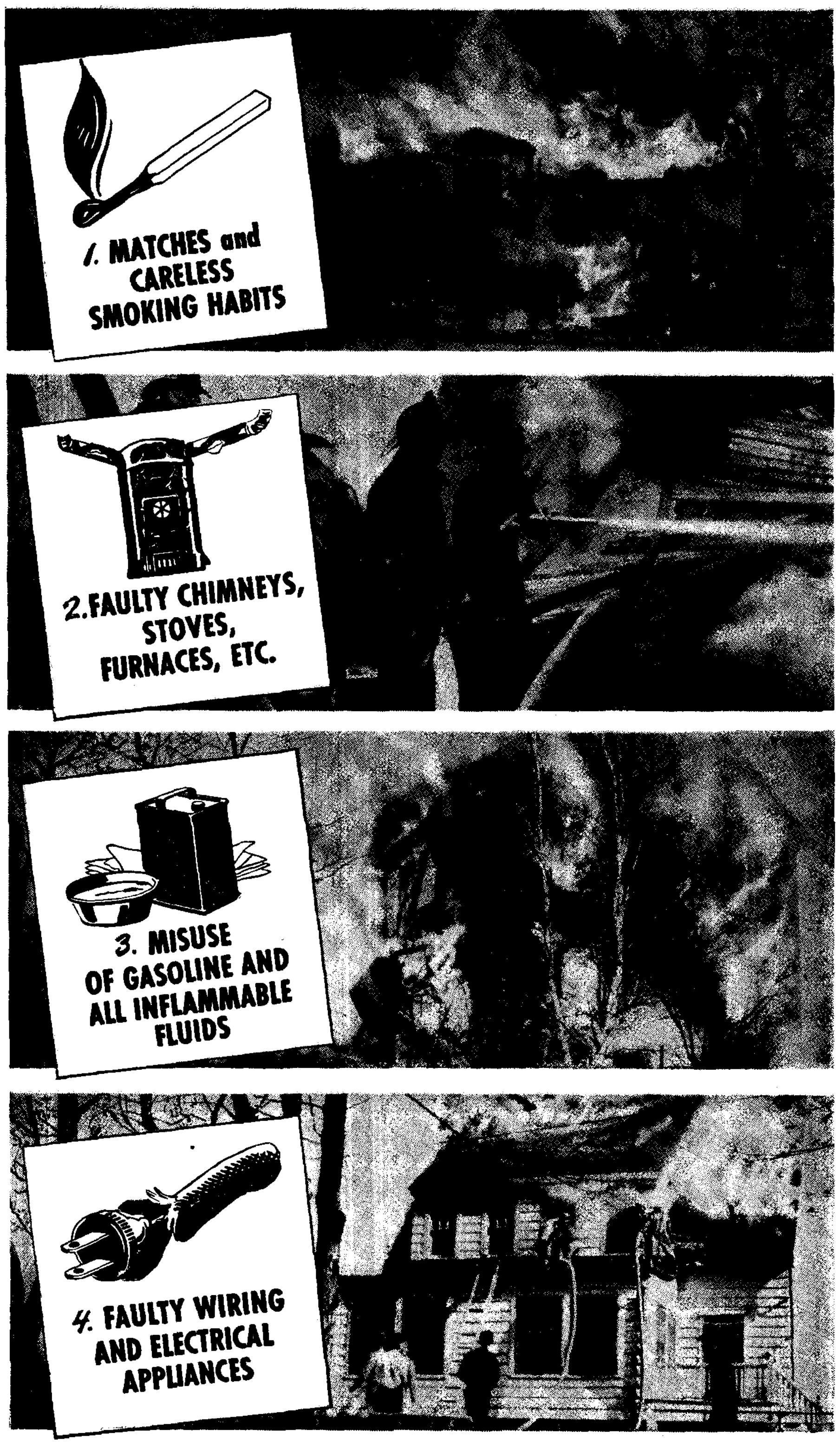
1. MATCHES and CARELESS SMOKING HABITS
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first. It was when he was sober that they battled. The torch he carried burned her up. So, she encouraged him to drink, I heard and saw it. In between, he'd corner me and talk. I know you're finished with him, Carla, but he's insane about you. Stanley doesn't count. She's a platinum-plated tramp and he knows it. When he drinks, she's just dandy. When he's sober he can't stand either her or himself.

"She knew he talked to me. She fired me twice. I packed, and she begged me to stay. She didn't need me but I was a hedge against the rocking-chair brigade. I suppose everyone argued: If she's sick enough to have a nurse, that handsome drunk can't be her lover. Also she tried to make him sore by running around with an unattached character, veddy, veddy British, bent double under a load of charm. It worked, when the alcohol did."

Carla asked, "What did he say about me?"

"He didn't say. He questioned. I didn't answer. Stanley asked me if he talked about you and I said no, but she knew better. From what I overheard I gathered she was crazy about him before he married and that marriage wouldn't worry her. I doubt if she knows what a scruple is. She probably thinks you fry it for breakfast. But she hates you. I knew that, at Lister."

"Oddly enough," Carla said, "I've never felt personal dislike for her, only for her type."

"Why odd? You weren't in love with Trask. Why did you marry him?"

"I thought I loved him, Millie."

"Didn't you *know?* I believed everyone knew. I guess not. So we were lucky, Roger and I."

CARLA thought: She's come back rested, and brown, hard and slangy but she hasn't changed. It's done her no good whatever.

"It's none of my business," admitted Millie, "but I'm sorry for Harry Trask. He's utterly lost. If he goes on drinking, Lucille will hang on until she's bored, or the men in white take him away. If he should turn sober for keeps, she'll tell him to go fly a kite. When he's drunk he convinces her she's the one and only; when he's sober, she knows he thinks of you, and that you are. She can't take it."

Carla said, "Millie, it can't be as bad as you think. You're so sorry for him, it colors your whole thinking."

Millie said, "I wish you'd marry Rich. Maybe that would solve everyone's problems; it would certainly solve Rich's."

Carla flushed. "Do you know you've made me self-conscious when I'm with Rich?" she said. "And I could slap you for it. Because there's never been the slightest—"

"Have it your own way," interrupted Millie. "Maybe I'm wrong. But I'm right about Harry Trask. I've lived so long with desperation, I can recognize it. He's destroying himself. I don't know what you can do about it, short of sacrificing yourself, and God knows I'd hate to see you do that."

Carla said, "The saddest thing of all is that there's a girl who has loved him for a long time. I saw her before you came home and she urged me to go back to him."

"If she did that, she must love him. Well, I wouldn't urge or want you to. But I'm warning you—this situation is dynamite and anything can happen."

After dinner Millie walked to the Nurses Residence with Carla and then home, where she found Harry standing on the top step, smoking.

He said, "I knew you'd be along eventually. Where's Carla?"

Millie came up the steps and stood beside him. She said, "In the words of the old song, she doesn't live here any more, Mr. Trask."

"I know. I asked Mr. Jones. He was brokenhearted. He likes to earn his money but he couldn't. He swore he didn't know where she'd gone."

"He doesn't. I don't, either."

"Millie, you're a good kid. If you'll help me, I promise not to make any trouble for her. I've got to see her, that's all."

"I can't help you, Mr. Trask."

He blocked her way. He said, "All right. But I can stay here as long as you do. Till hell freezes, in fact."

"It's a long time till winter," said Millie. She put her hand on his arm, and added, "Believe me, it won't be of any use. You're only making yourself more unhappy."

He asked, "You know all about unhappiness, don't you, Millie?"

"Yes," she said, "I do."

"Funny then, that you won't help me. I thought there was a certain freemasonry among the damned."

He turned, and Millie watched him go down the steps and along the street. When she reached her apartment she telephoned Carla.

9.15
SKI TRAIN

"You won't find any up there. We heard *you* had snow"

COLLIER'S
DANIEL ALAIN

She said, "He wasn't drunk, tonight. But if I were you I'd get out fast. I was going to take over Ninth next week, as you know, but if Miss Reynolds agrees I'll go on in the morning. I'll call her now and explain."

It was irregular but it could be managed. Millie was at her desk on Ninth when toward the end of the next afternoon Harry Trask reached it. He was quite sober but very shaky. He could not wholly control his hands or voice.

He asked, "Where's Carla?"

Millie said, "She's left Lister." She looked at him with her impersonal pity. "I can't tell you where she is going. This time, I do not know."

He believed her. His face grew haggard and quiet. Her telephone rang and she answered it. When she hung up, Trask had gone.

ON THE next day Carla sat in John Redding's office, facing him across the desk. It was a fabulous room, with paneling and flowers, the ubiquitous photographs of wife and children, silver ash trays, big chairs and a fireplace over which hung a very good painting. Beyond, was a large reception room, as comfortable as a down cushion. The secretary had her own office; his office nurse, another. The examining rooms were busy, and Redding's young assistant put his head in at the door, whistled mentally, and withdrew.

Carla said, "I've left Lister, Doctor Redding. Yet I hesitated to come to you because the circumstances were awkward."

"Suppose you pretend you're my patient and tell me about them."

"I wouldn't," she said candidly, "except that it leads into a question which I must ask. I know you are friendly with my former husband and his people."

"Acquaintances," he corrected; "they aren't my patients, you know."

"Mrs. Stanley is," she reminded him.

Redding smiled. "I hardly think it would make a difference."

"I like Lister, Doctor Redding, and bedside nursing. I hope someday to return to it. Harry's parents are very kind, and would never cause me embarrassment. But he has made it impossible for me to remain at Lister. I could work elsewhere, of course. But the same thing might occur. I thought it wouldn't in your office. Provided you are willing to take the risk."

He said cheerfully, "What risk? We can handle any unpleasantness. My assistant, Doctor White, is a husky young man, Miss Tennyson the most tactful of secretaries, and I think you know Miss Vail."

They discussed hours, duties, salary. Redding asked, "Where are you living?"

"Temporarily at Lister, but I must find another place. Immediately, if possible."

"Oddly enough," Redding told her, "I can help you, but there are strings attached."

"What kind of strings?"

"I have a patient in the neighborhood. A Mrs. Graves, a woman about sixty, emotionally unstable. She's physically sound, although she doesn't think so. A widow, she's estranged from her only child, a daughter, now married. She has an ample apartment and suffers from prevalent servant trouble. Her current staff won't sleep in, and Mrs. Graves is afraid to be alone. She has begged me to procure a nurse-companion, which I refused to do. I suggested a companion, who was not a nurse, but she wouldn't hear of it. I believe an arrangement can be made by which you could have a room in return for being there, at night. I don't mean that you couldn't go out," he said, smiling. "I wouldn't suggest it, in that case. It is just that you'd be there at night."

"I'd have to think it over." She smiled ruefully. "That is, if I have time. I thought I'd make inquiries in the neighborhood—although if there is anything, I doubt that I can afford it."

He said, "Mrs. Graves would probably impose upon you for small services. Well, think it over. If you decide favorably, call Miss Tennyson, who will make an appointment with Mrs. Graves for you."

"I'm very grateful, Doctor Redding. And as you suggested, I'll be in tomorrow to talk to Miss Vail and start work Monday."

He watched her leave and thought uneasily: Perhaps this is a mistake. His wife, a possessive woman, had been kept in ignorance of his extramarital activities but she came now and then to the office. She approved of Miss Vail, who was not young, and of Miss Tennyson, who was plain. She might very well object to Carla.

THE rest of the morning Carla spent looking at the few advertised vacancies. Only two were still available, unfurnished, too large, and expensive. She decided she would have to see Mrs. Graves.

Miss Tennyson made an appointment for her with Mrs. Graves at five.

By five-thirty, Carla had been provided with a key, and all arrangements were made. Mrs. Graves cried, "You don't know how safe I'll feel having you with me!"

She was a thin, febrile woman, with a light, rapid voice. She was slightly overdressed and somewhat overmassaged. At one time or another she had undergone plastic job surgery, but her hands and neck betrayed her age. She would not hear of Carla's paying rent. There were three bedrooms, two unused. And there was no reason why Carla could not have breakfast there.

Carla thanked her, but said it would be better if she breakfasted on her way to work, since she must leave early.

She returned to Lister, packed and called Rich. He was free, they could dine together. She said, "I'm moving to the East Side, Rich. I'll explain when I see you." Then she went to the apartment. Her trunk was in the basement and she asked Millie to attend to sending it. She did not want to put Mr. Jones in the position of refusing, or accepting, a large sum of money for her address. Only four people at Lister would know it: Millie, Alice, Rich and Miss Reynolds, and it was safe with them.

She thought, waiting for Rich to come: It's hideous to feel *hunted.*

Over dinner she discussed the situation with Rich, who listened uneasily. "You're wasted in an office," he said; "not that Doctor Redding isn't a good man in his field. And I don't like this deal with Mrs. What's-her-name."

"Mrs. Graves? I have to live somewhere."

"If Trask wants to find you, he will. What are you afraid of, for God's sake? It isn't like you. Has he threatened you, Carla? Tell me the truth."

"He hasn't," she said, quickly, "and I'm not afraid."

But she was. She was afraid that she might come to see Harry as Millie did, that the hard core of impatience and anger would be pierced, and dangerous pity would seep in. Aloud, she said, "I can't have him hound the girls and the hospital. Had I stayed on, they would have asked for my resignation, or just fired me."

"Such damned nonsense," he said irritably. "If you had sense you'd go home. Trask wouldn't follow you there more than once. Only your mother's on his side. Pop has plenty of work for you, and I'll be along soon."

"I can't," she said. "There'd be continual arguments. I'd only make Mother ill. She has been, a couple of times. She wouldn't let Father send for me. She said she'd rather go to the Freeville Hospital. He'd tell me about her attacks only when they were over."

Rich said, "I know your mother. She'll make you crawl to her on your hands and knees and tell her how sorry you are, and she'll make you promise you'll be a good girl and go back to your husband, for her sake."

"I know," said Carla, "that's why I can't go home."

Two weeks later, she dined again with Rich. In describing her job, she said, "In some ways it's tougher than running a floor, or bedside nursing, for I'm not necessary. Anyone can do a job like this and I feel so unimportant."

He prophesied, "You won't stick it long, Carla."

"Probably not. I like the staff and some cases are interesting, but we lose track of those. They're sent to surgeons, specialists, psychiatrists—"

"And Mrs. Graves?"

"She exacts her pound of flesh. Some nights she knocks on the wall between us, and I go in. She claims she can't sleep, and Doctor Redding won't give her narcotics. She says he doesn't understand her high-strung nature. Mostly, she wants to talk or to have her back rubbed. I know enough about her marital difficulties, and about the trouble with her daughter, to write a treatise on frustrations."

RICH grinned. He looked, she saw with concern, very tired. He said, "Personally I'd rather pay rent. Seen Millie lately?"

"She was off last Sunday and we went to a movie. I wish I hadn't left her," said Carla, troubled. "She looks wretched, yet the floor seems to be running as smoothly as it ever does, but she's returned to that dead-pan withdrawal into herself. It worries me."

"Did you know Hank asked her to marry him?" Rich asked. "He's very much in love with her. He's leaving Lister in September, and is going back to Vermont to practice."

"She told me," Carla said. "Poor Hank!"

Millie had said, "Well, that's that. I like him, and I thought, if you can't always have the best, second best might do. So, coming home the other night, I let him kiss me." It would not be easy for Carla to forget her expression as she said that. "It was dreadful," said Millie. "I guess I'm the faithful type, damn it."

Rich said, "Well, if she won't, she won't. Everyone's mixed up. Have you heard from Trask, Carla?"

"No."

"Maybe he's given up," Rich suggested. And thought, savagely: *Why don't I?*

"I hope so," Carla said. "When is your mother coming down? I had a note from her recently."

"Wednesday. I wangled a five-day hotel reservation. Save us a night, will you? I have Sunday off, so if you're free, let's do something therapeutically childish like going to the Bronx Zoo. After all, it's spring."

"I'd love to."

"I wish you were happy." He spoke slowly, choosing his words with caution, maintaining his control, "And that you were doing something you liked. You know I'm fonder of you than of anyone in the world."

A masterpiece of understatement, Doctor Kent, he told himself.

"Thank you, Rich," she said. "I do know."

She thought: Someday he'll fall in love and marry and we won't be such close friends any longer. She felt grieved and forlorn thinking about it, but asked, lightly, "Have you seen anything of Maggie Edwards?"

"Not for some time. I did, occasionally, earlier in the year. She's a nice girl, if balmy."

Carla said, "Maggie would have been a marvelous wife for you, Rich, if she—"

"If she weren't in love with your ex-husband?" he asked, smiling. He could have throttled her. What right had she, telling him who'd make him a good wife! "Only she is in love with him," he said, "and I'm not with her."

Carla said, "I suppose it's time you fell in love with someone for keeps."

He said, his heart hammering, "Maybe I have."

Carla looked at him almost blankly, and then her face flashed into animation. She cried, "Rich! And you didn't tell me. Who is she?"

"You, of course."

Carla sat back in her chair. "I thought you were *serious!*" she said reproachfully. She thought: I don't want him to be in love with me. It's because of the things Millie said that I even imagine— No, if he had loved her she would have known long ago. And she now wanted more than ever the relationship upon which she had always relied.

He had not heard the slight note of uncertainty in her voice so he let the chance go, excoriating himself for having tried to take it. "Who, me?" he inquired. "Hell, I'm never serious, in my free time."

THE capricious spring days went by. Horace wrote, "Your mother hasn't been very well but keeps going. She won't hear of you coming home. I hope you like your new job, but it's too long since we've seen you." Carla thought: Next autumn, if Doctor Redding can spare me, I'll go home. Perhaps, by then, she'll feel differently.

When Mrs. Kent came to town, Rich and Carla took her to the zoo. Mrs. Kent was fascinated by the lions, which were not caged but were guarded by a wide moat and a small fence. It was a pleasant afternoon and time passed quickly.

At dinner that night Mrs. Kent told Carla, "Your mother looks well. She's doing a lot these days. At first she hardly went out, especially after the divorce was in the papers. But Joe gave her a going over. She turned up at the next town meeting and at church."

"What did he say?" Carla asked.

"He asked her who cared? He said that everyone was fond of you, and whatever talk there was would die down. And that with what was going on all over the world, her affairs, and yours, too, were of little importance. He told her he couldn't force her to behave sensibly, because she never had, but the one way to put it in people's heads that there was something fishy about the whole business was to isolate herself.

"I went over with a pattern she wanted and she was ready to kill him. She was so mad that she told me, and expected me to sympathize. Well, I didn't." She hesitated and added, "I probably shouldn't tell you this, but she writes to Harry Trask—she let it slip. She tried to cover it up but it was too late."

Carla's eyes blazed but she set her lips and said nothing. And Rich said quickly, "Don't let it worry you, Carla."

"I won't," Carla promised, but she thought: Then he knows where I am, Mother's told him. That possibility had not occurred to her before.

A night or so later he came to call upon her, quite formally, at Mrs. Graves'.

He was admitted, announced, and Jameson, the butler, stalked off to inform Miss Fenton that Mr. Trask was calling. Jameson was greatly intrigued. He knew the name, an old friend of his had been employed by the Trasks. And though Jameson kept abreast of the "upstairs set," he had not hitherto connected the beautiful but obviously inferior Miss Fenton with the junior Trask.

He knocked on Carla's door with enjoyment, savoring the situation. Mrs. Graves, who was going out, rustled into the drawing room overcome with curiosity. She read the papers too. She made herself known to Harry, they discussed their mutual friends, including Doctor Redding, and presently Carla came in.

Mrs. Graves fluttered like a molting canary. She said, "I must run along now. Please feel quite free to—"

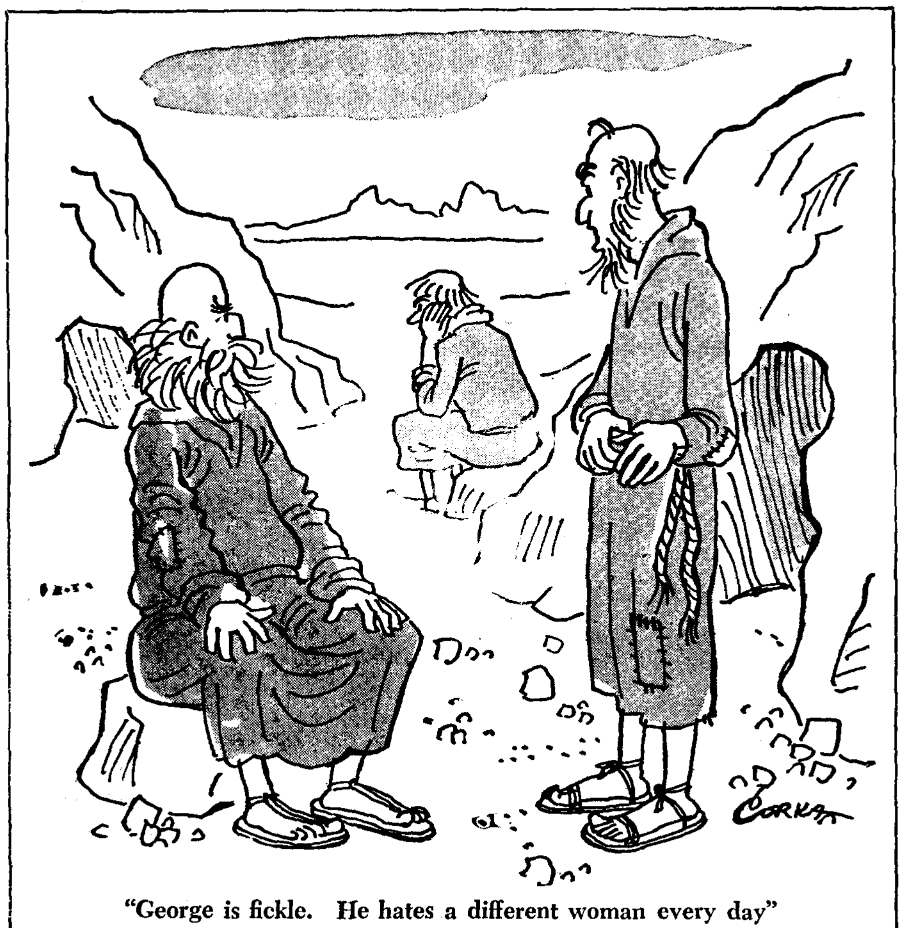
She vanished and Carla said, "This isn't very sensible of you, Harry."

He said, "I've known where you were for several days. Sit down, Carla, or I'll break up some of Mrs. Graves' spurious antiques."

"I should have told Jameson I wouldn't see you."

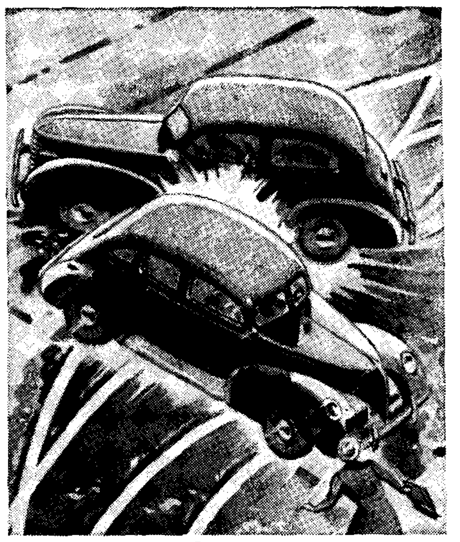
"But you knew I'd stay till you did, even if I had to make love to your landlady?" he asked. "It was wiser to see me. And so civilized. Just a happy little

(Continued on page 44)



"George is fickle. He hates a different woman every day"

COLLIER'S JON CORNIN



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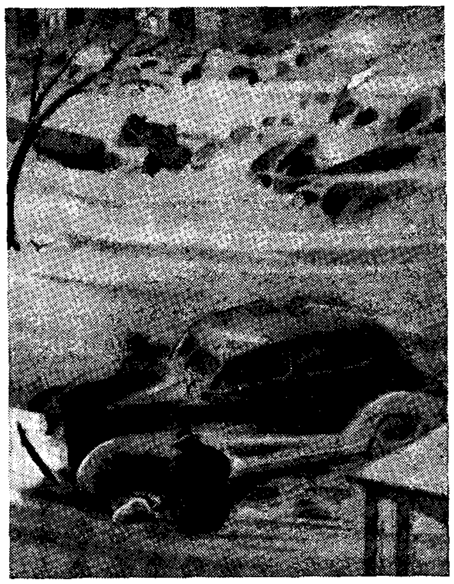

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YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Firewood by Proxy

"Coal-Log" is a new wrinkle in fireplace wood that is keeping up the winter cheer of open fires in city homes and in parts of the country where ordinary firewood is costly or unobtainable. The stuff looks like ordinary fire logs but is made of a mixture of sawdust and powdered coal, compressed into hard sticks. It burns practically without smoke, lasts as long as good cordwood and smells like fresh pine.

Youngsters Will Be Furniture Movers

Magnesium, the "metal of motion," has invaded the nursery. Using specially drawn tubing of great strength and extreme lightness, makers are bringing out a whole line of kid-sized furniture that the smallest tot can move from room to room. The little chair weighs only 2½ pounds, the table 5. But a full-sized furniture mover can stand on either one without straining it in the least.

Make It Rough Again

You may not throw away acres of used-up sandpaper every few days, but many a woodworking shop and furniture factory is constantly burdened with the expense and trouble of changing to new abrasives on sand wheels and smoothers as soon as they get "filled" and stop cutting. Now comes a smart bit of chemical research which proves that sandpaper does not get dull but merely takes on a hard glaze from close-packed wood particles. The cure: a cheap chemical solution that is swabbed on spent sandpaper, let stand a few minutes, then washed off, taking the debris with it and leaving the abrasive surface almost like new. The operation can be repeated over and over without damaging the gritty surface or paper backing.

Roaches, Beware!

Now you can buy a chemically treated paper ribbon specially cooked up to kill roaches, ants and other household crawlers. The ribbon is a strip of blotting paper saturated with a new and powerful vermin killer called Velsicol 1068, plus a dash of DDT for good measure. You won't have to touch the active paper as you lay it on shelves, under sinks, in closets. A protective jacket is withdrawn only after you thumbtack the strip in place.

Stereophonic Hearing Aid

British acoustic engineers are working on a new hearing aid that will be worn in both ears at once, giving "three-dimensional" sound pickup, so that the wearer can tell the direction from which a sound comes. The new aid includes two microphones, amplifiers and earpieces. The "mikes" are worn on opposite sides of the body and connected through independent control systems to the head phones; the two circuits are balanced when first fitted, to give matched volume of sound to the brain. The ordinary sound-locating sense results from two normal ears receiving vibrations slightly "out of phase," and is lost when a conventional hearing aid is worn only on one side. Restored by the new device, the directional sense ends the feeling of isolation many deaf people feel when in a group.

Fluorescents on the Street

A huge postwar increase in auto deaths at night has sent safety engineers into a new drive to improve street lighting in congested areas. They are tackling the problem by a novel method: cutting down the brilliance of individual lights and building up over-all visibility by highly diffused illumination. Giant fluorescents provide the solution. These are spaced close enough to give an even blanket of light with no sharp shadows anywhere.

Experimental fluorescent installations have already proved the value of diffused light in cutting the accident rate. Data already collected show just how much light power must be used for greatest safety at any traffic density.

Thumbnail Photos

The supertiny radio isn't the only gadget you can carry in your purse or pocket. Now there's a microcamera that's smaller than a package of cigarettes, weighs only nine ounces and can take a dozen snapshots on one roll of 16-mm. film. The pigmy camera has a rotating focoplane shutter for foolproof timing, which is connected to a counter that tells you how many exposures you've taken. Its fixed-focus lens insures sharp pictures at all distances. Daylight loading is done with a tiny film cartridge that you send to the factory for processing. Prints larger than the camera itself are what you get back. ★★★

SLEEPING BEAUTY

Continued from page 43

reunion. Shall we go out and drink to our divorce?"

But Mrs. Graves had arranged that. Jameson appeared with bottles, ice and glasses, and Carla watched Harry avail himself liberally of the service. He lifted his glass to her. "Pity you don't drink, darling," he said; "it's such a comfort."

She said, "Harry, please don't."

"Why shouldn't I? Or don't you like me drunk? Lucille does, you know. She despises me sober; and I," he added wearily, "despise myself. I suppose the little Millie told you all about the high old times at Hot Springs. That's a very sympathetic girl, Carla. Too bad we weren't drawn to each other by any bond which would offer mutual consolation."

She said, "Millie told me you were drinking. And before her, Maggie. You aren't just hurting yourself, Harry."

"Who, then?"

"Your family, Maggie, everyone who cares for you."

"And suppose I don't give a damn for them?" he asked, agreeably. "How's John Redding? He's always had excellent taste. But I thought his current interest was a Chicago dress designer. When did you go to work for him?"

She said, "When you made it impossible for me to continue at Lister. Doctor Redding was very kind."

"You're easy to be kind to, but watch your step. His wife's a tartar and she has more money than even he makes. And how is Doctor Kent?"

Carla sat on the edge of her chair. She said, "He's all right."

"And don't bother with the deep-freeze treatment," he said. "I'm used to it—from you. Why don't you marry Kent," he suggested, "and put him out of one misery into another? Your mother would love having you at home. She misses you."

"I know she writes you," Carla said, "but you need not answer her letters."

"I was very well brought up," he reminded her. His eyes dropped to her hands, and lifted to her throat. He asked, "What became of the family jewels, or, as far as that goes, what became of the family?"

"I sold the mink coat and other things, and sent the money to charity," she explained. "The jewelry's in the safe deposit, until I can persuade your mother to take it back."

"Kind hearts are more than emerald earrings," he agreed. He put down his empty glass, rose and crossed the small space between them, pulled her out of her chair and held her close.

He said, "Come back to me, Carla—on any terms."

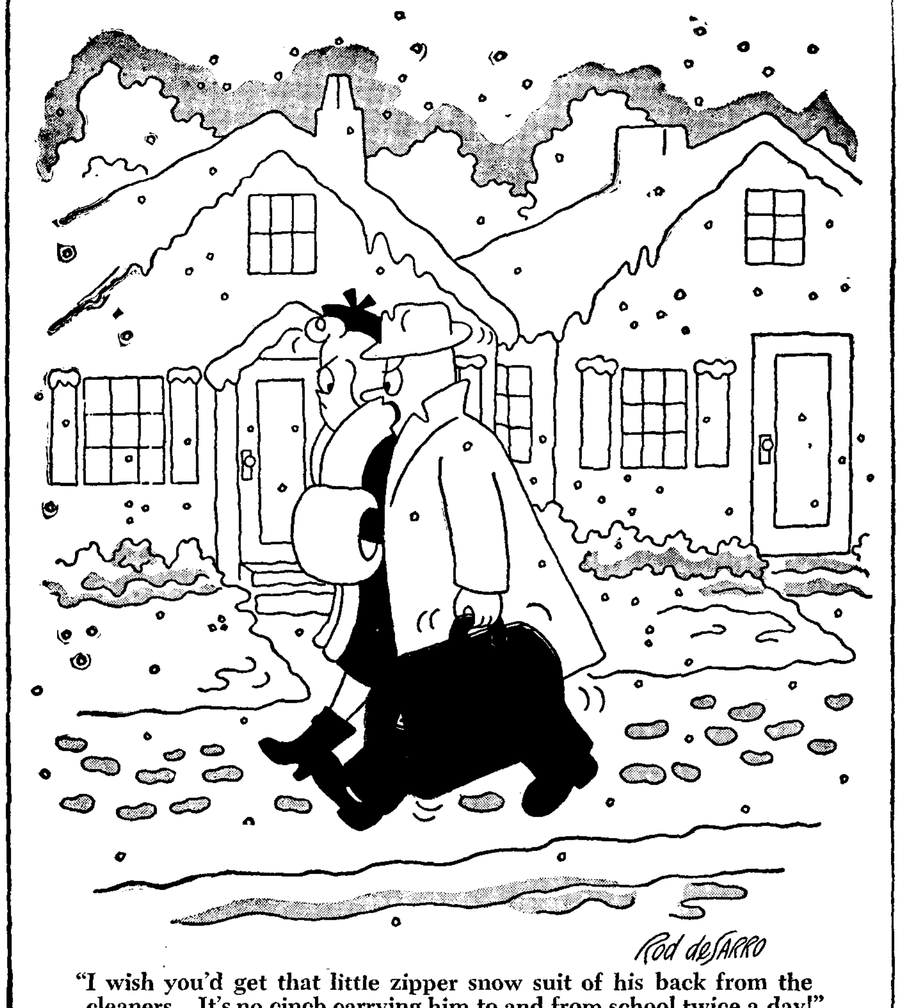
CARLA stood still, but she shook inwardly. She could not endure his nearness to her, it made her ill, but she was so sorry for him that she wanted to cry. Why be sorry? It was a trap; it was without reason. Was it because he was weak, because he wanted what he could not have, because he took what comfort he could derive from a bottle?

She pulled herself free and moved quickly toward the bell pull. She prayed that Jameson and his wife had not left for the night. Because if they had—

She rang, and Jameson appeared, looking from one to the other with small, birdlike eyes.

"Mr. Trask is just going, Jameson," Carla said quietly.

"And so," Jameson reported later to his entranced wife, "there she was, white as a sheet, but looking like something out of a picture book standing by the bell pull; and there he was, with a couple of inches gone from Mrs. Graves' best Scotch and the glass turned over. He looked like he could have killed her and me too. But he went, quietly. I was



"I wish you'd get that little zipper snow suit of his back from the cleaners. It's no cinch carrying him to and from school twice a day!"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DESARRO

polite, but firm. You know, Dolly, 'This way, sir,' and all that."

"Was he drunk?" Dolly asked.

"Drunk and going off to get drunker," said her husband, "or I'm no judge of gentlemen." . . .

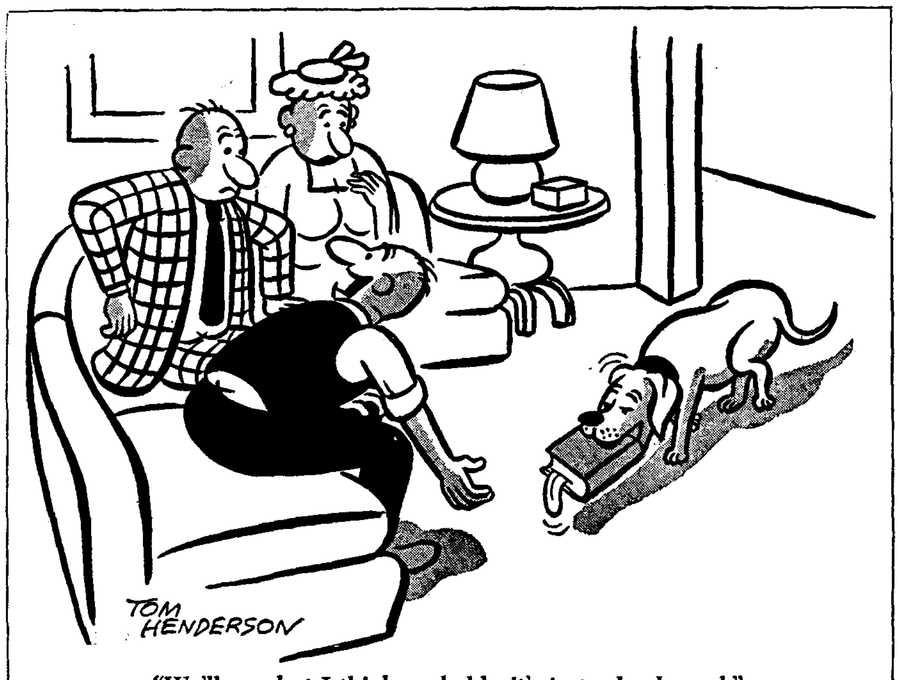
Late the next afternoon, Carla passed Doctor White's office and he called to her. He was alone, his appointments over and he smiled at her across his desk. He said, "Miss Fenton, I have been struggling with myself ever since you came here. Should I, or should I not, ask you to dine one night?"

Carla rather liked this clever young man, who knew where he was going and refused to be sidetracked. She said, smiling, "Ask, if you wish, Doctor White. It's amiable of you. But the answer is no."

"Why?"

"Office hours only," said Carla. "It works better that way, I think."

"I'm sure you're right." He heaved himself out of his chair. He was somewhat shorter than Carla, which disconcerted him and he regretted rising. "Confidentially, I am an ambitious nogood. I decided when I was an intern, and when I was a resident, that involvements were not for me. I want a rich girl," he said sadly. "I'd like her to be gentle and lovely, but I'll settle for her being rich. But you disturb me. I find myself thinking about you during and after hours. It won't do.



"We'll see, but I think probably it's just a book mark"

COLLIER'S TOM HENDERSON

"Maybe," he added hopefully, "you're terribly dumb, but I'm afraid not. Maybe you're in love, engaged, or married?"

He was not a Lister man and Redding's staff was discreet. Carla asked, "But it doesn't matter, does it, as we're not dining together?"

SHE went to her office to get ready to leave. Redding's appointments were over, and he was about to leave. As she came out of the building his car pulled up at the curb and he beckoned her. "Hop in, I'll drop you off."

In the car, he asked, "How do you get on with Mrs. Graves? Of course, she's enchanted with you."

"Very well," said Carla, "except that Harry has learned where I am, and came there last night."

"He tried to find out from me," said Redding, "but didn't. Well, I'm sorry. By the way, has Doctor White been annoying you? He's casually mentioned you to me several times lately."

"He hasn't annoyed me," she said, "but he did ask me to dine with him, quite against his better judgment. I refused."

"There's no reason why you should not," he said, "if it would amuse you. You are perfectly free after hours."

"I don't feel free," she said, seriously, "even, or rather, especially, in my present situation. And I really think Doctor White was relieved when I refused."

Redding said, "You are a remarkable young woman. You have been given a dangerous gift, one you could employ as long as it endures to your advantage, and, if you liked, to the disadvantage of others. Yet so far as I can judge from our brief association, you make no use of it. It's almost as if you deplored it."

"Would you believe me if I said I do?"

"Curiously enough, yes, though it sounds insane." He added, stopping before the apartment building "What particular spindle pierced your finger, almost a century ago, I wonder?"

Carla thought of the cupola room, the sagging bookshelves crowded with fairy tales. She remembered the old couch, the half-eaten apple, and the story of the Sleeping Beauty, written long ago by an astute Frenchman. She answered, "I wish I knew, Doctor Redding." . . .

Toward the end of the week, glancing at the appointment book, she saw a familiar name—Mrs. Lucille Stanley. Well, it was bound to occur. Redding was Lucille's physician. So far as Carla knew, he had not seen her, professionally, since her return from Hot Springs.

Lucille came in and said, "Hello. How you do keep on turning up!"

Carla said, "You may have to wait a few minutes, Mrs. Stanley."

"I know. I came early to talk with you."

There were not many people in the room but even one was too many. Carla hesitated. Miss Vail was not in the little room used by her and Carla, so Carla motioned Lucille into the corridor. When they entered the room, Lucille commented distastefully, "How too utilitarian." Carla noticed that Lucille looked blooming and had acquired a slight British accent.

Lucille said, "Harry told me you were here. He came tearing around last night, at all hours, to inform me. I wasn't interested. I suppose Millie Davidson told you that he came to Hot Springs?" She waited but Carla did not answer.

"Of course she did," said Lucille. "I expected her to—perhaps I wanted to gloat. But I haven't gloated lately. Harry's becoming a bore. He told me last night his family wants to send him to some high-priced sanitarium where they can find out why he drinks and then explain it to him so he'll see the light and stop. I've already told him, gratis. He used to be amusing when he was tight, but he isn't any more. Or wasn't, last night. He said he'd seen you—" She shrugged. "If you want him back, I won't lift a finger to prevent it."

Carla said, "I'd rather not discuss Harry with you, Mrs. Stanley."

"It isn't my fault that he'll soon start seeing little men in sunbonnets," said Lucille; "and don't stand there looking at me like that. What if I didn't say, 'Naughty, naughty, let Mother remove the big bad bottle'? At least when he drank he was human. I thought he'd snap out of the whole silly business. But he hasn't, and I'm fed up."

She paused and then went on, "Pity he didn't fall for Millie, she's unhappy too. Faithful people always are, and, damn it, Harry is faithful to you. Faithful in his mind, his heart. That's what counts, and what hurts. It's a damned sight more comfortable to be a tramp."

Carla said, "I think Doctor Redding will see you now. I just heard the buzzer."

CARLA called Millie and tried to persuade her that a crowded Sunday at the zoo would be fun. Millie objected and said she hated crowds, caged animals gave her the creeps and she wanted to sleep late. Carla compromised and agreed to turn up before noon and have a second breakfast with her. They could make further plans then.

On Sunday, Carla stopped, bought some cinnamon buns and a coffeecake and arrived at the apartment about a quarter to twelve. The day was warm and sunny and Carla was smiling as she climbed the stairs and knocked on Millie's door.

There was no answer.

That's funny, she thought. She hadn't rung Millie's bell, as Mr. Jones had let her in. She knocked again.

"Millie!" she called. "Millie?"

"For gosh sakes," said someone from below, and Carla looked over the banister to see Alice emerge on the landing.

She called, "Alice, it's Carla. I've a date with Millie and she doesn't answer. Could she have gone out?"

Alice said, "I was asleep till you woke me."

Carla knocked again; she turned and rattled the doorknob. Then she went back to the stairs. "Get Mr. Jones, Alice. I'm frightened."

Jones came ponderously up the stairs. He said, "Shucks, you girls sleep like the dead sometimes," and Carla shivered. When he opened the door with his passkey they went in, Alice with her robe clutched about her, mules slapping away from her feet.

Millie was in bed and, indeed, she slept as Mr. Jones had said, like the dead. He came running when Alice screamed. There was the bottle of sleeping pills on the bedside table and an envelope with "Carla" scrawled across it.

Carla stood with it in her hand while Alice called Lister, and then, Richard Kent. "Call Rich," was all Carla could say.

"I hardly ever took them," said the note. "I saved then instead so that I'd have enough. I hope it's enough. Because I've had enough, Carla. I'm sorry you have to find me. Glad, though, in a way. I suppose I'm an awful coward but a lifetime's just too long—"

Carla's finger was on Millie's relaxed wrist, her eyes on the rise and fall of the shallow breathing. Alice came back in. She said, "The ambulance is coming; Rich will meet us in Emergency. Don't look like that, Carla, it may not be too late."

Carla said, "If only I had come earlier—" She looked away from Millie's strange, quiet little face. She said, "Is it my fault, Alice? If I hadn't left her alone would this have happened?"

(To be concluded next week)

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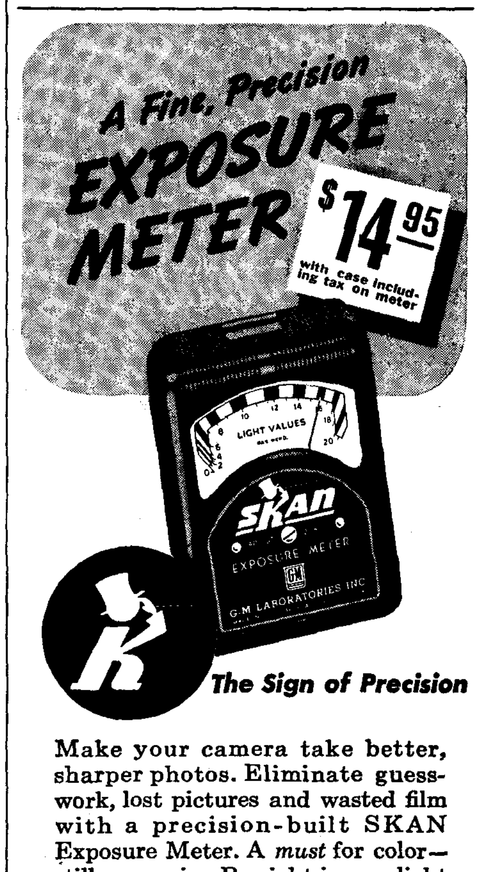
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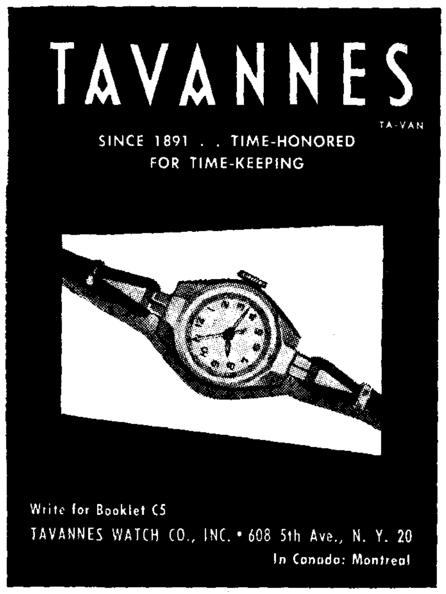
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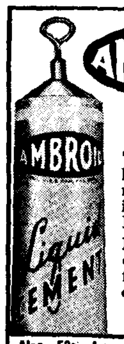
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THE BOWMEN GET THE GAME

Continued from page 17

system, a thousand at a lick and for three days only.

Michigan, as well, makes special provision for the bowmen, giving them more than a month's head start on the lads with firearms. Bucks, only, are legal game. In the Allegan State Forest, however, either sex or any age trophy may be taken.

Pennsylvania sets aside two areas of a thousand acres each where arrows are the only authorized missiles. New York's archers got the first official green light on deer in 1945 and had Westchester County all to themselves. There deer are overly abundant but a heavy human population makes the high-powered rifle a dangerous weapon to use. In a dozen other states and the eastern Canadian provinces, archers mingle with gunners during the open seasons on big game.

As Hoffmaster points out, the situation is like a snowball rolling downhill, and *fast*. Archery, as a pastime, has been popular for centuries, and soon after World War I it experienced great stimulus in this country, but activities were well confined to the orthodox forms of competition, which are as rigid and formal as a wedding under the personal direction of Emily Post.

Here and there, however, a few good archers began to go stale on shooting at the same old painted targets and wanted something considerably harder. Big game the country over was on the upswing. Pennsylvania officials were crying for heavier hunting to keep their deer herd down to where the supplies of natural food could support it. New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, Colorado—a lot of states—were discovering that they had too many deer or elk. So live targets were there for the stalking.

At First, the Law Said No

In the beginning, the bow was not recognized as a legal weapon in a number of states, and some of those pioneer archer deerslayers were outside the law. But they got their trophies home and displayed them to bow-and-arrow pals who'd never tested their shooting eyes except on target ranges. Then the old yeast started to bubble. There was a rapid shift of interest from the old target meets to field competition, in which some approximation of hunting conditions was set up, although the targets were still ringed bull's-eyes. From field meets to the field itself wasn't too long a step and, as the figures prove, thousands of archers have taken it.

Then there were the rifle hunters for whom big-game hunting had lost at least a portion of its thrill. With deer so abundant, with travel so easy, with the perfection of scope sights and automatic guns and better ammunition, killing a deer wasn't the trick it had been.

But bow hunting is something else. You must hunt even harder and more adroitly than the chap with the rifle because fair range is such a short distance and, as was pointed out earlier, one chance is all the bow hunter gets. So for the fellow who likes to do things the hard way, getting within arrow range of a deer and then getting an arrow into him is a made-to-order sport. Forty per cent of Michigan's organized bow hunters are lads who've given up the rifle.

The bow is a legal weapon all over the place, now; but this was not accomplished without local difficulties. In California, for instance, the legislature had a veritable knock-down-and-drag-out over making the law recognize the bow. In both Michigan and Wisconsin some groups have opposed concessions and even rights to the bowmen. Stories have been rife of deer rampaging through the country looking like pin cushions from the arrows fast in them. The bow hunters countered with stout denial and plenty of statistics to prove that a deer wounded by an arrow will die more quickly than one with a bullet in the same vital, because the protuding shaft induces heavier bleeding.

The first arrow-slain deer in Wisconsin was displayed in 1930 by Roy Chase, of Racine. Four years later two counties were officially opened to bow hunting, forty took advantage of it and reported one lone kill. In 1945, a few more than 3,500 bowmen and women took 159 deer. Michigan legalized bow hunting in 1937 and the success ratio has risen from one in 77 to one in 24, which means that the boys and girls are getting better. Yes, the girls, too, for 10 per cent of organized bow hunters are women.

Deer are not the only animals felled by arrows. Mountain lion, bear and wild boar appear frequently on reports. And, now and then, even a moose is brought down by the broadhead.

These aren't just scratch shots, either. Four California cougar hunters returned home from Arizona with four of the big cats a year ago and that's good going for any sort of weapon. Howard Thrapp, of Madison, and John Schoenike, of Clintonville, are Wisconsin bow hunters who have each taken their fifth deer. And Fred Bear, of Detroit, having driven arrows into deer until it was an old story, downed a 1,400-pound moose in Ontario with a single shaft.

That item of arrow impact is a difficult one for the uninitiated to understand. Few bow hunters will take a chance at quarry more than 70 yards away, although kills at that distance have been repeatedly authenticated. In the Wisconsin hunt last year the average distance at which arrows were loosed was 28½ yards. But a shaft fitted with a well-honed broadhead of steel an inch and a half long and seven eighths of an inch wide, and driven by a bow with at least a forty-pound pull, will go through the toughest old buck in the county at twice or even thrice that distance.

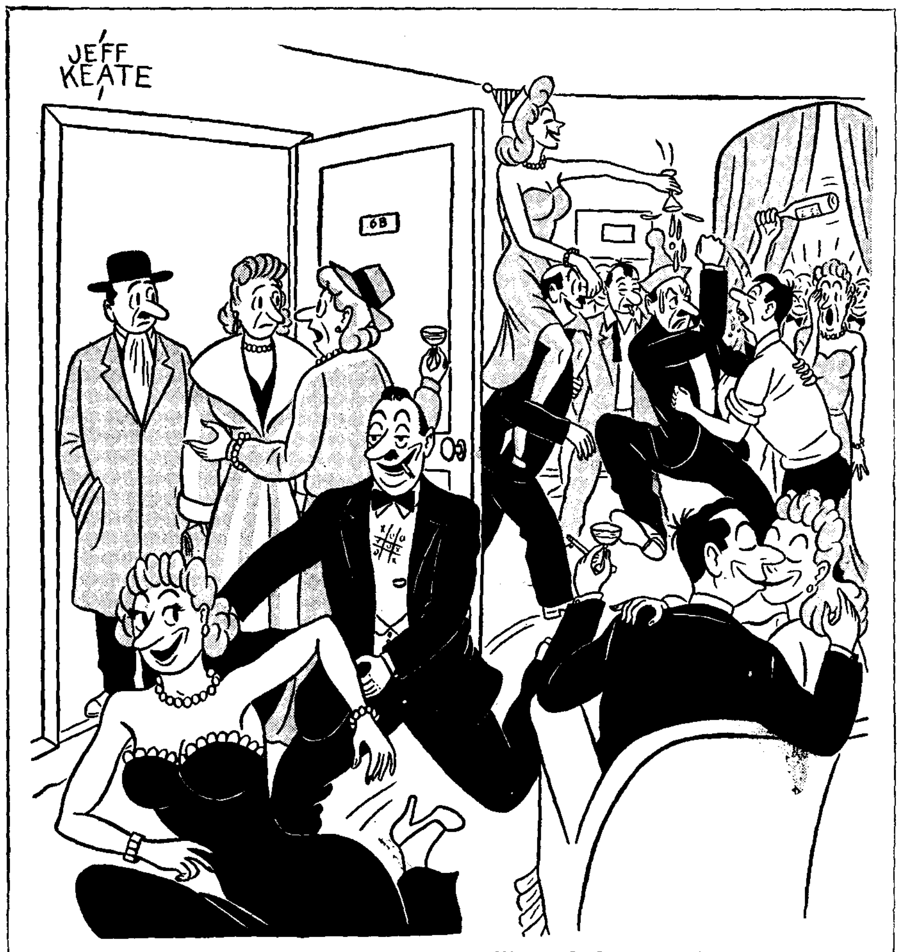
To demonstrate, Fred Bear, telling of his moose kill, says that the big bull was just 25 yards away. The arrow, carrying a four-blade head, struck in the mid-section, bored between ribs, pierced both lungs and embedded itself in a rib on the other side. The moose made three steps and half a turn and collapsed.

Bow hunters are excellent joiners. Most archers are, in fact, and today there are over 1,200 organized groups in the United States. But one of the high orders is that of those whose first interest is in hunting. Wisconsin has over 1,000 in its association of bow hunters, and Michigan had over half that many a few weeks after the organization was launched.

They carry their gregariousness right into the brush with them, too. As many as twenty will establish themselves in a camp, each going to his selected stand at daybreak and remaining until toward midday when deer movement normally slows down. Typically, they'll then get together, not for lunch or rest, but to have a little target shoot for a change, and return to the actual hunt along toward evening. What they talk about at night is no matter of conjecture. Try to introduce a subject off the bow-and-arrow track and nobody's listening.

Perhaps one report from an archery-tackle manufacturer is as significant as any statistical item can be in forecasting the lengths to which bow hunting seems destined to go. This concern, in 1945, sold 600,000 bows; by last summer it was neck-deep in unfilled orders and battling valiantly for materials with which to expand its plant. This means a lot of new interest in archery; and with even a small proportion of the novice Robin Hoods eventually drifting into bow hunting, Hoffmaster's prediction of hundreds of thousands of 'em isn't such a shot in the dark after all.

THE END

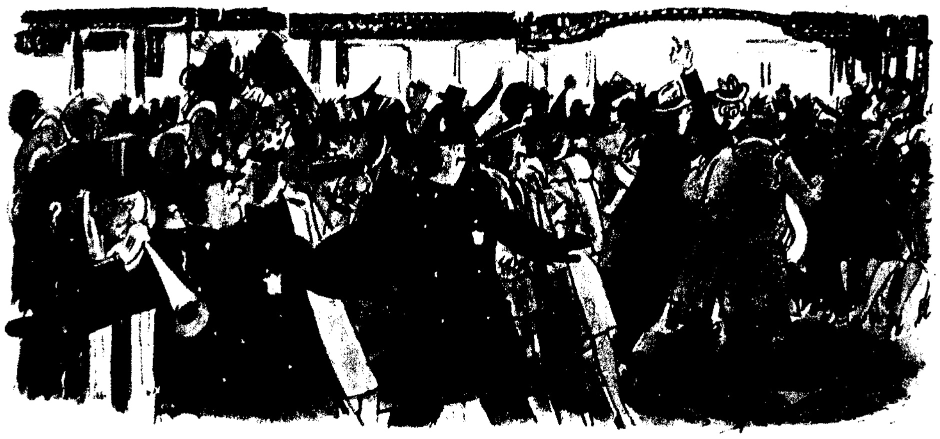


COLLIER'S "But if you leave now, you'll spoil the party!" JEFF KEATE

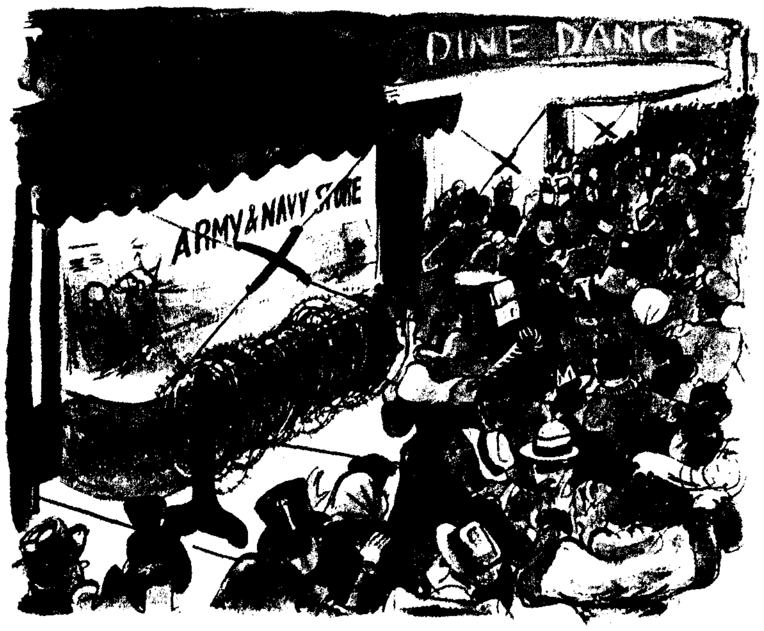
TIME: JAN. 1, 12:01 A.M.
PLACE: TIMES SQUARE

BY FRED SPARKS AND GREGORY D'ALESSIO

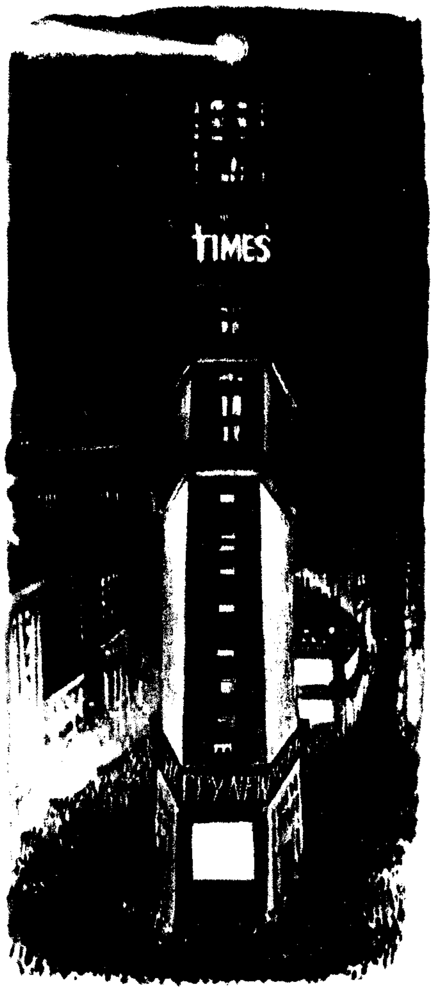
At midnight every December 31st a million people jam Times Square and go slightly mad. To keep them from caving in the skyscrapers and one another, 2,500 husky cops are mobilized. If you dislike noise, kissing strangers or being wedged in a mob, stay away! Otherwise, like Collier's artist, buy a horn, head for 42d Street, and scream: "Happy New Year!"



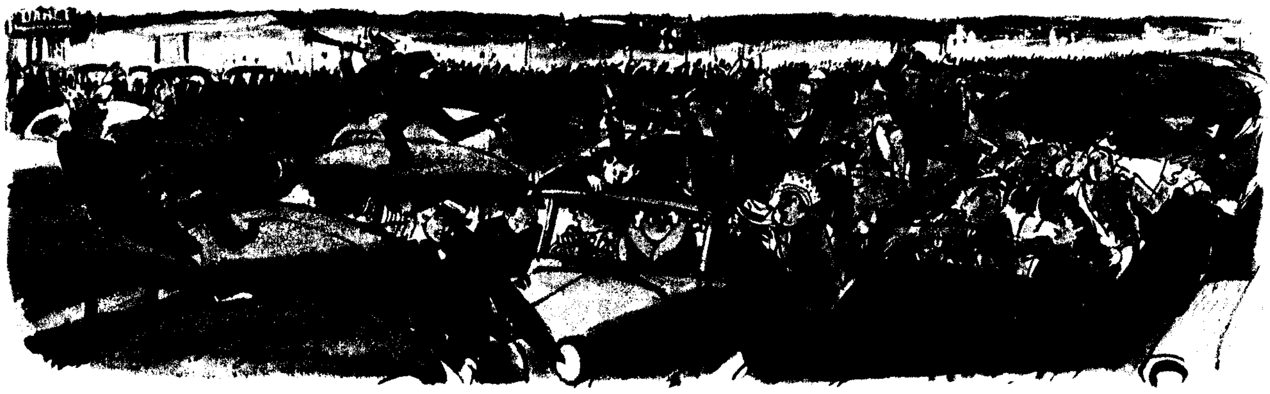
A gentleman whose pocket has been picked is announcing that fact to a policeman. He may get his wallet back because, besides a special squad of 75 New York detectives, there is a visiting delegation of plain-clothesmen from near-by cities. Last year they collared 25 suspects, including one who attempted to lift a detective's "leather!"



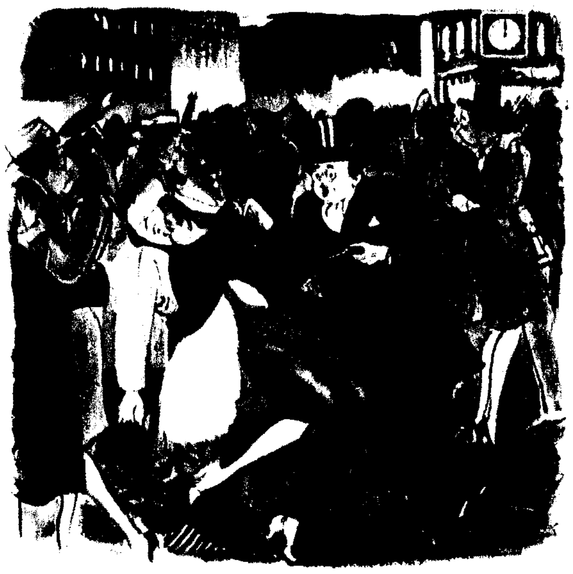
Merchants spend thousands to barricade their store fronts, but always some are shattered. Old-timers still talk about the college boy who was pushed through a café window by the mob. Unscratched, he brushed himself off, went to the bar and had a drink—on the house!



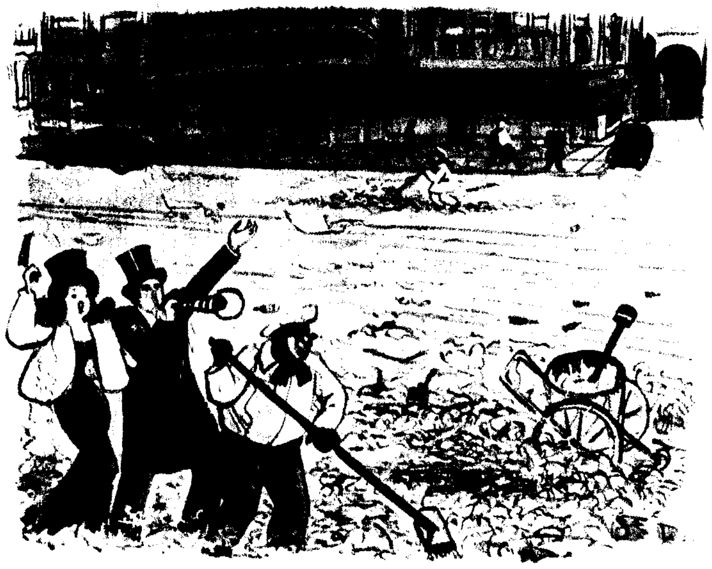
ews flashes on the Times Building indi- te the mood of the crowd. As 1945 was hered in the crowd was unusually sober, r the sign said: "VON RUNDSTEDT DVANCES." The dizziest celebration arked the expiration of 1928, when a ooming stock market and bootleg gin sent irits soaring, despite 150 Prohibition gents who tried to dry up Times Square



About 11:15 the sidewalk crowds usually break through the police lines and stream into the streets, hopelessly tying up the traffic for more than an hour. Strangers climb into (and over) neighboring cars to swap flasks and season's greetings. When the congestion finally eases, there are always a few cars whose drivers have disappeared



"I beg your pardon—are you about finished with my wife?" The husband isn't peeved, because during the war servicemen started the custom of kissing girls at midnight, and it's still quite okay



At dawn several hundred street cleaners start their New Year with an assault on the junk. Last year, besides paper, horns, bells and clappers, they swept up 6 right and 4 left shoes, 10 scarfs, 28 hats, a toy electric train, and some fine false teeth

CHALLENGE TO THE G.O.P.

Continued from page 27

have ratified in at least three national elections might well bring a quick reaction. This is not to say that a good job could not be done in tightening and improving administration.

Out of savings by various economies, Republicans contemplate a tax reduction. This will be popular, though its wisdom is being questioned not only because of the close shaving of the budget that will be necessary and which may affect some vital functions, including national defense, but because of the inflationary nature of a tax cut in times such as these. This issue may draw first blood between President Truman and the Republican leadership in Congress. The President, of course, has the veto. Only one President in our history, however, has vetoed a tax bill—Franklin D. Roosevelt—and Congress overrode his veto overwhelmingly.

Economy will have its bounds. One group surely will not feel its effect: the veterans. And appropriations for them make up a considerable portion of the budget. More will be asked for them in various ways by veterans' organizations, a powerful lobbying group because so effective politically.

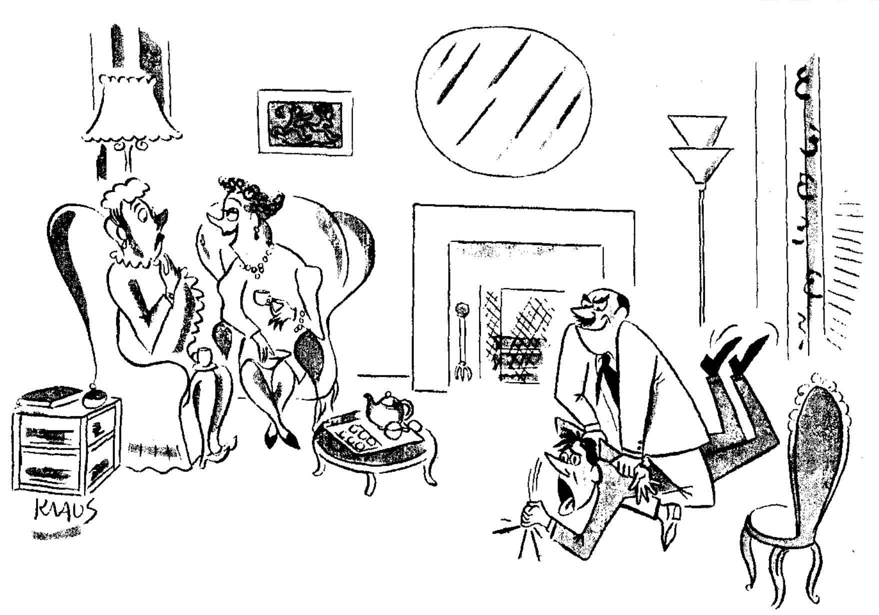
Veterans came home to many worries. The one that perturbs them most now is a place to live.

Congress still faces the housing problem, and it is perhaps its most difficult job. Because of shortages and black-market prices, the houses cost far too much for many veterans. The problem was further complicated when wage and price controls were lifted a few weeks back, exerting such upward pressure as to make it almost impossible to hold ceiling limits on the cost of homes for veterans. Congress may have to resort to large-scale rental housing projects, federally subsidized.

Defense Policy Questioned

Beyond the needs of veterans, the war still is with us in other ways, and Congress faces numerous aftermath problems. Republicans are inclined to reduce appropriations for national defense. The wisdom of this also was being questioned when Congress assembled because of its bearing on our newly assumed leadership in world affairs, with the commitments that involves, and because of our national security.

Nothing was done by the last Congress about two big war-born issues that come back to face the new Congress. One is universal military training; the other, unification of our armed services. Republican leaders in Congress, with some exceptions, have not been convinced on either of these two matters sufficiently to move speedily without some prodding, and that may have to come from public opinion. The Administration already has pushed to the utmost—unsuccessfully—on these issues.


"Freddy just takes it for granted that everyone's as interested in wrestling as he is!"

COLLIER'S R. KRAUS

The party leadership is prepared, however, to act quickly on another aftermath of the war. It will push investigations into conduct of the war, as to cost, waste, and possible graft and corruption. This is a fertile field, for every war has its share of these evils. It is also good fodder for the next political campaign. We may expect some sensational headlines in the months to come.

Little is expected to be done in the field of social welfare by the 80th Congress until the second session next year, just in advance of the 1948 conventions and elections. This will be now described as "the second wave" of the Republican offensive in Congress. The emphasis will be on state rather than federal administration, and there will be all sorts of safeguards. This will be the case, for example, in handling the problem of expanded health and medical facilities.

Republicans will eschew what they call "socialized medicine," in referring to President Truman's health insurance plan submitted months ago and yet untouched by Congress.

Long-time housing legislation eventually is expected to get attention, largely because Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio, one of the most influential Republican leaders, is a sponsor of the present bill along with two Democrats, Senators Robert F. Wagner of New York and Allen J. Ellender of Louisiana. There is considerable and unrelenting opposition by business, as well as by Republicans in Congress, to this measure which would call for federal aid to private industry in slum clearance, both urban and rural, federal subsidies for low-rent public housing, more liberal terms on mortgages under the Federal Housing Administration, and a five-year research program into construction methods, market analysis, planning and surveys.

Another reform in the social category is the long-pending bill for federal aid to education, of which Senator Taft likewise is a sponsor. He plans to push it again. It has drawn opposition from the South, where education has been so starved, because of the bill's requirement for equal distribution of funds to Negro and white schools; from big states because they would contribute disproportionately, and, in general, from some who fear that the bill might give the federal government influence on education, though the proposed measure leaves administration entirely to the states.

Republicans will be constantly reminded of the party's commitments for a permanent Fair Employment Practices Commission to prevent discrimination in jobs on the ground of race, color, creed or religion, and for abolition of poll taxes in elections for federal officials. On these two issues their responsibility is now firmly fixed because of their secure control in both branches of Congress. They will be under constant pressure for a militant effort to break up the filibustering tactics that Southern Democrats will use again, as they have before.

Dominant in Republican leadership in the new Congress is the Middle West influence. Key posts are held by Middle Westerners because that region is the stronghold of the Republican party, just as the South is of the Democratic party, and its members rise to the ascendancy through long service and the operation of the seniority rule. This is an important factor in the new Congress, and will express itself in the course of policy and legislation.

Continued Benefits for Farmers

Because of it, the interests of agriculture and the farmers will be carefully protected, and present price supports and soil conservation payments will undoubtedly be continued, though they may be reduced. Likewise, the hostility of the small towns and rural communities of the Middle West to labor unions will contribute to curbs on labor. In recent years this has thrown the more substantial farmers into a coalition with business.

In the new Congress the coalition will foster the interests of business and work against further encroachments of government into business.

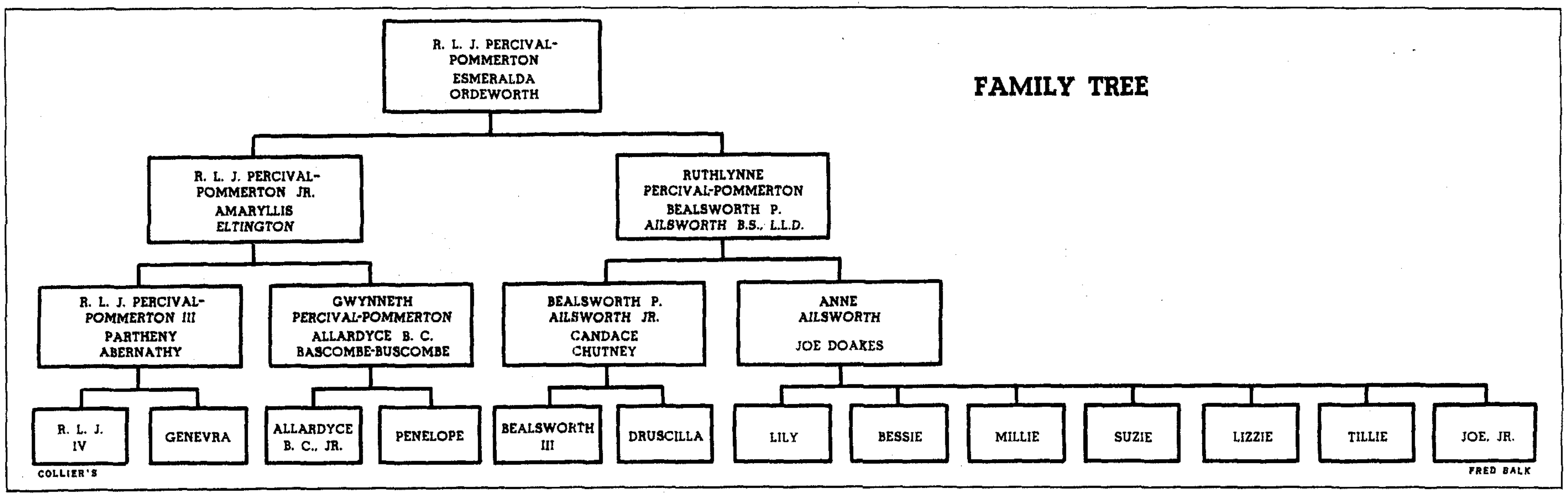
This Middle West influence also will be important in the field of foreign relations. While the party is pledged to support the basic principles of international political co-operation, the Middle West influence will be exerted on the side of caution in such matters as further foreign loans and tariff reductions. This was forecast by Republican opposition in the last Congress to the British loan, extension of the reciprocal tariff program, and the international bank and stabilization fund.

All in all, the policy of the new Congress under the Republicans is expected to stress retrenchment rather than reform and expansion, both in domestic and foreign affairs. By economy in government, removal of interferences with business and tax reductions, the Republican objective is to release the free enterprise system to bring full production at low prices.

It is a test for the party and a test for American business and industry that will be watched not only by us but by the whole world, for most of the rest of the world is moving in a different direction.

It is a great opportunity, a grave responsibility, and the most severe challenge the party has faced since its ordeal by blood, soon after its birth, in the Civil War.

THE END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FAMILY TREE

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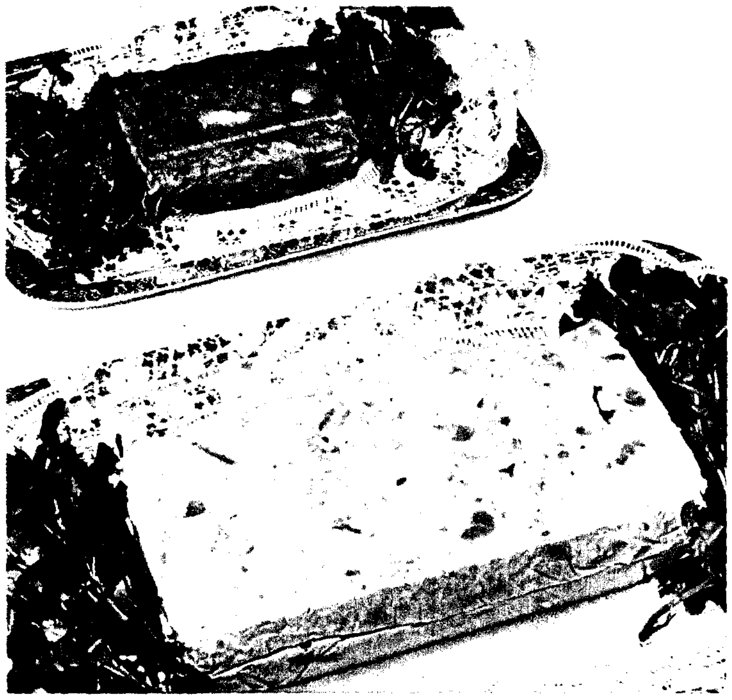
COOKING WITH COLD

BY RUTH CARSON

No longer need the young bride spend hours poring over a cookbook. With frozen foods she can readily whip up a meal as delicious as you would get in the finest restaurants



Precooked frozen chicken à la king and scallops Creole, left (frozen) and right (ready to serve), provide a Waldorf dinner in any home

BUILDING on the frozen-solid foundation of nearly a billion pounds of quick frozen foods sold yearly in this country, over a hundred firms are now taking the final profitable (they hope) step in helping the housewife off her three-meals-a-day treadmill. They are freezing precooked foods that have merely to be heated and served. It is now possible to buy more than a hundred ready-cooked, frozen dishes, including such unlikely items as fried prawns, frogs' legs, pigs-in-blankets and turkey mousse, as well as standbys like beef stew. There are frozen blue-plate specials, too, on fiber plates, eliminating even dishwashing.

It's beginning to look as though the bride who can't cook won't have to learn, if there's a frozen-food counter handy. She can get the dinner on her way home, and never crack a cookbook. Pretty soon she'll be able to turn out specialty dishes, too, and entertain in the manner of some of the finest restaurants in the country. You won't have to worry, inviting the boss to dinner.

The Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, for one, looking around for a medium through which to impress an ever-increasing public with its name and its prestige, settled on frozen, cooked foods, all specialties of the house. Sometime early in 1947 they intend you shall be able to entertain à la Waldorf, wherever you may live. Say with Grenadin of Beef Smitane, which is elegant language for roast beef with a piquant, vegetable-laden sauce, delectable in any language. Or with curried lobster, or hearty lamb stew Paysanne, or tender veal chops smothered in vegetables. Each dish conjured out of the Waldorf cooking pots by proud chefs.

More than thirty Waldorf specialties have been tested as frozen foods and found good. "We feel they are as good as anything served in the hotel," says Claude Philippe, inheritor of the great Oscar of the Waldorf's job, and executive vice-president of the new company, Waldorf-Astoria Pre-Cooked Frozen Foods, Inc.

"They will cost considerably less, naturally, with mass production and without service. We are not providing whole meals. The Waldorf will provide the main course. The housewife can add soup or appetizer, salad and simple dessert, and still have a superb meal with little effort. We also expect to give recipes, since we admit the existence of many opinions about seasoning. Women may like to add curry, sliced mushrooms, sherry to make a more individual creation. We will package in generous two- and four-portion servings, so that amounts can easily be juggled."

Tasty Dishes from All Over

All over the country, local talent is diligently working to perfect solid hunks of the specialties of the region, so that wherever you live you may enjoy foods like that noble Southern concoction, Brunswick stew, New England's proud fish chowder, Mexican dishes (cooked and frozen in Texas). Restaurants and food producers, big and small, are freezing *their* specialties, from *Streusel* coffee cake to cocktail *canapés*.

In Chicago a businessman entertained New York visitors with a dinner cooked in New Orleans. There was clear, hot redfish court bouillon, for a starter. There was rice to soak up the juices of a *mélange* of shrimp, oyster, crab and lobster, blended with Creole finesse. There was a cheese salad, and light, crispy crusted rolls. For a finale, *crêpes Suzette*, flaming in brandy. Everything cooked the morning before in the kitchen of La Louisiane Restaurant in New Orleans, then frozen, packed with dry ice and flown to Chicago. Merely a taste of what the restaurant intends, when "in the future we hope to present our entire menu to those ordering a meal, and be equipped to send any item to any spot in the States, air express."

New Orleans is probably more densely populated with cooks preparing specialty foods for the freezer than any other one town in the United States. But there is still a division of opinion regarding this upstart business.

The great Antoine's says no. "We are of the opinion that our type of

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BAUMAN–GREENE

cuisine will not lend itself to being frozen and defrosted or thawed and still retain its original flavors. We may be a little old-fashioned about this, but as Alexander Pope has said, 'Be not the first by whom the new are tried, nor yet the last to lay the old aside.' We are watching developments with interest but not enthusiasm."

Bordelon's Frozen Food Kitchen, also in New Orleans, is watching its own development with high enthusiasm. "Demand has been beyond our fondest expectations," says Mr. A. J. Bordelon, head of the enterprise, happily. He is now shipping 300 gallons or 2,700 packages of frozen cooked foods daily, which is the limit of his present capacity because "Lena cooks only in small batches." And buxom, dusky Lena Richard, famous Creole cook, who is author of the New Orleans Cook Book, is the queen of the Bordelon effort. "We bow to her decision that she could not maintain the quality of her products on a volume production basis."

But anyone who can lay hands on one of the half-dozen items now cooked for the freezer by Lena has something. Say shrimp cocktail, sharpened with a dressing and overtones of green pepper, parsley and a whiff of garlic, colorful with grated egg. When sugar supplies ease up, she promises that rich and famous pastry, pecan pie—"to our knowledge," says Mr. Bordelon, "made only in New Orleans."

Even if you don't subscribe to this new-fangled business of frozen, cooked foods to the point of going out and buying some, the chances are you will be eating them if you travel. Fly Pan American Airways, and you'll dine on a Strato-Meal, the new name for the Sky Plate that Engineer William Maxson invented during the war to feed the men of the Naval Air Transport Service. As soon as equipment can be installed, you will also meet up with Strato-Meals on Northwest Airlines, Swedish Intercontinental Airlines, or KLM, the Royal Dutch route. And TWA are working on their own frozen-meal system.

Twenty Choices of Entrees

Mr. Maxson gives you an entree and two vegetables on a disposable plate—say sirloin steak with mushroom sauce, French fries and lima beans, or roast turkey with dressing, green peas and sweet potato patty. There are over twenty choices. Dinner takes twenty-five minutes in the oven to be ready; fifteen minutes in the airline ovens, which are another Maxson invention.

These meals are now available at retail in several parts of the country. Burly, three-hundred-pound William Maxson also finds himself processing twenty tons of potatoes a day into French frieds, to be frozen and sold in individual packages. The French-fried potatoes served with his plate meals made such a hit he had to produce separate packages. Same for his cooked turkey with gravy, and he is now toying with Mexican corn and carrots Vichy.

The railroads are interested in Strato-Meals, though they will obviously have to change the name.

Even in your own car you won't escape this fast-creeping glacier. Pull up at a roadside eating place, and you may be taster for a big new experiment. "Nearly all public feeding establishments use a substantial amount of frozen food," says Colonel Paul Logan, Director of Food Research for the National Restaurant Association. "A recent survey indicates that upward of one third of all fruits, vegetables, poultry and fish, and fifteen per cent of the meat used by hotels is purchased in frozen form. Now many restaurant operators are manufacturing precooked frozen foods for their own use. One restaurant in the Middle West enjoys a very extensive luncheon business, yet no person comes to work before 11 A.M. In less than an hour, using frozen foods prepared in their own backroom factory, luncheon is ready."

The Villa Moderne, a roadhouse outside Chicago, was one of the first to operate in this fashion, freezing fully half of the foods served in the place. It's also possible, as it is in an increasing number of restaurants, to buy your food there and eat it at home, toting the wherewithal in neat frozen packages with no danger of spilling. Just keep the baked Alaskas right side up, that's all—the meringue doesn't freeze.

The idea of cooking food ahead and freezing it appeals particularly to chain-restaurant operators, for it makes possible serving their restaurants from a central commissary. The Howard Johnson chain, familiar to anyone who has ventured east of Ohio in a car, is already well along with experiments that the trade publication Quick Frozen Foods describes as nothing short of revolutionary, and apparently destined for early success.

The advantages are many and obvious: central control of quality, with no need for a master chef in every restaurant; economy of large-scale seasonal purchase and of assembly-line production; no food waste in restaurants; no headaches figuring quantities to cook each day. And no headaches for the diner, either. No matter how late he turns up for dinner, he will eat no soggy, steam-table food, because there will be no steam tables. And he will still have choice from a full menu, which can be more varied than today's menu since the foods do not all have to be cooked that same day in that one kitchen.

The Lyons Company, Ltd., of London, the biggest restaurant setup in the world, with its four Corner Houses and 150 tearooms, has already proved the workability of this system. Wartime necessity pushed the company to freezing the cooked food in its central commissary, and holding it until delivery was possible. The system worked so well it is now regular routine.

PERFUMES
COSME
SURRENDER
ABANDON
LANGUISH
Relent
YIELD
B TOBEY

COLLIER'S "Don't you have anything with a little spunk?" BARNEY TOBEY

There is still a lot of experimenting necessary in preparing foods for freezing. And there are a lot of inexperienced people rushing into the business. Hence the frequent black eyes dealt the industry by inferior products. Some are inferior due to poor cooking, for which freezing is no camouflage. Some should never have been frozen at all; the freezing altered their texture, or even their flavor. (Butter cake, we're told, loses its lightness and fluffiness through freezing. Yet angel-food cake and spongecake, after being frozen and defrosted, are as light and delicate as ever.)

Also, irate customers have come upon some packages of stew and chicken à la king that are notably lacking in generous hunks of the stuff for which the product is named. This lack may be due to nothing more nefarious than inexpert ladling, but it's a gyp just the same.

These irregularities worry the industry, which is seeking high, self-imposed standards to combat them. But they don't seem to stem the tide of customer demand. "We can't afford not to stock precooked foods," says Carl Seabergh, who opened the first all-frozen-food store in 1942 in New York's Westchester County. There are now hundreds of such stores throughout the country. Seabergh operates four. "When competition really sets in, and the uneven products are eliminated, there will be no limit to the demand for frozen, precooked foods."

Meanwhile, extensive research is being conducted by colleges, food processors, manufacturers of freezing equipment, special research bureaus, and the like. The National Restaurant Association is studying the small but important matter of the effect of freezing on some twenty spices and four flavoring extracts. "We know," says Colonel Logan, "that black pepper will increase about 100 per cent in intensity of flavor after sixty or ninety days of frozen storage. Certain salts, like celery salt, are almost completely dissipated after a period of frozen storage."

Last June, in collaboration with the Army Quartermaster Corps, the Association initiated what will be a year-long test of what happens to one popular dish, chicken à la king, under various conditions of preparation and storage. Chicken à la king was chosen for this test because "its composition of tender meat, fragile and colored vegetables, mushy consistency and fat-bearing sauce constitutes a product as subject to deteriorating influences—oxidation, discoloration, weeping, dehydration, bacteria, mold, etc.—as any product normally produced for the consumer market."

At the beginning of the test, the Army descended with mobile laboratory and seven technologists to examine raw ingredients, utensils, package materials, fresh-cooked and frozen samples, even the water used. Four hundred test samples were taken.

By next June they expect to have figured out the best methods for preparing, packing, freezing, shipping and storing this one product.

Some "Don'ts" for the Housewife

But even perfectly cooked, packaged, frozen, shipped and stored foods can be ruined by careless storage at home—zero temperature is essential, the experts say. And they can be stored so long, even at zero, that they lose their original quality. Buy them to use within a reasonable time, not to hoard indefinitely. Don't stew the flavor right out of them in the process of reheating.

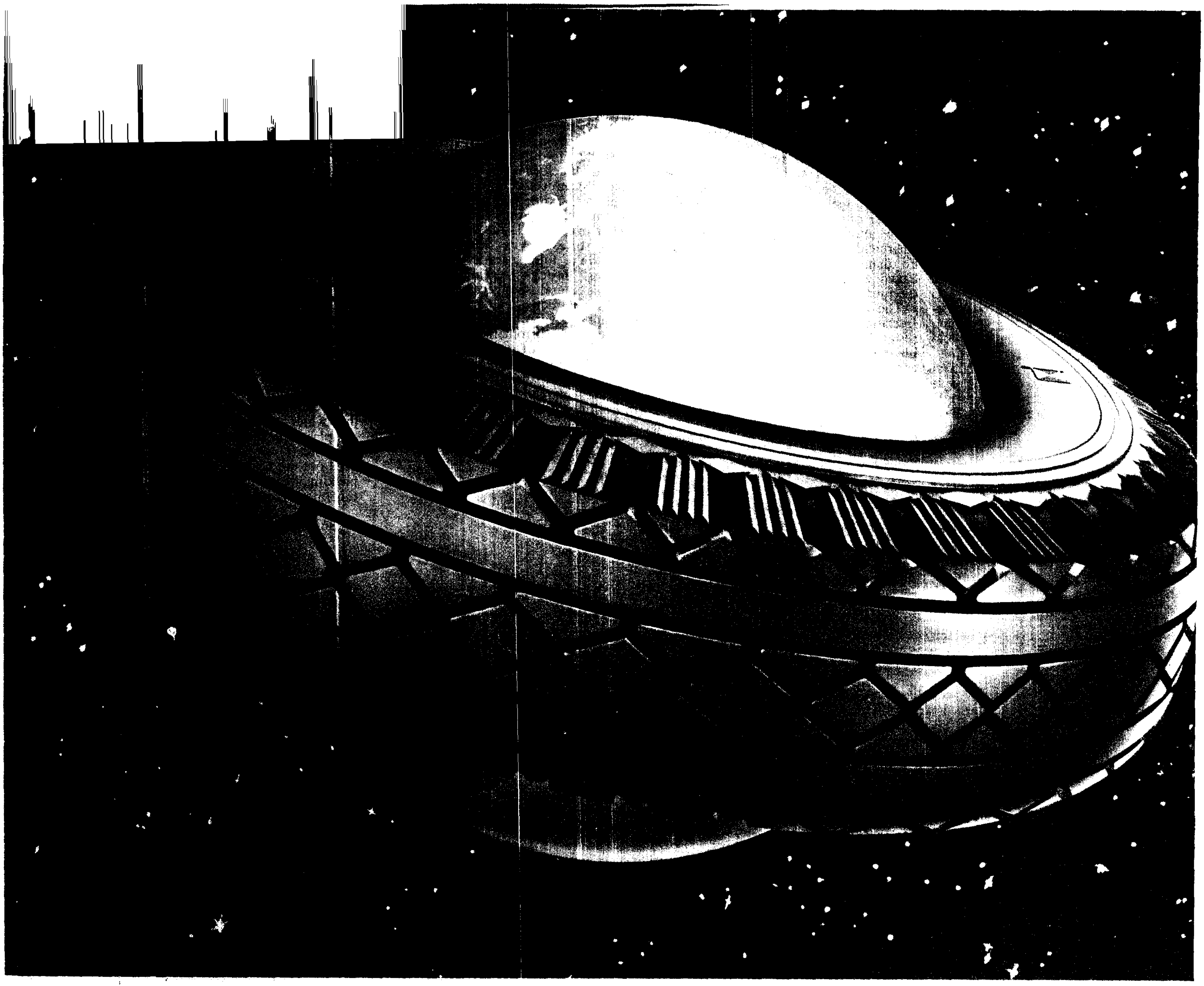
The technique of reheating, or restoring, is so important that it is the subject also of extensive experimenting. It was the first problem Engineer William Maxson tackled. Now he makes frozen foods in one factory, and what he calls Whirlwind Ovens in another, for defrosting. The whirlwind is created by a small fan that speeds the effect of the heat. The oven is installed by all airlines serving his meals. At home, he grants that the little extra time it takes in your own oven won't matter, provided you follow directions exactly.

That old postwar wonder, electronic cooking, wasn't just magic talk. It's at work in laboratories now. Two years, some authorities say, and you may have it in your own kitchen. Then there will be no guesswork about the time it takes to defrost any frozen food. Oregon State College has an electronic generator now that does the trick in two minutes. There is also a curious new stove just coming on the market for commercial use, operated by the magnetron tube, that claims to cook and/or defrost, likewise in minutes. And the gas-stove manufacturers are bringing out a new steam oven that, they say, takes all of seven minutes for defrosting.

An energetic gentleman named K. M. Singer, who likes his food full-flavored, has been attacking the problem via the container. He has patents pending now for a double-parchment paper bag that can be set intact into a pan of boiling water, heating the contents gently and thoroughly in the course of a quarter of an hour, with no scorching, no overcooking, no loss of flavor or juices. The Howard Johnson experiments use his method.

For those of us with none of these tricks at hand, the double boiler is still a useful utensil for heating many frozen cooked foods. The directions on the package, anyway, tell us the best system for that food. Following them takes no more trouble than rubbing a magic lamp. If all the people rushing into the business have their way, there will be increasingly greater miracles, bringing to our kitchens the finest chefs in the world, complete with no temperament, no back talk.

THE END



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GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

YOUR MOVE, SHEIK

Continued from page 15

pumping stations for every man in the Beni Sakhr.

"Six per cent," I yelp, "and a movie camera and a pair of ice skates!"

That piece of trouble with the brown arms and the graceful walk chooses this moment to pass along outside the raised side of the tent. She has a jar on her shoulders. She slips behind the moon-white mare and the black horse is gone.

Rumbles the sheik, "I am a just man. I must state the truth. She has strong, beautiful legs and twinkling feet."

"Wouldn't she be bound to have everything?" I yell to Wadi when he translates. "Crown block, braces and girts, she is one swell job. Though I think he's damned indelicate, discussing her so frankly with strangers. Me, I've come to a dead end. I've got to get up for the old seventh-inning stretch."

I rise, though my legs do a boiled spaghetti. The sheik springs up, too. Did I say he is six-nine? Make him an even seven. He shouts something and points with his sword, and his Arabs come running. I say to Wadi in a great hurry, "Tell him to make nothing of it. I—ha, ha!—was only joking."

It turns out that he realizes I am tired, and cries shame on his head for his blindness. He orders a guest tent pitched for me where I can retire and ponder a new offer. It is the last thing I desire.

SO HERE I've been the afternoon, lying on my stomach, working on my swindle sheet, and deciding that as soon as the sheik drops around I'll up to eight per cent. At sunset I come forth and sit where he can see me.

There's a dust cloud on the horizon the size of my thumbnail. That'll be the English. They've probably been held back by their baggage. The Beni Sakhr see the dust cloud, too. They are happy about it. They are breaking out weapons.

The smudge is as big as my hat. It could be a military escort.

"Wadi!" I call. "Gas up the horses, fast! The Pony Express is leaving for Damascus!"

I hate to think how that saddle will feel. I also hate to leave these lovely anticlines. But the world is wide and there are other bargains. I gather up the reins. I set foot in stirrup.

I hear a shout and the ground shakes slightly. It is Sheik Jafir coming toward me, the whole eight feet of him.

In my day I've taken on, all three at once, two tool dressers and a derrick man and one of them juggling a fourteen-pound sledge. But for Sheik Jafir I lift my foot out of the stirrup. I say, "Hold on, Chief. I was just going to ride over to your tent and ask why, as between friends, we shouldn't settle everything at a good round ten per cent."

The sheik is very excited.

I gasp to Wadi, "Tell me fast. Is it good or bad?"

"He has waited all day for you to speak sense. You are his guest, otherwise he would not haggle but would bury you to the ears in sand, and may do so yet. You can have the oil, but you must pay."

"Well, what's wrong with ten per cent? What does the old gasser want? It's out-and-out thievery if he expects fifteen."

There is a hot discussion. "He refuses any share in the profits. Wealth would ruin his people and make them worthless, like the soft, rascally, double-tongued Beni Kelb. But he's a just man. He admits the facts about her. She is supple as a wind-blown reed. Her eyes are two soft fires. She has a fine head proudly carried, shoulders sweet of curve, and a straight clean back. She has beautiful strong legs, wide above, slender below—"

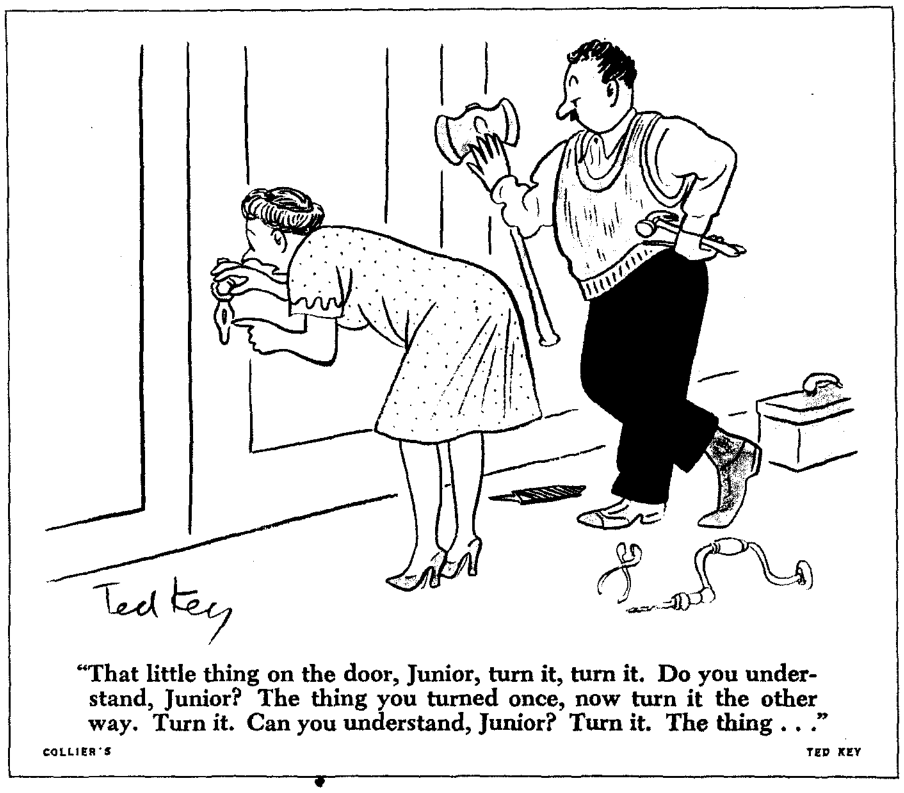
"Who?" I holler.

"The mare! For the moon-white mare the oil is yours!"

It's not smart, in the East, to seem eager. I count ten. This is almost as good as getting that chunk of East Texas for a set of picture post cards and a row of brass spittoons. The mare? For this field of oil I would pay over to the sheik that mare and enough more horses to put saddle sores on the Beni Sakhr for five generations. But I say, "This sacrifice I must consider a moment. I love that mare."

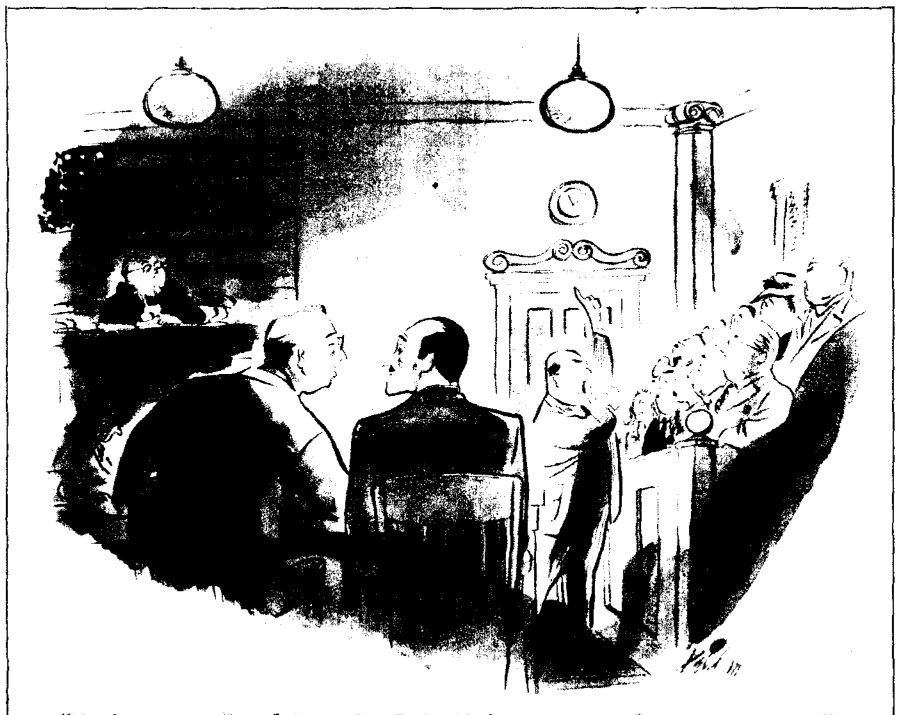
I count ten more, by twos. Like a parachute jumper. Then I pull the cord. "But I have enjoyed the sheik's coffee and tobacco and wonderful conversation. I, too, am a just man. I learned to be that way at my mother's knee, she was built like a mermaid. I agree to the hard terms. Shall we sign now? Here's the lease and here's the pen. And shall we wind the whole thing up—say a bit unleisurely? You know, on account of company coming—"

I hold out the papers. There is a hitch.



"That little thing on the door, Junior, turn it, turn it. Do you understand, Junior? The thing you turned once, now turn it the other way. Turn it. Can you understand, Junior? Turn it. The thing . . ."

COLLIER'S TED KEY



"You've got to hand it to the D.A. He's even turned me against you!"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

The sheik draws himself up about two feet taller. He is building up his octane to shout something. He bellows it. I ask Wadi:

"What does the wildcatter want now? The black horse, too? Sure, we both can walk."

Says Wadi, looking strangely pleased, "He's a just man. He forgot himself and became covetous. Greed had him by the beard. Desire for the mare almost cost him his honor. He regrets that you saw him in his moment of weakness. But now he is himself again. All the oil in Araby, he fully realizes, is not worth such a mare. The deal is off."

I groan. What new style of jiggery-pokery is this? I have seen some crooked holes in my time, but never one that curves right around in a circle. "Look here, Wadi, I haven't time to learn this tongue. Find out what the big beak wants. Women? He's got 'em. Song? All right, I'll sing. Tell him to name his tune. Hurry, Wadi, hurry!"

Wadi talks earnestly. The sheik shakes his head. Wadi leads the mare through her pretty paces. The sheik reaches for her, but drops his hand, though the knuckles whiten. There is sweat on his face. I hope it runs down on his tongue like it does on mine. Then Wadi makes talk with the hands. He draws them in the air like a bowl, brings them together, lets them fall outward and down. The sheik stares, startled. He fingers his beard. He cries to the Prophet for guidance. He gets it. Wadi turns to me with a smile.

"He is a just man but Allah has shown him the way. For the mare, you shall have the oil, but you must let him sweeten the bargain by also throwing in the damsel who lighted your pipe. And it would sit poorly with Allah if he did not tell you her bad points with her good. She is not of his tribe. She is of the desert scum, the Beni Kelb. He stole her in a fight. She looks affectionate, but is very homesick. She seems docile, but hides a fiendish temper. These are her defects and now he has laid them all before you. But she is clever at dancing and needlework. She knows astronomy, arithmetic and the healing sciences."

"Can she play checkers?"

Wadi puts the question. "He says she is quick to learn all things and can probably be taught to play checkers."

"I will think this proposition over." I count ten, by fives. "I accept. Will the sheik now sign?"

The sheik makes his beautiful, beautiful mark.

"And a few witnesses?"

While they're marking I whisper, "Tell me, Wadi, how come you sold me that mare so cheap at Damascus?"

"I got her still cheaper," whispers Wadi. "I stole her from the English."

"Serves them right, the two-timing land-snatchers. . . . Here's the poor little homesick thing now, with another round of coffee. Tell her, Wadi, I'm to be her folks' new son-in-law. . . . Ah, Chief! Are the papers shipshape?"

There are marks from top to bottom. If this lease doesn't stand, the Ten Commandments and the Koran also are illegal. I am still counting crosses when a small cannon shell screams over and bursts beyond the tents. Armored cars bounce toward us and a man in a pith helmet stands up in one and cries, "To the sheik of the Beni Sakhr, from the Great British Petroleum Company, Limited, greetings! All friendship, and an offer. Twenty per cent if you deal with us, and a fine blooded horse for every horseman!"

I inform this negotiator, "Sheik Jafir is a just man. He has leased the field to me. I would ask you to join me in a drink if I had some Scotch, but perhaps you have some Scotch. Step down and let me introduce my bonus."

THERE is wild hullabaloo at this instant. At first I think it's caused by the arrival of the baggage camions. Then I see it's because another dust cloud, starting where we are, is moving away and moving very fast.

"There's a black horse and a white mare mixed up in it," reports the man in the pith helmet, who has binoculars. "And an Arab man and an Arab girl."

"Has she a fine head, shoulders sweet of curve, straight back and beautiful legs?"

"Mare or lady?"

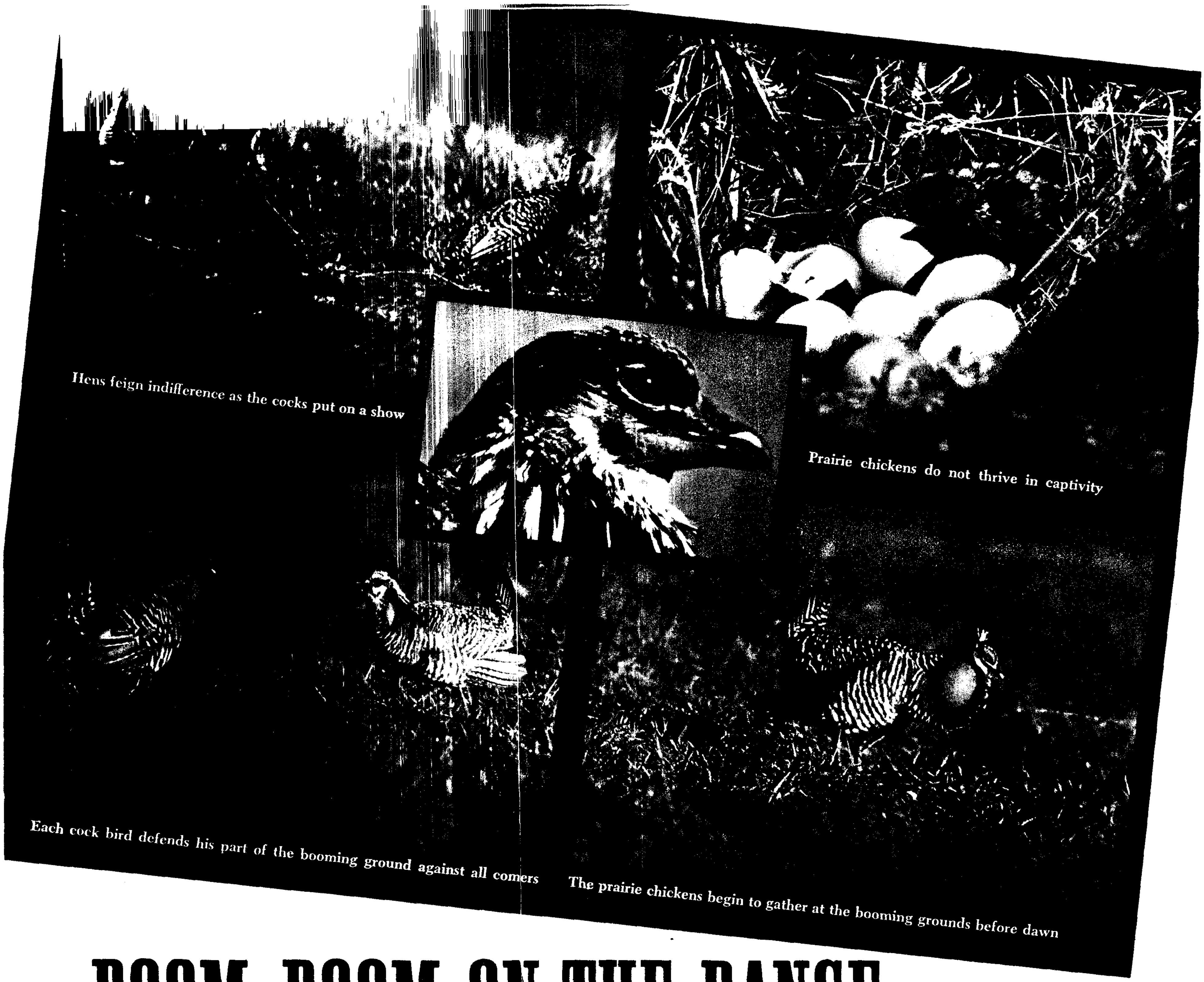
"Either one."

"The image is rapidly diminishing, but I think mare and rider both have what you mention."

Sheik Jafir and the whole Beni Sakhr are ahorse and astreak in pursuit, the sheik's sword glinting, but I plainly see Wadi came here on winning stock. Using me for shield, the lying, carefully scheming scoundrel.

I sigh. "Sheik Jafir wanted that mare. He'll be awful sore. But he signed. And maybe checkers would have been beyond her, anyway. Ah, gentlemen, I see you bring camp chairs, and are a quick draw with a cork. Let's see, where did we meet last? Was it Borneo? Venezuela, or back of Baku?"

THE END



Hens feign indifference as the cocks put on a show

Prairie chickens do not thrive in captivity

Each cock bird defends his part of the booming ground against all comers

The prairie chickens begin to gather at the booming grounds before dawn

BOOM, BOOM ON THE RANGE

BY LEONARD HALL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. W. SCHWARTZ

The once-plentiful prairie chicken, while performing an extraordinary courtship dance which few people have ever seen, utters a curious booming call which can be heard a mile away

WHEN Charles Schwartz asked me to join him on one of his census-taking trips to the "booming grounds" of the prairie chicken, I was more than delighted. As top-notch biologists for Missouri's Conservation Commission, Charles and his wife, Elizabeth, have spent much time during the past five years in an intensive scientific study of the now widely scattered flocks of the Greater Prairie Chicken, which once inhabited the Midwestern grasslands in countless hundreds of thousands.

When you consider that the booming season lasts from late January until May and that there are records of prairie chickens using the same "booming ground" each season for more than fifty years, it seems strange that only a handful of people have witnessed the mating dance of these beautiful birds. The reason is, of course, that prairie chickens are exceedingly wary and cannot readily be approached by a man on foot. If disturbed, the birds will fly off to some near-by swale and not return until the danger is past. So there is just one way really to see the performance and that is to erect a blind on the booming ground well before dawn, crawl inside and settle yourself quietly for the wait until daylight.

At three o'clock on a clear morning we piled our cameras and other equipment into Charlie's car, wedged ourselves in after them and headed for the prairie-chicken country. Finally we reached the top of a low ridge which marked our destination, and Charlie chose the locations for blinds, based on an amazing knowledge of just where the prairie chickens would come in. At last our arrangements were complete, with all equipment stowed away and two small boxes set in each blind to serve as seats. Then we crawled inside and zipped ourselves up to wait for the dawn. Nor were we much too soon, for hardly had I smoked a cigarette before a loud whir announced the arrival of the first cock bird, to be followed in a moment by another and another.

We sat very still, and suddenly we heard distinctly the "thump-thump-thump" of small feet beating the ground as a prairie chicken started to dance.

The footbeats stopped suddenly and there followed a sharp "click" as though a camera shutter had snapped. Then out of the darkness came that strange, resonant booming call which goes rolling across the prairie with a distinctly ventriloquial quality.

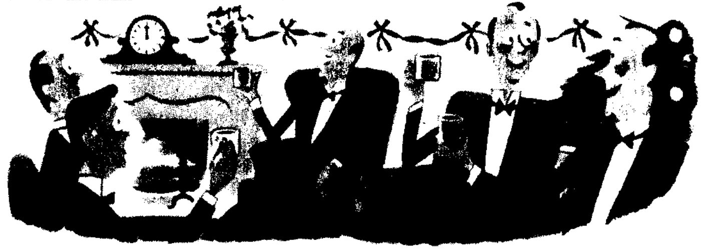
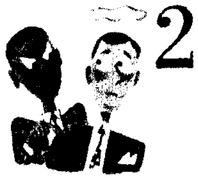
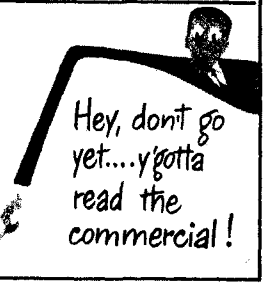
It can be heard on a still morning for a distance of well over a mile. It is a sound, as Charlie graphically explained it, such as you might make by blowing across the mouth of a giant milk bottle. It says, in a slightly rising crescendo, Ooo-Loo-WOO!

Through our window to the east we could see dawn breaking above the distant horizon and we strained our eyes for a first glimpse of the dancing prairie chickens. Suddenly, not more than ten feet away, we caught the movement of a small figure. It stopped and then came the strange click, followed by the boom, so loud that it sounded as though it were inside the blind. The light strengthened and one by one we could make out each individual bird as he stalked back and forth across his particular territory, ready to defend it against all comers. Soon the booming came continuously from every side as perhaps eighteen cock birds all greeted the dawn at once.

Now the performance which had been invisible could be plainly seen. As each bird began to dance, his tail feathers were held erect over his back, while the long "ear feathers," or pinnae, were flipped forward over his head. In this position he would start to pound the earth with his feet as he moved rhythmically to one side or the other. It is easy to believe, as some naturalists have conjectured, that the prairie chicken must have inspired the dance patterns and posturings of the Plains Indians.

(Continued on page 64)

KINSEY'S JANUARY CALENDAR

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			**1** 33rd annual Rose Bowl Game, Pasadena, Cal.	**2**  Uh-uh . . . watch your New Year resolutions!	**3** Edison demonstrates first talkies, 1913.	**4** Time to exchange that Christmas necktie.
5 Construction starts on Golden Gate Bridge, 1933.	**6** Morse demonstrates telegraph, 1838.	**7**			**10**	**11** Cold snap today! Try a Kinsey Hot Toddy.
12 ›w're those New Year resolutions going?	**13** Who said the ski's the limit?				**17** Ben F	**18** It's a fact: Kinsey is a wonderful blend.
19 Robert E. Lee born in Virginia, 1807.	**20** American Revolution ends, 1783.				**24** Gold found in Calif. by James Marshall, 1848.	**25** First trans-U. S. 'phone conversation, 1915.
26 U. S. has 485 Sunday papers. Whaddya read?	**27** Party memo: Kinsey makes grand drinks!	 Gas street-lighting begins in London, 1807.	**29** If you're born today, your sign is Aquarius.	**30** Franklin D. Roosevelt born, 1882.	**31** Gosh, time flies! January's over!	 Hey, don't go yet....y'gotta read the commercial!

Let's usher in the bright New Year with Kinsey Toddies and good cheer!

One of January's *nicest* events is the enjoyment of a delightful Hot Toddy made with superbly smooth Kinsey Whiskey. Here's how:

Just put lump of sugar into Toddy mug and fill with two-thirds boiling water. Add 2 oz. of mild and mellow Kinsey Whiskey. Stir and decorate with slice of lemon.

Whatever your favorite drink, make it with Kinsey, the unhurried whiskey for unhurried moments. You've never tasted a finer, more satisfying blend! So try Kinsey . . . tonight!

KINSEY

BLENDED WHISKEY

the unhurried whiskey for unhurried moments

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CORN DOCTOR

Continued from page 23

rest compared to the sanctum in which the Peepul's Cherce for Poet Lariat is inspired with the tender sentiments that make his Patty Poems collectors' items. Dominating the uproar like a blockbuster exploding in a boiler factory is Uncle Nick's raucous voice. Minor notes are struck by press agents craving boons, amateur song writers stuttering their feeble lines with proper humility before the Master, and radio-struck sopranos and banjo players, waiting in line for their turn to plead with Bayonne's Beethoven to get them on the air.

Nick will greet the visitor, whether stranger or friend, with some such tender sentiment as, "Well, you funny-looking baboon, what the hell do you want, anyway?"

Conversation Amid Turmoil

When the astonished visitor starts to blurt out his case, Nick—paying no attention whatsoever to what he is saying, as the slightly off-key squeak of a fiddle or a few random piano notes drift apologetically into the bedlam from the anteroom where Brother Charley is conducting his endless search for the lost chord—will bellow:

"Hey, you silly-looking, bowlegged son of a cross-eyed bosun's mate, pipe down that racket! How's a guy goin' to write a perm with all this nerze?" Then Uncle Nick will rediscover his visitor with the air of one who has laid eyes on him for the first time and demand abruptly, "Where did you come from? What do you want? Can't a poet woo the muse without all you bums bustin' in on his privacy? Avast, you landlubber and leave me be."

Nick, who refers to himself in his column either as Uncle Nick or "This Old Sailor," strives constantly to live up to these contrasting roles in his everyday life, which must be a harder job for him than writing a song hit. As Uncle Nick, he spouts homespun philosophy he has picked up along the route in copybooks. As Ye Olde Tar, he gives vent to sulphurous language and naughty, nautical idioms.

Nick's poems reek with sentiment. A typical example is this Ode to Infantile Paralysis:

I can hear the west wind sighing as she
gently fans the waves,
Bringing from the cemetery scents of
fresh-dug little graves,
And the wavelets share her sorrow, for
they miss the children, too;
Miss the happy children's cries of "You
splash me and I'll splash you."
At a window sits a mother, staring out
with sightless eyes
Toward the graveyard on the hillside
where her cherished baby lies.
And her husband stands beside her, star-
ing out into the gloom.
Each hears baby's voice acalling, calling
from his cold gray tomb.
Hushed and still is the great city while
the plague exacts its toll
Like some slimy, gruesome monster
dragging babies to its hole.
Europe's war with all its horrors don't
compare at all with this
Horrid ghoul which murders children,
infantile paralysis.

Nick has won widespread recognition as the very poor man's Eddie Guest. His Patty Poems, however, are his poetic killer-dillers.

Broadway sophisticates practically camp on the doorstep of the Daily Mirror's pressroom, waiting anxiously for the first edition to come out, so that they may see what gem of poetry Kenny has to offer that morning. Here is a typical Patty Poem:

Last night as little Patty slept
Up to her crib I slowly crept—
A big-nosed, heavy-footed Pa
Against the orders of her Ma.

How flowerlike the little face!
How sweet and fresh! What elfin grace!
How cute the little upturned nose!
I rubbed it with my own, and rose.

The nautical motif which creeps recurrently into the Kenny verse dominates the following classic which is one of the prime favorites of the Patty Poem cult:

Patty, Patty! Girl of mine,
Little scared-cat, only nine
Hungry crabs are out to eat
And you are a morsel sweet.
Crabs could never reason that
You were Daddy's little Pat:
Crabs are very dumb, and so
They just bite at any toe!

Old-line Kenny fans who were on the bandwagon way back in the days when Nick thought a couplet was a portion of veal, still rave about a Patty Poem in which the fond father explains to wide-eyed little Patty that those white flakes swirling around in the December skies are God's dandruff.

"Personally, I'd vote for a firm policy toward the gods. Appeasement has never worked"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

If Kenny's verse is his special pride, his "verce" is the bane of his existence. As he broadcasts frequently, the trick nature played with the vocal cords of this sentimental bard was cruel, indeed. There is nothing quite so incongruous as Nick reciting one of his Patty Poems over the air in a voice that sounds like a ferryboat foghorn in the last stages of galloping bronchitis. Hoping to polish off this rough area in his radio personality, he once took a course of lessons in diction. Soon thereafter, Kenny fans were treated to a delightful blend of the Staten Island inflection and the Harvard accent.

"I cawn't recite the perm I have written for this occasion," apologized Uncle Nick one day, shortly after he had taken his six easy lessons from Monsieur La Zonga, "because I have a sore t'roat which affects my verce rawther severely."

Then there was the time Marie Dressler, the beloved movie star, died, and Nick called his Radio Gang together for a memorial program in her honor. As Nick's tenors, sopranos and accordion virtuosos poured forth their souls in a sincere if maudlin tribute to the great star that had set, the Bard of Bayonne would cut in every few minutes and, in a voice heavy with what he intended for emotion but which came out like acute asthma, he would ask, "Are yuh listenin', Marie?"

A wag in the Mirror editorial room who was listening, if Marie wasn't, rushed, inspired, to the office Western Union bureau after Nick had made this inquiry for the fourth time, and wired as follows: "Dear Nick: Program coming through fine. (Signed) MARIE."

Nick's new talent programs are "musts" for connoisseurs of the unusual in air entertainment who have developed cauliflower ears from listening to the flawless perfection of high-priced programs. Uncle Nick rides herd over his motley assortment of Irish tenors, budding Sinatras, harmonica quartets and imitators of Charlie McCarthy, uncorking many a priceless ozone gem himself the while. Quite a few radio artists owe their start to Uncle Nick: Phil Regan, the singing cop who went to Hollywood; Mary Small, Alice Cornell and Baby Rose Marie, singers; and Arthur Anderson, the dramatic actor, to name only a few.

The inspiration for a poem for his column or the lyrics for a popular song strike Nick unexpectedly like an epileptic fit, and sometimes with similar symptoms. In the throes of composition, he exhibits all the temperament and eccentricity ascribed to the minnesingers of old. He will be sitting at ringside in night club, watching a chorus routin when he will suddenly jump and exclain "I got it."

Then, without a word of explanatio to his companions, he will stalk off int a quiet corner—not too far from th spotlight—where, after displacing muc dandruff and chewing a gram or two c graphite he will dash off a Patty Poer or perhaps a touching tribute to thos unsung heroes, the sound-control me at radio stations who have to ton Nick's voice down, or, if the muse i extra powerful, even the verse an chorus of a song that will be No. 1 o the Hit Parade within a month. Wo unto him who disturbs genius at wor on such occasions. Nick will blister th blighter with billingsgate that woul move a London fishwife to admiratio

The critical judgment expressed i Nick's radio column is subject to me curial changes. Discussing Phil Harri band one day several years ago, the Ol Sailor wrote: "Why doesn't Phil Harri give his musicians a lot of pots and pan to bang on? It would be a big improve ment over the noise they now make wit musical instruments."

A few weeks later, either Phil ha followed Nick's advice or Nick had su fered a change of heart. At any rat Columnist Kenny then referred to Ph Harris' band as "one of the best on th air."

What some band leaders think of Nic would probably make interesting par graphs also, but whether they like hi or not they play his songs often enoug to land most of them on the Hit Parad It has been said that the tunes of Nick songs always remind you of somethin you've heard before—and you probabl have. That may explain their succes as Arthur Brisbane used to say th repetition makes reputation.

Nobody Can Laugh This Off

Nick's biggest hit, Gold Mine in th Sky, written in 1936, has sold 750,0 copies and is still going strong. It now sung in churches as a hymn—wi slight variations. Love Letters in th Sand reached the 450,000 mark in shee music sales. Other Kenny numbers th attained the 100,000 class or better b sides Cathedral in the Pines (275,00 include While a Cigarette Was Burnir (225,000); Make Believe Island (20 000); Leaning On the Old Top Ra (225,000); Careless (150,000) (16 tim on the Hit Parade and its No. 1 song f four successive weeks); Every Minute the Hour (150,000); Little Skipper (12 000), Lonely Trail (125,000); Little D I Know (125,000); And So Little Tin (125,000); White Sails (115,000); Violi Were Playing (110,000); There's a Ray Sunshine (100,000) and his latest numb Save Me a Dream.

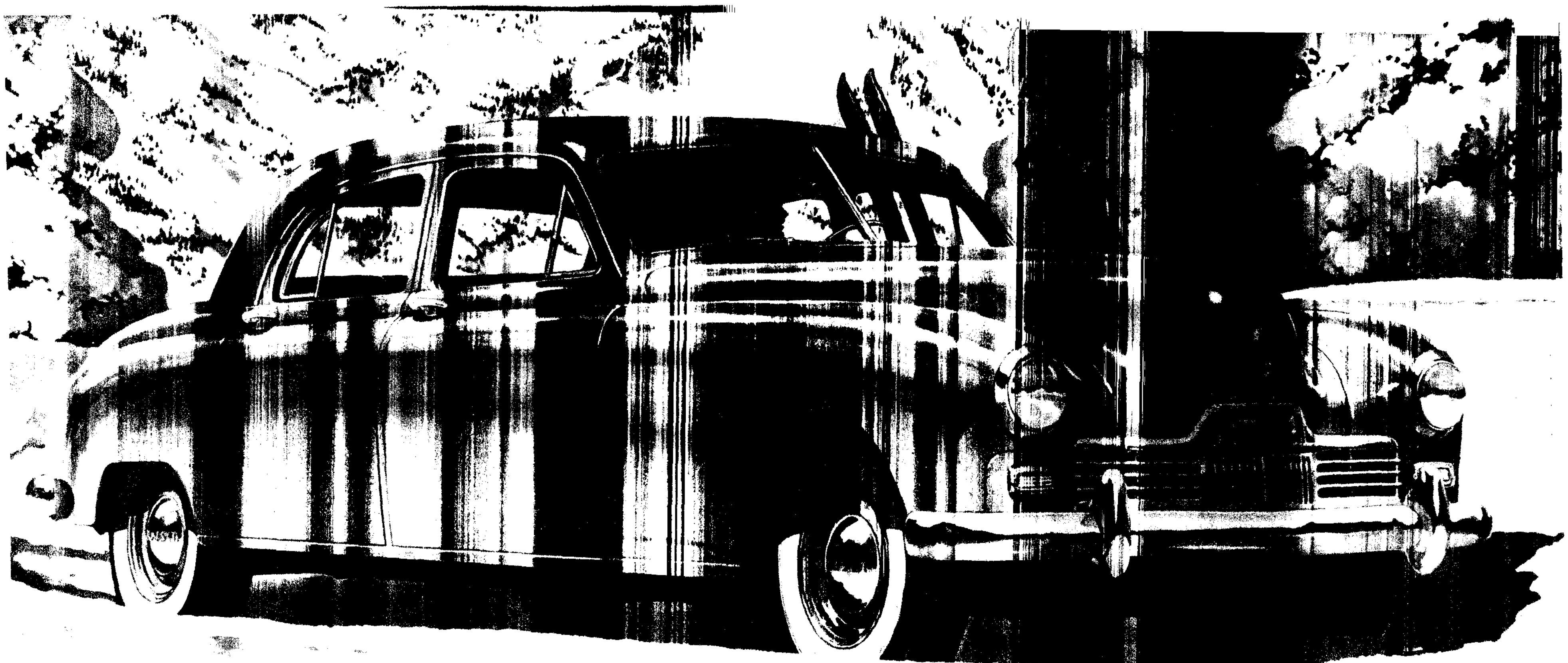
"Any resemblance," says Nick, "b tween the melody of Save Me a Drea and that of Tschaikovski's Fifth Sy phony is strictly not coincidental."

Recently the Kenny Brothers orga ized their own music publishing fir with Bob Hope as a partner. You'll fi it listed as Gold Mine in the Sky Pu lishing Co.

Nick now strives to give his songs title starting with "A" because ma song-rating lists grade tunes alphabe cally and the number that lands on t gets a special plug out of that very fa That titles don't mean much anyway indicated by the fact that Nick's bigg flop was called The Dough Song. brought him royalties of exactly 80 cen

Uncle Nick's explanation is: "N enough corn in it to make dough!"

THE END



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IT'S A KAISER AND FRAZER YEAR!

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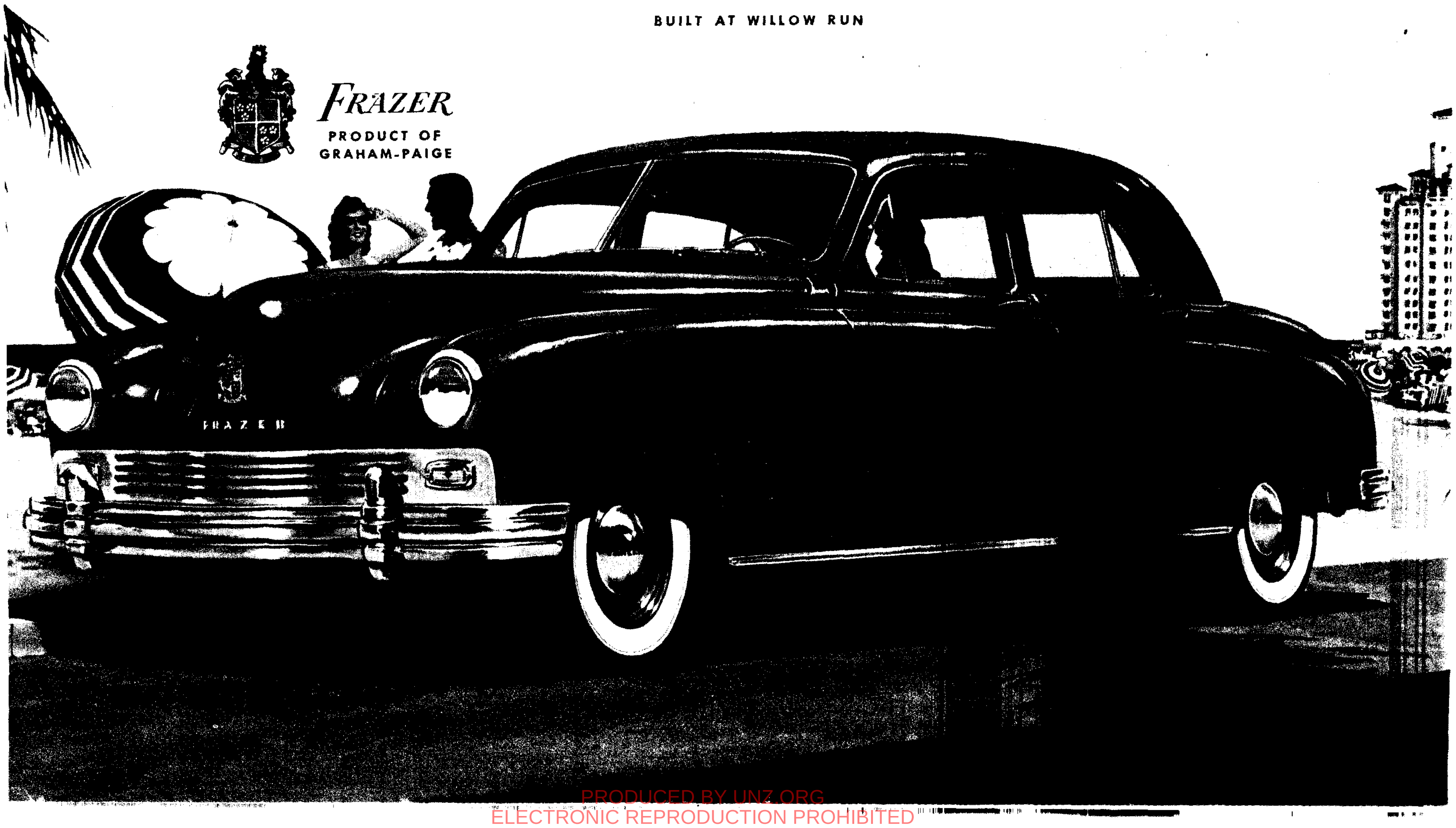


C SPIRACY

BY GO FLETCHER

ILLU BY CARL BOBERTZ

HORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

"I LIKE you very much," he said. He sometimes said it without any reason, out of the blue. But he was only four years old and had not yet learned to conceal his feelings.

"I like you, too, Joe," his father said. He was twenty-nine and felt awkward, for he'd long ago learned to conceal his feelings.

Joe's father inched the car forward. When there was a break in the foot traffic he drove across the intersection and turned through the open door of the garage.

"Here we are," Joe's father said. He opened the door for Joe and slid across the seat and followed him out.

Out on the street, Joe and his father walked on the edge of the sidewalk near the gutter. Every time it was time they dodged the lampposts with the thick bases.

They were a pair—the four-year-old in his overcoat with the shoulders cut like a man's and the beret on his fair hair which was like his mother's, and the twenty-nine-year-old with his short, dark hair and the gray topcoat.

"Look at that truck," Joe said.

"Yes," his father said, "it would be nice to have a truck like that."

Halfway down the next block Joe suddenly darted ahead. His eyes were fixed on a store window.

His father watched him run to the window. Joe ran well because his legs were strong and solid and because his body was sound. He was well-built and even now it was possible to see that someday he would be tall and straight like his father.

It was then that Joe's father thought of something he had never thought of before, and he wondered why he had never realized it when it was so simple and should have been so obvious. Joe and his father had a very special relationship. It was not just parent-and-child, but was very specifically father-and-son—a relationship from which Joe's mother was largely excluded, not because she didn't love Joe or because he didn't love her, but simply because she was a woman and women understood and appreciated the special things about girls rather than about boys—the things about girls that identified them intimately with their mothers, and that made their mothers proud.

He remembered a few things, too. He remembered how much Mary had wanted a girl before Joe was born; and he remembered how, in the last few months, she had spoken of having another child, and how he had said that now was not a good time because the apartment was too small and larger ones were hard to find and harder still to afford. Now he felt suddenly guilty, the way he always did when he thought of something he should have thought of before.

"We will," he said softly, "find and afford a larger place."

When he got to the window, Joe's face was close to the glass.

"Dad," Joe said, "I would like an airplane like that."

"No," his father said gently, "we aren't buying airplanes today. Something else."

"What?"

"You'll see. Down this way."

They walked hand-in-hand to the corner. The discreet plaque to the left of the all-glass doors said, John King & Sons, Jewelers. Joe's father held the door open, and Joe walked in. His father followed.

The carpet was a rich color and very thick. The showcases were black and the glass was highly polished.

"I like it here," Joe said.

"Yes," his father said. "It's nice in here."

"Are we going to buy something?"

"A birthday present for Mother." Joe's father now spoke very gently. "From you."

A clerk approached, smiling at Joe. "May I help you?" he said.

"A watch," Joe's father said, "something like this." He indicated one in a tray.

The clerk removed the tray and gently lifted the watch.

"One like that?" Joe said.

"Yes," his father said. "Like it?"

"I like it."

"All right." His father smiled.

He bought the watch and put the package into the right pocket of his topcoat. "I'll carry it for you. Before we get home you can put it in your pocket and then give it to Mother."

When they were outside, Joe's father said, "Now we have to get something for me to give her."

"Yes," Joe said, "what?"

"I'll show you."

They crossed in the middle of the block and went into Jordan's. Joe's father found a small doll in the center of a group, and held it out to Joe. Joe looked at the curls and the long blue dress.

"How will this be?" Joe's father said, smiling. There was no answer. "Don't you like it?"

"No," Joe said. "It isn't much of a present."

"Maybe, then, you would rather have a *real* baby sister?"

"That would be all right if she didn't wear long dresses and could play with my trucks."

"Well," his father said, "it's kind of important we let Mother know. We are making a plot."

They went back to the garage to get the car. Then they drove east until they came to the florist's. They bought twenty-seven roses and drove on home.

Joe's father gave the flowers and a dollar to the doorman and told him to bring the flowers up in five minutes. In the elevator he gave the jeweler's package to Joe. They got off at eleven. When they reached 11-D, Joe's father took a key from his pocket. "It's Mother's birthday," he said. "She thinks we've forgotten."

"I did," Joe said.

"Now," his father said.

JOE ran in and saw his mother sitting by the window. "Happy birthday," he said, very loud, his eyes very bright.

She stood and picked him up, holding him close, and smiled over his shoulder at his father.

"Whose happy birthday?" she said.

"A present," Joe said, "from me." He held out the package and gripped her arm very hard in his excitement.

"I knew you hadn't forgotten," she said. She put Joe down and looked at them both standing there in front of her.

"Joe," she said, "Jim, I love you."

She untied the ribbon and removed the paper. She opened the case carefully and looked at the watch, pleased. Then they heard the buzzer.

"You answer it, Mary," Joe's father said.

She went to the door and opened it. The doorman was there holding the flowers in the filmy paper.

"Mrs. Birthday?" the doorman said.

She smiled and he smiled. He gave her the flowers then and left.

She took them to the kitchen and tore a little hole in the paper and looked at them and laid them on the table. Then she came back into the living room.

"They're lovely," she said. "Where shall we put them?"

"Never mind that now," Joe's father said. "I, personally, have something for you."

He gave her the other package and she unwrapped it and looked long at the little girl in the blue dress.

"I thought it was time you had one," Joe's father said.

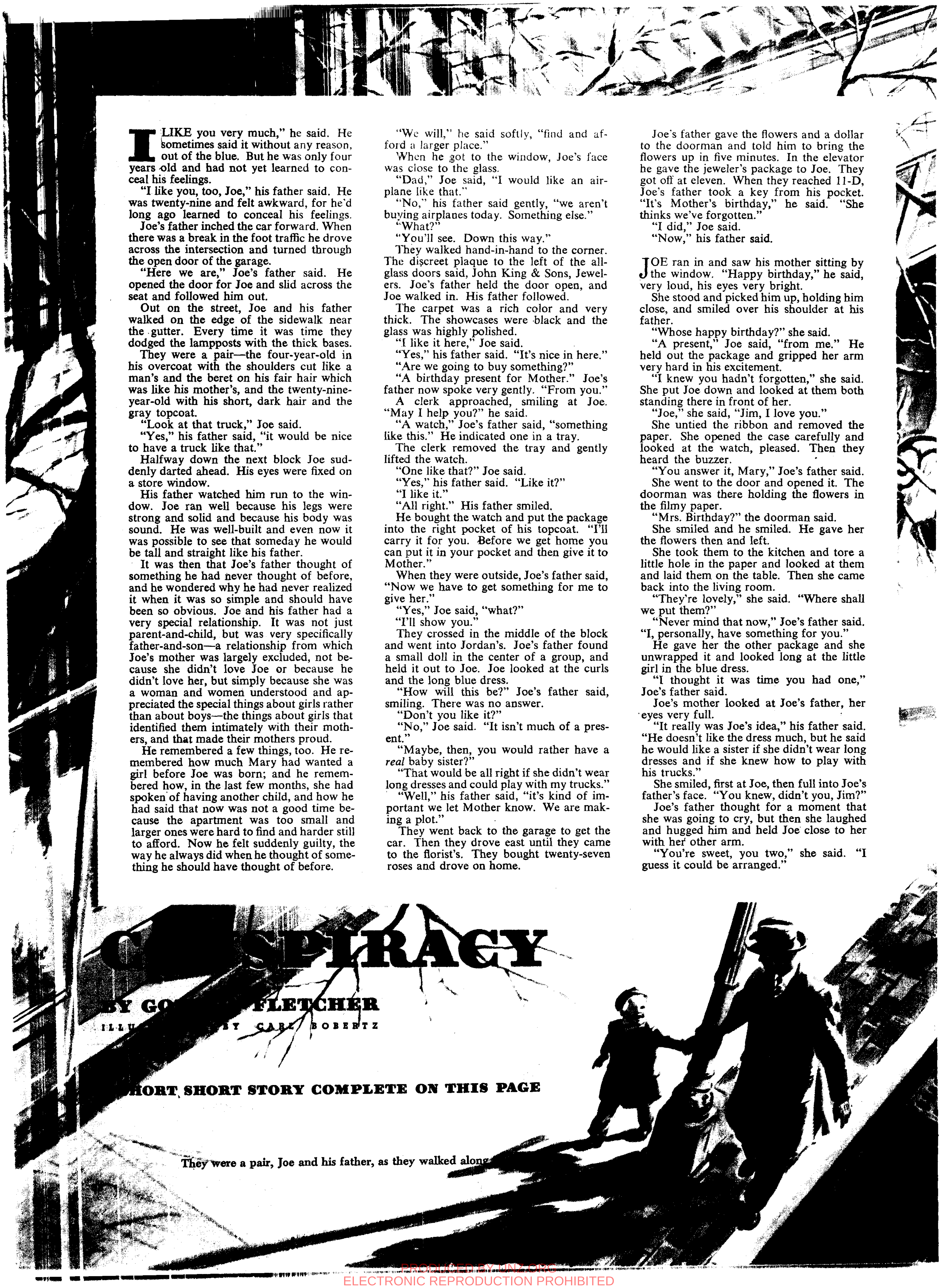
Joe's mother looked at Joe's father, her eyes very full.

"It really was Joe's idea," his father said. "He doesn't like the dress much, but he said he would like a sister if she didn't wear long dresses and if she knew how to play with his trucks."

She smiled, first at Joe, then full into Joe's father's face. "You knew, didn't you, Jim?"

Joe's father thought for a moment that she was going to cry, but then she laughed and hugged him and held Joe close to her with her other arm.

"You're sweet, you two," she said. "I guess it could be arranged."



They were a pair, Joe and his father, as they walked along

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

that beautiful-ll-l-l long-g-g-g pass was completed?
Rudolph Townsend,
Memphis, Tenn.

. . . So Sammy Baugh, Dixie Howell, Davey O'Brien, Ed Danowski, Paul Governali, Harry Gilmer and Johnny Lujack—to say nothing of the immortal Don Hutson—are or were boring? I believe I heard Knute Rockne turning in his grave.
Harry Jackson, New York

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT

To the Editor: In your recent 1947 Basketball Forecast (Dec. 21st) you state the day of the 7-foot player is ending. Thank heavens! I couldn't help thinking back to the game of the century, between my home-town Astoria Bearcats and the Flushing Hyenas, in January, 1934.

In scouting the opposition, we discovered to our dismay that the shortest of the Hyenas was seven feet two inches tall. In their infancy, instead of dusting them with talcum powder, the Hyenas' mothers had used fast-rising flour.

We tried everything to add height to our players. Stubby O'Brien patiently served as rope in daily tugs of war, but after two weeks of hauling, we still measured his growth with a micrometer. We sent Flattop Murphy to Coney Island to take an indoctrination course from the India Rubber Man, but to no avail. Our greatest success was with Jo-Jo Sage. Tying his ankles by a long rope to a stout tree, we pumped him full of helium. Three times a day, we'd haul him down, measure him, feed him and send him aloft again. By the end of the third day, the pull on his legs had stretched him nearly two feet. But on the fourth day, a gale blew up and ripped Jo-Jo loose from his moorings. When last seen he was sailing across Long Island Sound at an altitude of 10,000 feet.

Came the day of the game and our average height was three feet two inches. To our surprise, we found that the Hyenas, used to playing tall opponents, did not fare so well against us.

We ducked between their knees, cavorted through minute openings in their defense. Shorty McMullen even went so far as to duck under the arches of the Hyenas' captain.

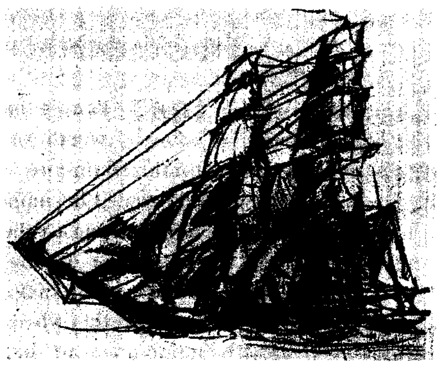
In the closing seconds of the game, we were leading 49-48 when one of the Hyenas mistook Fatso Spiegel for the basketball and dribbled him the length of the court. Battered and bruised, Spiegel still showed great team spirit. Flying through the air to what looked like a sure basket, he stretched out his arms and legs and clung to the edge of the hoop, absolutely refusing to go through and score the two points that would have won the game for the opposition. Ah, yes, those were the golden days of basketball!
Eddie Bracken, CBS,
Hollywood, Cal.

BRIGATE

Dear Mr. Davenport: Much as I admire Reno Biondi's cover (Nov. 23d) may I suggest that you change the name of his picture from Man and Frigate to Man and Brig, unless you wish to have the wrath of admirers of the sailing ship descend upon you.

A frigate by common nautical acceptance of the term is first of all a full-rigged ship having three rigged masts (fore, main and mizzen) and secondly is usually a naval vessel. The ship model used by Reno Biondi fulfills neither of these requirements since it has only two masts and no gun ports; actually it is a model of a brig-rigged ship.
Paul W. Stickel,
Department of Forestry, Mass. State
College, Amherst, Mass.

Several other sailors have put in oars. Irving Groupp, of the Bronx, sends us a drawing he made of a "Snow" brig. Here it is:



It looks as though we'll have to admit a brig is not a frigate. But don't blame it on Mr. Biondi. Mr. Shane, a landlubber, who wrote the item (Week's Work, Nov. 23d) admits that to him a boat is a boat, and that he grew seasick just looking at the cover.

MAP-GAGGING

Dear Gurney Williams: I have just seen your newest compilation of Collier's cartoons (I Meet Such People; published by Farrar, Straus & Co., New York. $2.50. *Advt.*) and was extremely interested in your description of the magazine cartoon business; also about the correspondence you get from people like me, I suppose. Anyway, could you tell me who the top cartoonist is in point of sales?
James Murray, Rapid City, S. D.

Rodney deSarro (p. 44) led in 1944 with 79 sales to the five largest magazines. In 1945, Jeff Keate (p. 46) tied that total. At this writing, Tom Henderson (p. 45) is leading the field toward a new record for 1946.

30 DAYS HATH FEBRUARY

Gentlemen: Have just read Goodby, Friday the 13th (Sept. 21st). The idea sounds fine. But I was raised on "30 days hath September . . . " With the new calendar: "31 days hath March, June, September and December. All the rest have 30." Now what kind of a poem is that?
2d Lt. Gordon E. Nelson, USMC,
Tientsin, China

MARY HAD A LOT OF MAIL

Dear Editor: I just read Mary and Her Mail (Nov. 9th). In my opinion Mary Haworth's answers to life's complexities are just so much drivel. The person who is morally and emotionally weak enough to consult a syndicated column is a fool.
Mr. Simonian, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . I smiled when I read "Mary has a sixth sense about that; she can almost always spot a phony story." The evening of March 3, 1944, my husband, a lieutenant attending the Adjutant General's School at Fort Washington, Maryland, wanted to know if I had seen Mary Haworth's column. It seems that one class was disrupted when two of the instructors, highly elated, waved copies of the Post in which Miss Haworth printed and replied to a hoax letter they had written.
Anna M. Witasek,
Santa Barbara, Cal.

. . . I have just wasted eight minutes reading your insipid, intolerable article, Mary and Her Mail. Anyone who knows anything about psychiatry is well aware that personal problems cannot be solved through the mail.

Furthermore, I disbelieve your statement saying that Dr. Will Menninger is one of her most ardent fans. The integrity of the Menninger brothers is world-wide and could not be associated with the authoress of a lovelorn column.

Disgustedly yours,
Mrs. R. A. Hill, Dallas, Tex.

YOUNG ARMOR

Continued from page 30

had been nothing personal in the telephone conversation.

Oh, no. Gertrude jumped when you went upstairs and Linda replaced the telephone promptly when you came down. There was no place for Mrs. Miles in her own house.

"Are you going to use your car today?" asked Linda, sliding her legs to the floor and standing up.

"Darling, I'm sorry. I have the marketing to do, and Julia Hymes is having a cocktail party for her house guest this afternoon."

"Okay." Once Linda would have wheedled and made fantastic plans whereby they both could have used the car. Now she stood on the stairs and leaned against the banister and dared her mother to ask where Bruce was. Bruce Rollins' car had roared in and out of the driveway all summer long at Linda's complacent disposal.

Mrs. Miles defaulted.

Linda said, "Can you wait five minutes till I get dressed? Then you can drop me at the bus stop. We're all going down to Carol's. She's having a roast tonight and some of us are going early to swim."

Whoever "all" of them were Mrs. Miles did not know. Not this summer. Linda hardly ever saw her own friends now, the boys and girls she had grown up with. Carol and Carol's husband were friends of Bruce. Twenty-five, twenty-six, Bruce and his friends were. Linda was just halfway between nineteen and twenty.

It was too much to hope that Bruce and Linda had quarreled. Linda would have been shattered if they had, and she was not shattered. She was cool and remote, and she didn't want any outsiders, like her mother, butting into her private affairs.

Her swim suit dangling from her hand, Linda came down in a crisp piqué dress, no stockings on long legs as brown as her bare arms, and she stepped carefully in high-heeled pumps. Mrs. Miles doubted that Linda's generation would ever walk with ease in high heels after the flat saddle shoes, the loafers and the moccasins they had grown up in. And having discovered high heels they wore them obstinately to the most unsuitable places, like the beach.

Riding toward the bus stop, only Mrs. Miles thought it necessary to talk. She asked Linda, who carried nothing but her swim suit, if she wanted some money. No, thank you, Linda had some change in the pocket of her dress.

Now, it's no handbags for them, thought Mrs. Miles. She said, "We ought to be thinking about getting your clothes ready for school. You go back in about three weeks, don't you?"

"I may not go back to college," said Linda. "Two years is enough."

Some women would have gasped. Some women would have been justifiably furious. Mrs. Miles, her eyes on a truck ahead, said evenly, "Does that mean you're going to be married?"

"Mother, I don't *know*."

Of course it had been too wonderful

In BUFFALO or BIRMINGHAM

it's "MARTIN'S for me!"

You may not always be able to get Martin's—but we are doing our best to keep your favorite bar and package store supplied.

86.8 Proof

MARTIN'S ORIGINAL V.V.O. BRAND
Blended Scotch Whisky

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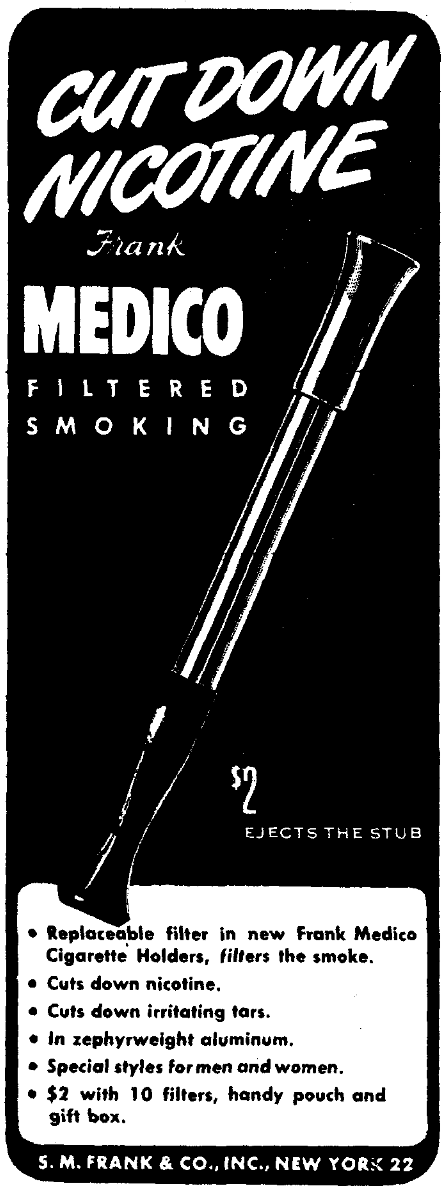
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$2
EJECTS THE STUB

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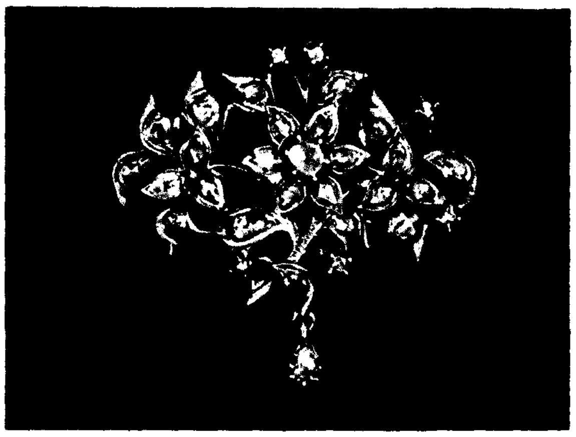
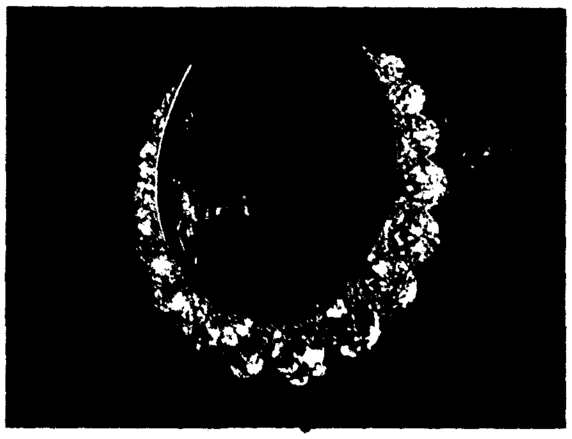
S. M. FRANK & CO., INC., NEW YORK 22

Do you know this about diamonds?

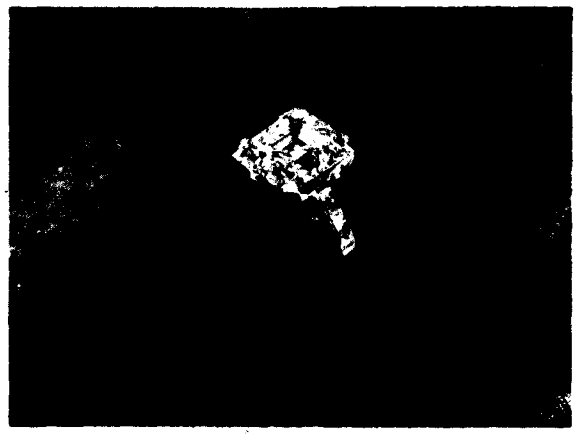


1800 **Styles in** diamonds change! Seven generations ago (just before the name Corby's came to Canada) diamonds were sometimes not cut, but simply polished as shown above. Diamonds were (and still are) weighed in carats, 142 carats equalling one ounce.

ANTIQUE JEWELS FROM THE MARCUS COLLECTION



1900 **Diamond style** in this year. Corby's 42nd as a great Canadian name, featured the "brilliant" cut of 58 facets. Each facet picks up sparkle, light and color. To assure maximum fire, "brilliant" cut diamonds should have two-thirds of their depth below the setting.



1934 **Oblong cut** was high style, in Corby's 76th year in Canada. This cut has 58 facets, but they are arranged to reveal internal structure of the stone, which therefore must be perfect. Diamonds are classed perfect if magnified ten times size with no visible flaw.

H. Corby
CORBY'S
Reserve
H. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED
PEORIA

1947 **People in** the U. S. own four billion dollars worth of diamonds, one half the world's total. Diamonds have recognized value in every country. The name Corby's has international value, too. Coming to the U. S. from Canada six years ago, the name Corby's brings you a light, sociable whiskey that makes your favorite drink a real gem. Ask for the whiskey with the grand old Canadian name in your bar or store.

DIAMOND LEAF CLIP BY JOHN RUBEL—108 STONE

Look for me
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CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blende*

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to last, the companionship, the close friendship, all the time that Linda was growing up. Watching Linda's firm little character develop from childhood into adolescence, from adolescence into what at eighteen had been close to adulthood, Mrs. Miles had been cocky. She saw that now. She had been conceited about her child. "She's so *sensible*," she said to George more than once. George was unfair about it. He always grunted and looked skeptical, almost as if he had known that Linda was going to fall in love, once and for all, with the wrong man. Early in the summer George had ceased to be a parent.

Drawing up to the bus stop, Mrs. Miles said cautiously, "How will you get home tonight?"

"Oh, some way," said Linda. With large generosity she added, "If I decide to stay all night at Carol's I'll call you up."

She hopped out, waved, and craned her small exquisite head down the street to see if the bus was coming. Mrs. Miles sadly drove back to the marketing section of the suburb, and talked to herself.

We don't really *care*, if she's made up her mind to marry him. He comes from a good enough family, even without all that money. Those crazy things he did when he was younger, two or three smashups, and he finished here at the university before he enlisted, so maybe he wasn't actually kicked out of that other college . . . and his war record was marvelous, decorations and everything. Maybe those girls he was supposed to be engaged to just tried to get him—he's as much in love with Linda as she is with him and he'll settle down now.

For Gertrude's lunch there were two large expensive lamb chops, and for Mrs. Miles a sandwich and a glass of milk. She set the table in the breakfast room for Gertrude, called to her to come and eat her lunch while it was hot, and went down to the basement to do what she could about the recreation room.

She stood still in the doorway. Linda had not mentioned her quick work. The Coke and beer bottles had been put back in the cases and the cases stacked up neatly. The big brass bowls they used for ash trays had been emptied and the phonograph records replaced in the cabinet. The floor had been swept, not scrupulously, but enough so that even Gertrude could not be outraged at being asked to clean the room. Mrs. Miles' heart melted. And immediately, as was her nature, she felt better about everything.

GOING up the stairs she went out the grade entrance to the garden. It was one of the last hot days of August, with the fall colors just beginning in the borders around the garden. Even at noon there was a little shade from the immense overhanging willow tree, and Mrs. Miles rolled the light wooden chaise into it and propped herself up. When Gertrude was out of the kitchen she would go in and fix things for dinner, and then get ready for the party. Mrs. Miles loved parties.

Almost at once a low green roadster came into view around the corner of the house and stopped in the driveway.

Bruce Rollins stepped over the door without opening it and said, "Hello, Mrs. Miles." He wore dark glasses, a shirt but no tie, and his slacks were old Army pinks. Bruce had every intention of accepting a job in his father's contracting firm, sooner or later. So he said.

"Hello, Bruce," answered Mrs. Miles. "Is Linda here?"

"Well, no, she isn't."

He grinned down at her from his six feet one or two. Funny how strong white teeth gave you confidence in the person. "Stubborn little thing, isn't she?" said Bruce.

"Oh, I never think of Linda as stubborn."

"You don't, huh?"

Fresh.

No doubt behind his dark glasses his eyes were unattractive but there was no sign of a hang-over in his lean, tanned face. He had thick, very clean-looking brown hair, and his hand was steady as he lighted a cigarette.

"She doesn't like me to drink," he said laughing, as though he and Mrs. Miles were buddies.

"Well, I don't know anything about that," said Mrs. Miles primly. "No one likes to see their friends drink too much."

"Who said I drink too much?"

"Oh, no one," said Mrs. Miles impatiently. "You brought the subject up."

"I did at that, didn't I?" said Bruce with the greatest amiability, and sat down in a canvas-and-chromium chair.

IT WAS the first time Mrs. Miles had been alone with him. She would be very clever, and talk to him, and find out what kind of young man he really was.

But it was Bruce who talked, easily and flatteringly. About baseball and the possibility of the city team winning the pennant. About the new cars, one of which he hoped to have shortly. About the newest thing to come out of Washington. All of which he took for granted that Mrs. Miles understood and was interested in.

Not until he rose to go did she realize that she had been charmed by an expert. "Be seeing you," said Bruce with his genial grin, and walked across the lawn with an effortless masculine grace that you had to watch.

Still dazzled she returned the salute he gave her from the car as he backed skillfully out. Linda didn't have a chance. As smooth as honey, as shiny as gold, he was, but it might be true gold, underneath. You couldn't tell. And there was nothing in life that would make up to a girl for not being allowed to marry the man she loved. "Allowed," snorted Mrs. Miles as she went into the house. . . .

NOEL LAMENT

I'll beat him up
Till he's slap-happy, numb—
The bird who gave Junior
His first little drum.

—Ethel Jacobson

The party ebbed and flowed through Julia Hymes' living room and dining room and out onto the wide screened porch. Mrs. Miles kissed Julia, met the guest, and then wandered farther into the party. These were the women she had known all her life. They were the girls.

Kate Abbott was in a corner of the porch talking in a low voice and with emphatic gestures. Kate always had the best gossip first. She stopped as Mrs. Miles approached.

"Hello, Lou," she said crossly.

"Well, of course," laughed Mrs. Miles, "if I'm butting in—"

"Hardly," said Kate with a new kind of malice. She had always professed to adore Lou Miles. "Considering what we were talking about—but, of course, there isn't anything you can do about it either. We were talking about Barbara and Kenny. I suppose you know they're getting a divorce."

Everyone had heard the talk about Kate's daughter Barbara. Barbara had always been a dizzy little thing and no one had expected her war marriage to Kenny Sturges to last.

"And I suppose," said Kate, "you know it's on account of Bruce Rollins."

Mrs. Miles turned pale. She had not known. It wasn't possible.

"Oh, it's all over now, of course," said Kate bitterly. "And there wasn't anything to it, anyway, except that Barbara had a pretty thin time all during the war, and Bruce got home months ahead of Kenny. Believe me, Barbara felt nothing but relief when Bruce fell so suddenly for Linda." Mrs. Miles blinked. "But Kenny is being mean about it, and I certainly don't see any reason for Barbara spending the rest of her life with a Reproach."

"Maybe," said Mrs. Miles a little wildly, "it wasn't on account of Bruce Rollins."

"Are you suggesting that there were others?"

"Oh, no. Heavens, no," said Mrs. Miles, knowing herself to be a coward, "but I mean Barbara and Kenny never really had a chance to get adjusted."

"Sometimes, Lou, you don't make sense. Everyone knows those two kids were head over heels in love and that Barbara just lived for the day when Kenny would get home."

This was Kate's story and she was going to stick to it. Their friendship for the time being canceled, she and Mrs. Miles regarded each other stonily for a moment.

"I'm sorry, Kate," was all Mrs. Miles could think of to say as she turned away. She was always stupid like this when anyone attacked her unexpectedly. And there wasn't anything she could do about it. Kate had meant that Linda's mother should be able to do something about it.

Moving about, greeting old friends, talking, listening, laughing, Mrs. Miles escaped as soon as possible from the party she had looked forward to with such pleasure.

STRETCHED out on the long chair, George Miles thought he was reading the evening paper, but he was asleep, the paper over his face. He could sleep anywhere, any time, as most big men could.

Sliding her cartwheel of a hat off, Mrs. Miles sat down near him, wishing he would wake up so they could worry together. There were very few things George worried about, but he was always nice about her worrying. Right now there were orders piled up in the office of his box factory which, if there had been any possibility of getting the necessary materials, could have made them almost as rich as they had once hoped to be. That is, without the income tax. And then there was the man who came to cut the lawn whenever he felt like it, instead of every week as he had promised. And the heating people who said their oil burner certainly would not last another winter. None of which, to George, could be remedied by worrying.

But then George was wonderful in so many ways I didn't know about when I married him. I fell in love with a dark-eyed thin boy for the way he sailed a boat, expertly and almost silently, for the way he lighted a cigarette in a stiff wind, for the way he barked *what!* when someone said something he did not like. And the things that came after were luck. But it's the kind of luck that goes with marrying the man you love—and every girl should have that.

"Hello." George swept the paper away as though it had attacked him.

"You were snoring."

"I was not. I wasn't even asleep. I was lying here thinking."

With a crow of derisive laughter Mrs. Miles stood up and kissed him.

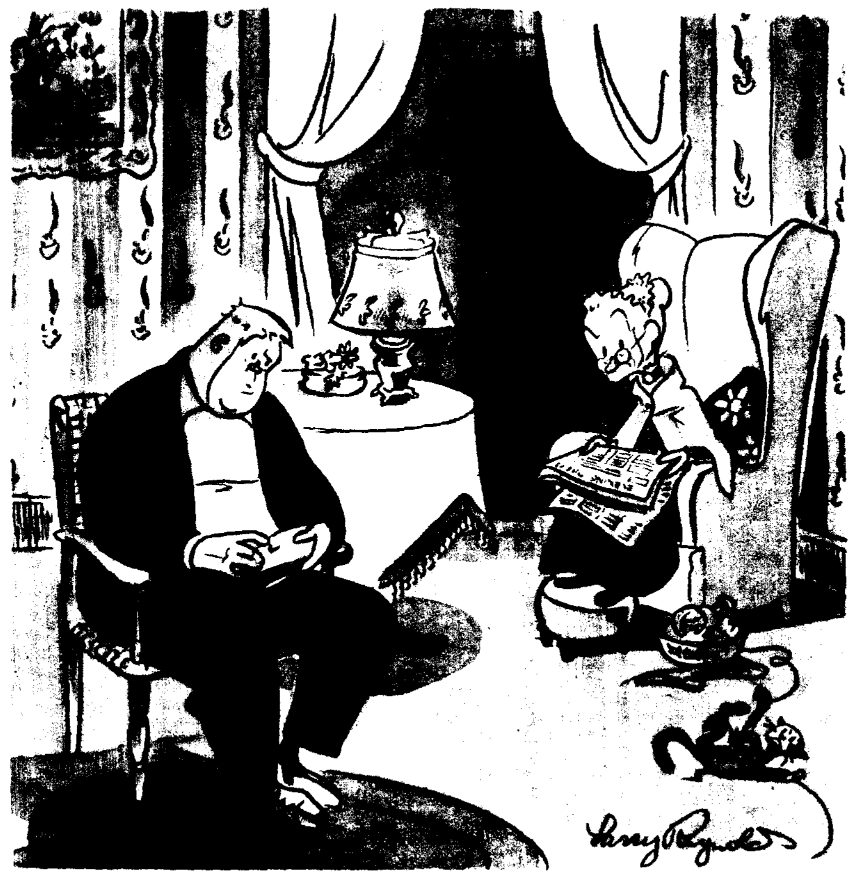
"Gin," said George. "What low dive have you been in now?"

"Julia's low dive. And I only had one. She had a marvelous party, extra waitresses and thousands of *canapés* and anything you wanted to drink."

"Sit here and tell me about it." George, thank goodness, always wanted to hear everything about everything.

She sat on the side of the long chair and told him about the party, and about the guest who was nice, and that the Mileses had better give a picnic supper for her, they owed everybody. George said fine, he might be able to get some steaks, and was on the point of dozing again when Mrs. Miles said, "George, it's

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



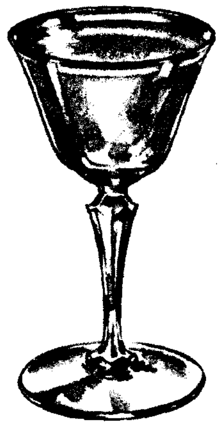
COLLIER'S

"It says here, 'The burglar also overlooked a $3,000 mink coat . . .' Tch! Tch! Butch!"

IF YOU KNOW THE BEST...YOU DRINK BACARD

The extraordinary quality of Bacardi is attested by some simple facts . . . it is the world's largest selling rum, it is a fixture in the finest clubs and cafes, among drinkers it has won a three to one preference. The reason? Only Bacardi's exclusive formula imparts that clean, delicate and extremely rare *natural* flavor . . . there is no substitute.

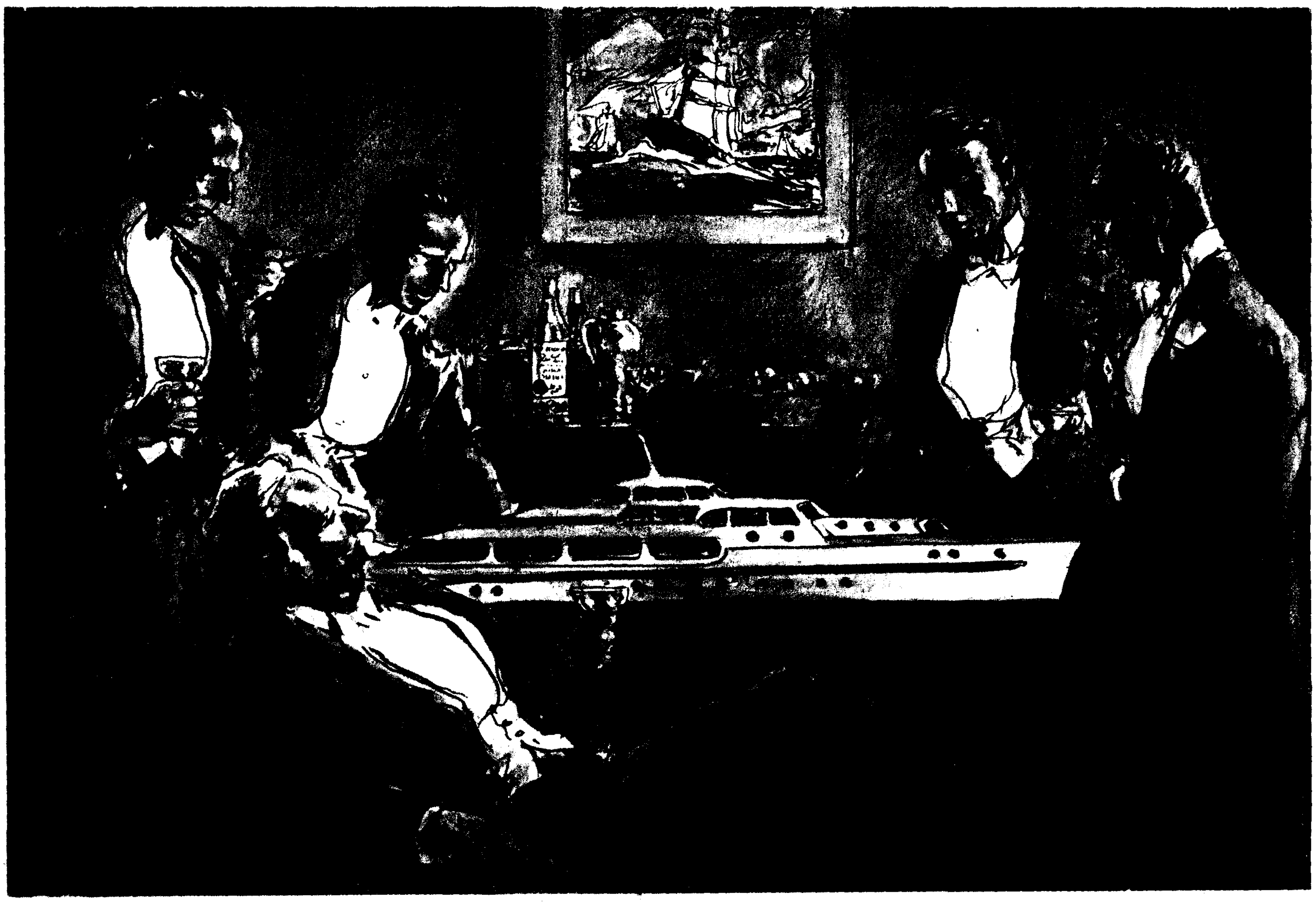
The famous Bacardi* Cocktail



Juice of half a lime; dash of grenadine; a generous jigger of BACARDI, White or Silver Label; mix thoroughly and shake well with finely chipped ice; strain and serve.

If you prefer it dry, use one-half teaspoonful of sugar instead of grenadine.

**A Bacardi Cocktail MUST be made with BACARDI (Ruling of the N. Y. Supreme Court, April 28, 1936)*



RUM, 89 PROOF...BACARDI IMPORTS INC., NEW YORK

like watching Linda step off a cliff to let her marry Bruce Rollins."

"*Let* her!"

"Yes, I know." She laughed drearily. "Look—Kate Abbott is running around saying that Bruce broke up Barbara and Kenny's marriage."

"Yeah," said George yawning, "I heard that talk downtown."

If she had had an idea that this, which had so shocked her, would arouse George to the unlikely possibility of "putting his foot down" she had been mistaken. It was almost as if George did not care. And he and Linda had adored each other, until this summer. Oh, it wasn't anything silly, like the jealousy some fathers have. George used to get a big kick out of the young boys that hung around Linda.

"How do you know she's going to marry him?"

With an exasperated, "Oh, how would anybody know?" Mrs. Miles looked gloomily at a few late and perfect rosebuds for a moment, and then said, "Besides, she told me this morning she guessed she wouldn't go back to college."

"Oh." George rubbed his face hard with his hands and stretched mightily. "Well, there isn't much we could do to stop them even if it seemed wise. And they'll probably work it out all right. Linda's no dumbbell. They all know all the answers and they're all as hard as nails."

"Oh, George, not Linda."

"Linda too. But what can you expect? It's a result of the system. And personally I think it's damned unfair to them, turning them loose while they're in their teens, with almost no supervision, expecting them to have the kind of common sense they'd hardly have normally by the time they're forty. Blindly trusting them because there isn't anything else we can do when we don't even know where they are at two and three and four o'clock in the morning. I suppose we ought to thank our lucky stars that the kids today aren't soft and sentimental." He smiled at his wife. "The way we were. How about a drink?" he suggested.

She did not want a drink, unless it was a nice long cool lemonade. But it would spoil his for him if she didn't have one with him. He'd say skip it, and he always liked a drink before dinner.

They went in together and had their drinks. Feeling only slightly woolly-headed from the Tom Collins on top of a Daiquiri, Mrs. Miles got the things for dinner from the refrigerator. George, doing what he called helping, asked where the kid was now. She told him where Linda was, and that there was something funny between her and Bruce, and about the remark Bruce had made when he stopped in.

"Well, of course," said George, "she is stubborn."

"Not stubborn. But very firm, sometimes."

"Oh," said George laughing, "firm."

IT WAS nine-thirty when Mrs. Miles raised her head from her book. She had not, she told herself with a sigh of relief, been worrying. There was lots of time for Linda to call up. And the heels clicking up the front walk, clearly heard through the screen door, could not be hers so early. There had been no sound of a car, no door slammed.

"Hi," said Linda from the hall.

Why, thought Mrs. Miles, she's absolutely sunk.

Her swimming suit in her hand Linda came in, kissed her parents with a light brush of lips, wandered back to the hall and said civilly, "You don't mind if I go up to bed, do you?"

"Oh, no, darling. Of course not. You do look tired."

"I'm not tired," said Linda and dragged herself up the stairs.

Mrs. Miles looked accusingly at George.

"Now don't get all upset," said George in a low voice. "Just leave her alone."

"But it's a mother's place to—"

"Oh, don't be so corny," said George with a quick grin, and returned to the sports page.

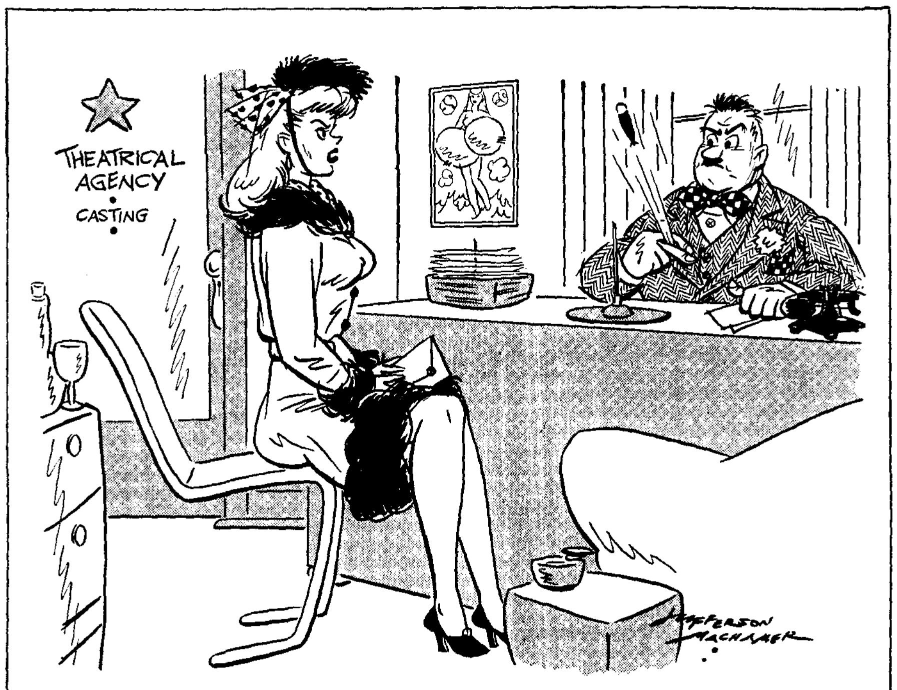
Her eyes on her book, Mrs. Miles listened. Corny or not, if Linda was crying—but the sounds upstairs were normal. Window shades were pulled down, too forcefully. The phonograph (one of those heavy pieces, Beethoven) blared out and then was turned low. The pipes jumped distantly as water gushed into Linda's bathtub . . . every faucet in the house needed a new washer.

A half, or maybe three quarters of an hour later a car stopped outside. A door slammed. There were those few seconds of absolute stillness when someone is walking across the grass, and then heavy footsteps came fast up the walk. Not until the doorbell rang did George heave himself from his chair.

"Hello, Mr. Miles," Bruce said. "Is Linda here?"

"Come in, Bruce," said George.

Bruce came in. He was excited. His hair was a brown madness, and agitation ruled his usually urbane countenance. Urbane, said Mrs. Miles to herself. She had never used the word aloud in her life.



"Well—I'll play the maid's role, if you'll pay regular maids' wages"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"Linda's here," said George, "but I guess she's gone to bed."

"Well, thank God. They're probably dragging the lake right now. She's the most selfish, inconsiderate girl I've ever known."

"Is she?" asked George, looking pleased.

"She left the party flat. We thought she'd just gone for a walk up the beach, that's what she said. But that was hours ago. Hello, Mrs. Miles."

"Hello, Bruce."

He looked terrible. Linda had looked terrible. People wrote songs about love, but not about the kind that shattered the heart and unseated the mind.

"Tell her," Bruce said to Linda's father, "that I want to see her."

"You'd better make it some other time, Bruce."

"No. Now."

With a glance at his wife George left it to her. Mrs. Miles rose and said slowly, "Well, I don't know. I'll go and see."

Upstairs there was a light under Linda's door and she went in.

"Is that Bruce downstairs?" asked Linda from the dressing table. She looked terrible, but her hair went up on bobby pins every night.

"Yes. He wants to see you."

Linda put a pin carefully into a flat curl and said, "We're all washed up and he knows it."

Mrs. Miles sat down on the nearest chair and stood up again.

"Don't pretend you're not glad," said Linda.

She turned around on the blue satin stool and smiled at her mother. Mrs. Miles caught her breath. Never had she seen a smile of such stark pain, such white endurance of pain.

"Oh, I'm not kidding myself," said Linda. "This isn't something I'll get over in a week or a month. There'll probably never be anyone like Bruce for me again. But I'm not going to marry him."

"Darling," said Mrs. Miles, against all reason, "a quarrel doesn't mean anything."

"This isn't a quarrel. It's something that took me all afternoon to decide. I walked up the beach to that little cove just beyond the amusement park, you know. I must have been there hours. I knew I had to decide now."

Alone on the deserted crescent of beach, all afternoon, deciding the most important thing of her life, without help.

"I'm sorry I was such a mess all summer," said Linda. She sifted bobby pins from one hand to the other. "You've been swell about it." Her tight smile was one of apology and gratitude. "But I suppose I realized all along that Bruce and I weren't right for each other. Oh, I knew all about him, his drinking, and his irresponsibility, and all that business with Barbara Sturges. He's the way he is, and I told myself I wasn't even going to try to change him. But I thought he'd be all right with me. I thought I was important to him the way he was important to me, and that we'd work things out together. But Bruce hasn't anything to work with."

She stopped, absorbed in arranging the bobby pins in a neat line on the palm of her hand.

Her mother cleared her throat. She said, "Darling, if you'd wait, you'll see—if you and Bruce really love each other, then in a year, or maybe two."

"Us?" Linda laughed, a kind of laugh. She said slowly, "Any other day I wouldn't mind him having had a couple of drinks before he came down to Carol's. That wasn't why I wouldn't wait and ride down with him. But he's always disagreeable, edgy, after he's been drinking, like last night. He just laughed this morning, and said if that's the way I felt about it he wouldn't have a drink for a week." Raising her head Linda looked at her mother. "Isn't it funny that it didn't mean a thing to him? This afternoon he met a man he hadn't seen since before the war. So he had a couple of highballs with him. He even told me."

"Well," said Mrs. Miles, "you see. He was honest about it," and felt vaguely treacherous to be arguing on the wrong side.

"Oh, honest. That's not the point. The thing is it didn't mean anything to him that he had promised—no one asked him to promise. But he did. And I can't marry a man who has everything except a standard." She added bleakly, "Any kind of a standard would have done."

"It's such a big decision for you to make, darling. Maybe you'll feel differently in the morning. Things straighten themselves out."

"They're all straight now." Linda put the bobby pins on the dressing table and stood up in her pajamas. Her smile was bright and glossy. She said, "Some fun, huh, kid?"

Then she kicked off her mules and climbed into bed. When her mother bent to kiss her, Linda gave her the brief stranglehold of childhood before she turned her face to the pillow. Mrs. Miles opened the windows, turned out the light and went downstairs.

BRUCE jumped to his feet, but he knew. Crushing his cigarette out, he nodded as Mrs. Miles said sincerely, "I'm sorry, Bruce." He stared at the floor, struck the table once softly with a closed fist, and walked past her to the hall.

"Tell her," he said. And then, "No. Never mind. When she makes up her mind to something all the king's horses won't change her."

The screen door slammed and his heels could be heard on the sidewalk until he stepped on the grass to cross the lawn.

"Gee," said George, coming out from behind his paper, "if that's the finale I thought there'd be more fireworks."

"Oh, George, if you could have seen her face."

"Hell and damnation," muttered George, and slapped the newspaper down on a table.

"And I must be crazy," wailed Mrs. Miles. "I was hoping she would come down, just so she'd stop suffering. But she'll never stick to it."

"Don't be silly." George stood up and stretched. "Of course she will. She has will power—I've always said so."

"Will power!" Mrs. Miles repeated. "You said she was hard. Hard as nails, you said they were."

"Well," George grinned, "it's another side of the same thing. And they are strong, because they have to be. Stronger than we were. Not all of them, maybe, but the best ones, like Linda, are. How else could they survive?"

"But it must do something terrible to them, being so grown up and mature and responsible, when they're only kids. And it can't be much fun."

"No," said George, "I honestly don't think it's as much fun for them as for the kids who grew up earlier, hemmed in by all the rules. But it's what they're going to need—the kids of today—"

They turned toward the hall as a door upstairs opened. Bare feet padded overhead.

"Daddy," Linda called from the banister, "could you get my trunk down from the attic? I'll want to send it on ahead to school. I'll help you."

"You bet," said George, hurrying toward the stairs. He looked as though he wished it were something wonderful he could get for Linda from the attic.

THE END

THE HIGHROAD OF THE FUTURE

Continued from page 12

of the Asiatic land mass. The real demarcation between Europe and Asia is no chain of mountains, no natural frontier, but a system of beliefs and ideas which we call Western civilization. In the rich pattern of this culture there are many strands: the Hebrew belief in God, the Christian message of compassion and redemption, the Greek love of truth, beauty and goodness; the Roman genius for law. Europe is a spiritual conception, but if men cease to hold that conception in their minds, cease to feel its worth in their hearts, it will die."

These sentiments are so beautiful and their expression so fine an example of English prose that I venture to quote them with due acknowledgments,* and I trust they may resound far and wide and waken their response in every generous heart. Well may it be said, "Let Europe arise."

It seems a shocking thing to say that the atomic bomb in the guardianship of the United States is the main safeguard of humanity against a third world war. In the twentieth century of the Christian era, with all the march of science and the spread of knowledge, with all the hideous experiences through which we have passed, can it be that only this dread supersanction stands between us and further measureless misery and slaughter!

Those of us who were born in the broad liberalism of the nineteenth century recoil from such a mockery of all our dreams, of all our defined conceptions. Nevertheless, I believe the fact is true. Greater divergencies have opened among men than those of the religious wars of the Reformation, or of the political and social conflicts of the French Revolution, or of the power struggle just concluded with Hitler's Germany. The schism between Communism on the one hand and Christian ethics and Western civilization on the other is the most deadly, far-reaching and rending that the human race has known.

Behind Communism lies the military power of Soviet Russia, which, so far as the continent of Europe is concerned, is at the present time overwhelming. This power is in the firm grasp of thirteen or fourteen extremely able men in the Kremlin. We cannot measure the internal pressure to which they are subjected on the morrow of Russia's sufferings and sacrifices, nor can we tell how far they may be swayed by crude ambitions of world conquest. We are confronted at once by a theme and a sword. If the issues now afoot in the world were capable of being decided by the strength of ground armies, the outlook for the Western democracies and for modern civilization would be indeed forlorn.

The atomic bomb is the new balancing factor. Everyone knows it will not be used except in self-defense against mortal injury and provocation. No one can be sure whether it is a final and decisive method of war. Air power, however manifested and armed, may decide a war; but alone it cannot hold a front on land. Still, of all the deterrents against war now acting upon the minds of men, nothing is comparable to this frightful agency of indiscriminate destruction.

While this supreme weapon rests in the hands of the United States alone, it is probable, though we cannot say it is certain, that a breathing space will be accorded to the world. We cannot tell how long this breathing space will last. Let us make sure that it is not cast away.

If, in this interval, we can revive the life and unity of Europe and Christendom, and with this new reinforcement build high and commanding a world structure of peace which no one dare challenge, the most awful crisis of history will have passed away and the highroad of the future will again become open.

There is no reason why all questions between state socialism and individual enterprise should not be settled gradually and peacefully by the normal workings of democratic and parliamentary machinery. The pyramid of society may become more solid and stable when its top is melted down to broaden its base. If during the next five years we can build a world structure of irresistible force and inviolable authority for the purpose of ensuring peace, there are no limits to the blessings which all men may enjoy and share. For this purpose few things are more important and potentially decisive than that Europe should cease to be a volcano of hatred and strife, and should instead become one of those broad upland regions upon which the joy, the peace and glory of millions may repose.

THE END

Author: Mr. G. Sewell. Editor: Mr. C. F. Carr.

BOOM, BOOM ON THE RANGE

Continued from page 54

As the dance ended with a rapid tattoo of footbeats, each cock bird would fan his tail feathers out with a sharp click, inflate the brilliant orange air sacs at the sides of his throat and send his call rolling across the prairie.

During this performance, the eyebrows are exceedingly prominent in the same bright orange color as the air sacs. Whenever two birds arrived at the boundary of their territories at the same time, a fight would ensue with great cackling and flashing of wings. But the birds have no spurs and these constant encounters never resulted in more than a beakful of lost feathers.

By the time it was light enough to take photographs, the cloud rift had blown away and perhaps fifteen hens had drifted, one by one, into the booming ground. These matrons marched sedately up and down, apparently surveying the performance of one cock bird after another.

Now and then some old fellow who felt he was being neglected would give a series of leaps into the air and cackle loudly to attract attention and soon you could see a couple of hens strolling his way. Oddly enough, the prairie chickens paid little attention to us.

We were very lucky to have made our trip at the very height of the mating season. There can be no doubt that the booming and dancing of the cock birds is a performance staged to impress the females. So it is interesting to speculate on just why the males go through this booming-ground performance each morning and evening for twelve weeks every spring, and again in the autumn, when practically all the mating takes place within a single week or even less. During this week, all the hens come daily to the booming ground, while at other times only an occasional female will be seen.

Finally at 8:30 the booming activity started to slacken, as individual birds drifted off to the fields to feed. Charlie pointed out why this particular section made good prairie-chicken range. A fair portion of the land was in hay and permanent grass and, obviously, was being well farmed.

RAIL ROAD
CROSSING
TAKE A
GOOD
LOOK!
William Williams
COLLIER'S
WILLIAM WILLIAMS

A fair number of cattle were being pastured, but not enough to cause overgrazing. The growing hayfields gave the birds the cover which they must have for roosting, nesting and brooding their young—and without which the prairie chickens cannot survive.

As with many of America's now-extinct species, prairie chickens in Missouri seemed plentiful almost up to the year 1907, when the season was closed to prevent their being wiped out.

At that time, according to the best estimates, there were only about twelve thousand birds remaining on the Missouri prairie. It was believed that the slaughter of vast numbers by market hunters was mainly responsible for the vanishing flocks and that, once this was stopped, the prairie chicken would stage a comeback. But this did not happen, because the birds had another enemy which proved, over the years, even more destructive than the market hunter.

This enemy was the "sod buster"—the long-pointed turnplow which swung beneath the tail gate of every westward-rolling prairie schooner, to be followed in later years by the tractor-powered gang plow.

In the end, it was the *changing use of the land* which destroyed the natural Midwestern grassland environment of the prairie chicken and threatened it with the fate which had already overtaken such birds as the heath hen and the passenger pigeon.

THE END

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ROBERT I. HEITZEG

A pilot in the first World War, John Gilbert (Tex) Rankin, 53, finds relaxation by stunting in his 16-year-old Great Lakes training plane at Tulare, Calif.

HE industrious people of Kennewick, Washington, celebrating their annual Grape Festival with show early in October, watched -flying biplane bring its act to a with a dive to the edge of the . a vertical zoom to a stall and a n that was converted at the last ıt from a crash into a quick, landing. The crowd gasped, then l as the plane taxied off the field.

ıebody ought to tell that damfool won't live long if he keeps that middle-aged farmer muttered and way, without knowing that the ıen jumping out of the plane to ɔow was 53-year-old Tex Rankin. g ago lost track of the number of :ts he has put on at air shows all ıe nation since he began barnıg in the Pacific Northwest shortly ıe last war.

ı't news that a pilot from the first War still flies solo, but it does somewhat of a new high in aviaworld over when a man of 53, wife and four grown children, a business (and a big stomach) ake an airplane execute every maneuver in the manual of acroplus a few of his own creation, urn to his desk completely relaxed 'reshed from the workout.

fool that he has been called by like the Kennewick farmer, ɔorn John Gilbert Rankin is a and successful businessman. Basie is a teacher of flying and a ɔf airplanes and been doing both ıously since 1919. artime flying gave primary to 10,450 Army ı cadets.

ıng these was a ter from Wisconned Dick Bong, ecame America's Aces and who ɔst his life while xperimental jet-propulsion flying. , as head of Rankin Aviation In-, Tex controls the marketing of ɔublic Seabee amphibian for the Pacific Coast, and Idaho and Neɔ; and he also holds the distribufor the spinproof Ercoupe plane shington, Oregon and northern Lately he acquired the West Coast ıtorship for the Schweizer Gliders and Sailplanes, produced in Elmira, N. Y. He operates branch offices in Seattle, Portland and Santa Monica, California, and his headquarters are at Tulare where his company conducts flight training, crop dusting and aircraft overhaul.

Tex does not sell the type plane he stunt-flies; it is no longer made. Neither does he peddle courses in acrobatics. But as a one-man aviation evangelist he does convert people to flying, with deeds that speak more forcefully than all the chatter of a high-pressure salesman with two feet securely planted on a desk.

WHEN you've seen Tex's acrobatic act, which normally embodies about 50 maneuvers starting at 4,000 feet and ending at 25 with the plane upside down, you are not only thrillingly entertained but you are left with the solid conviction that experience, constant practice, a thorough knowledge of the airplane, good judgment and alertness, if never ignored or relaxed, will enable the pilot always to be the master of the plane at any altitude and in any attitude. Tex readily puts over the idea that flying is good, clean, safe fun.

Yet, while his family and friends believe Tex Rankin will die in bed of some unromantic ailment such as scared them all last summer when he was rushed off for an emergency operation for gallstones and appendicitis, he has one pal who has pleaded with him to give up stunt flying permanently. The exhortation came from Gordon C. Sleeper, sales manager of Republic Aviation's Seabee amphibians, when he belatedly learned that Tex had a close one while flying back to Tulare from the Kennewick air show.

He was at 12,000 feet, over the Siskiyou Mountains of northern California, when a connecting rod let go and the engine caught fire. Tex stood up to jump, then realized that if he let the plane go down in a flaming crash in the virgin timber it would not only start a forest fire, but he would have the devil of a time walking out of that vast, high wilderness. So he sat down in the cockpit and shut off all gasoline valves and switches. The fire went out. Then he started a long glide toward the coast. Daylight was on the wane and after gliding for some 30 miles, he spotted a clearing in the timber. It later turned out to be a 700-foot alfalfa field cut in two by a fence. Tex got his wheels on the ground at dusk but couldn't stop rolling in time to avoid knocking down the fence and denting his wings. With help from a forest ranger and a mechanic from Montague, California, the plane was trucked to the Montague airport, a new engine was installed and Tex flew home to Tulare.

WING TALK

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

Sleeper, in rejoicing at Tex's narrow escape, begged him to give up all stunt flying. "There is nothing now that you can do to enhance your reputation by stunt flying because you are already a legend," he wrote. (Tex still holds the world's record for 131 continuous outside loops made at Charlotte, N. C., in 1931, and he won the International Acrobatic Competition at St. Louis in 1937, thus being judged The World's Champion Acrobatic Pilot.)

"If you want to give me a nice present," Sleeper concluded his letter, "write me that you will give up all stunt flying."

Tex said he was sorry—but he couldn't. ★★★

THE UPRISING OF EL INDIO

Continued from page 29

Acapulco, and turned out to be a small sensation when he finally got it made in 1938. He did it for $25,000, which even in Mexico is considered misery money, and never made a cent out of it.

During the five-year starvation period he was in constant hot water with the police. A fervent champion of the underdog, he was eternally involved in bitter arguments and fist fights and gun battles. Two of the latter ended in killings. For three years he avoided the police by using a rickety roadster as sleeping quarters and workroom.

But he was a handsome dog and it was inevitable that he would get a good part in the films, which came when he played the title role in Janitzio. He made friends with the higher-ups and from that came the backing for the Clipperton Island picture and the later Soy Puro Mexicano. This was a daring plea for co-operation with the United States in the war that seemed certain to come. It was daring because the Mexicans have never overly loved the gringo from north of the Rio Grande, and German and Falangist propaganda was making great inroads in Mexico.

Then came the Dolores Del Rio episode. The lady had at last returned home, thoroughly washed up as a Hollywood star. El Indio took her in hand and made four pictures with her, all of them real and tough and all successes.

Remaking an Ex-Hollywood Star

"Take that look off your face and start looking like people," was what Fernandez said to her. Instead of drawing-room roles, Dolores began playing working girls, peasant girls and prostitutes. Las Abandonadas was not only an attack on the system of prostitution but it also aimed a terrific whack at crooked generals who profited by it. It was banned and only released after Fernandez had threatened to shoot everybody in the government and also made a few changes.

His greatest film with Del Rio was Maria Candelaria, which won him an international reputation. It was "the" sensation at the recent international film exhibition at Cannes in France, according to a report in the Hollywood Screen Writer.

Along with the Fernandez-Del Rio film collaboration went a romance that kept the Republic at a boiling point. She was intent on taming the savage and he was hell-bent on kicking all traces of Hollywood out of her.

The final explosion came over the question of marriage. "Burn the furs, throw away the emeralds and come to live in a hut with me," he growled.

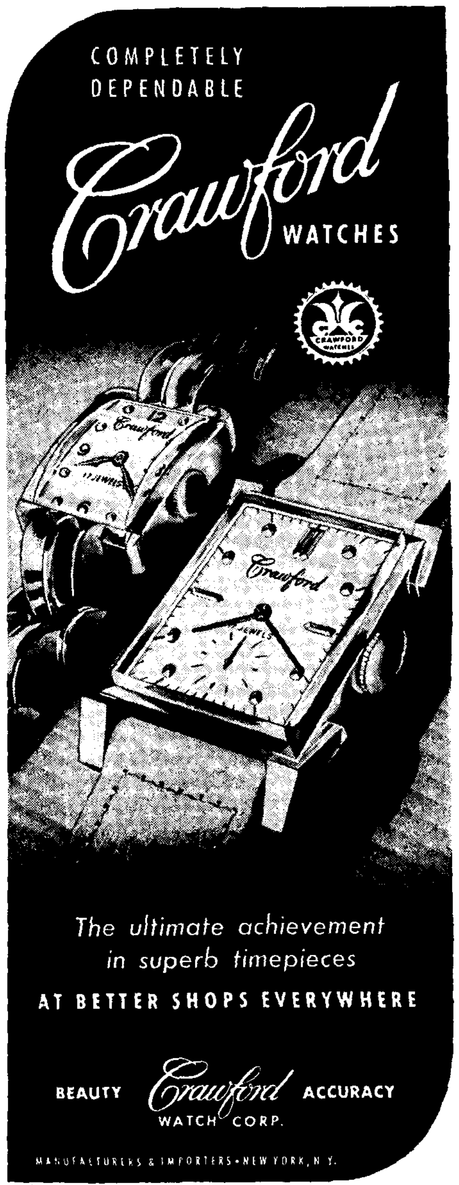
Dolores, being a lady, said nothing in reply. She merely went away.

Now that he is finished with The Pearl, Emilio is ready to tackle a new opponent. This is Maria Felix, the beauty who dominates the Mexican films. She gets 200,000 pesos a picture ($40,000) and conducts herself with an arrogance that would get the greatest Hollywood star beaned with a plate in the M-G-M commissary. The *cognoscenti* are already reserving ringside pews for this bout. Felix is obviously content to go on being a star; Emilio wants to make the best pictures in the world.

In brief, Maria Felix knows what she wants and has never been refused it—but she has not met El Indio before in artistic combat. This will be something.

"He won't do anything to her," they say in Mexico City, "that a few weeks in the hospital can't cure."

THE END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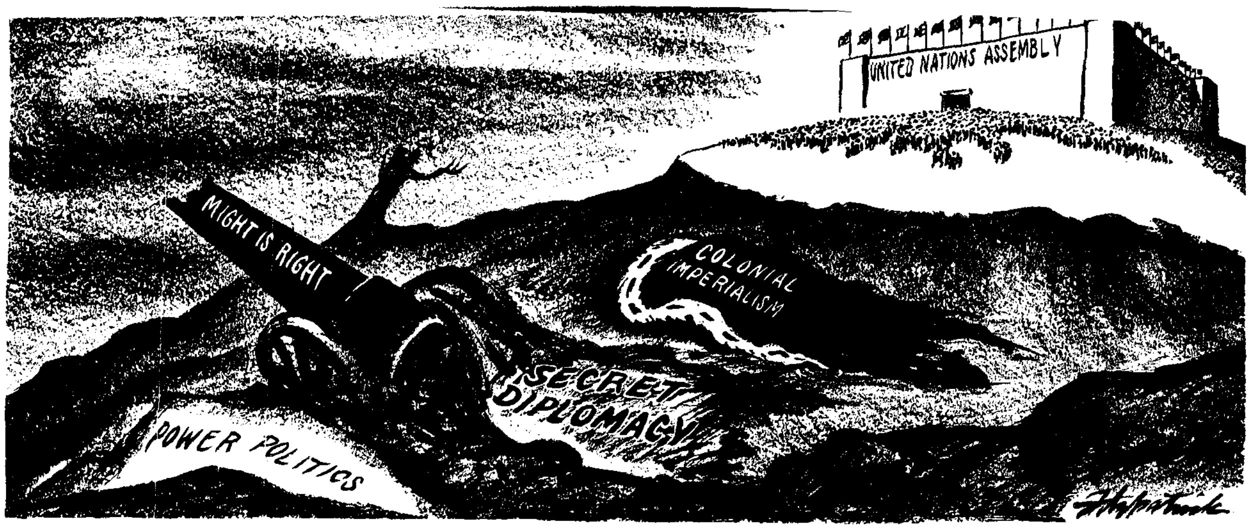


TOWN MEETING OF THE WORLD

AT THIS second New Year's Day of the Atomic Age the ordinary American might reasonably ask whether he is making himself heard in the cause of world peace. As a veteran of peace conferences, as an observer at many and as a subordinate official at not a few, I was unable to approach the sessions of the United Nations Assembly on Flushing Meadows in a spirit of complete optimism. The long road to that goal which all desire is marked by too many failures. But today's developments merely strengthen my knowledge that the final result depends on the interest and determination shown by the little people everywhere.

To assay our future hopes of peace, we must look back. As secretary of the American legation in Tokyo, I attended the conference at Shimonoseki which in 1895 concluded the Chinese-Japanese war. I was present at two of The Hague peace talks (1899 and 1907) when Czar Nicholas' plea for peace and concord, and above all for a reduction of the armaments that were crushing mankind, was listened to with respect but no substantial action was taken. I was an interested observer at the conferences in Berlin and later in Brussels when the powers with African interests sought the pacification of the Dark Continent.

In the sail loft at Portsmouth (New Hampshire) I listened to the forensic battles between Komura and Witte which resulted in a lame peace between Russia and Japan and in a distinct cooling off in the cordial relations which had long existed between Washington and St. Petersburg.

In Paris (1919), I listened to President Wilson's eloquent plea for world peace and indeed I passed his words on to the assembled delegates who did not understand English. It was a peace that passed their understanding and was never realized. I saw our President compelled to compromise on many points that were vital to the smaller nations.

His was not a complete victory or a total defeat. But he did raise a standard to which all peace-loving people could rally and if necessary fight under. Unfortunately many came into the League with little faith, and all confidence failed when our Senate in its bewilderment did not support what the President had achieved.

The President's words in defense of his work in Paris (and it was an amazing achievement) can be recalled with advantage today. He said: "This is the first treaty in world history that is *not* made by the Great Powers in their *own* favor. We have secured world-wide endorsement of the fundamental principle that nobody has the right to impose sovereignty upon anybody else; that every people must be its own master and our solemn Covenant is the sword and the buckler of this achievement." Well, the American Senate rejected the Covenant and at Spa and the succeeding conferences its obligations were whittled down and its pledges ignored.

No one understood more clearly what had happened than did the President's loyal lieutenant, Colonel House. His summing up of the situation that he made to me in 1937, identical with that which confronts the United Nations today, has only been emphasized by the shattering disaster of World War II.

His words were: "Those who in the future shall lead civilization to ultimate victory, and on that score I have no misgivings, may advance along a somewhat different route but they will find extremely helpful the signposts and the stepping stones which President Wilson placed on the way."

Today it cannot be too strongly emphasized that the Assembly of the United Nations that met for the first time on American soil is the hope of mankind. It is the forum where what Mr. Wilson called the public opinion of an aroused world can and must be heard. It is the safeguard of our civilization.

We place our sights very high and I am glad we do. Of course there are many persons who keep their fingers crossed. They are like the old men of the Congress of Vienna, Metternich or Talleyrand (the authorship of the quip is disputed), who said that a really successful peace conference would be one that ended in a complete equality of disappointment. But let us demand and believe that our representatives will do better than that; that their activities eventually will result in an equality of satisfaction.

And regardless of momentary failures or setbacks there is cause for optimism. The sessions today are open and aboveboard, the least of the nations has her day in court. Here at last is the town meeting of the world. Whatever sanctions are agreed to will be openly arrived at. And that idea must be strengthened with every meeting.

There is a striking picture in modern times of how difficult is the path of the peacemaker and how often his fate is tragic. I am recalling, because I was there, the plea for peace which the Czar made twice at The Hague in 1899 and again in 1907. It has been said of Nicholas II that "he never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one."

In eloquent words on these occasions at least he besought the powers to meet in friendship, to discuss measures for peace and understanding, and above all else to reach an agreement as to how the burden of armaments which was crushing mankind could be lifted. Andrew Carnegie built a palace dedicated to peace in the Dutch capital where the uplifting program was to be ratified. Soon, however, the world's enthusiasm subsided. The ordinary man was not heard. The sumptuous palace was closed or rarely entered and its sponsor, Nicholas the Autocrat, with all his family, was in 1918 murdered in an Ekaterinburg cellar.

It is also not amiss to recall the conferences that were held, in Berlin and Brussels, during the last decade of the last century, the first of these for the purpose of pacifying Africa. They resulted, however, in the partition of the Dark Continent. At one of them Henry M. Stanley, the great explorer, was present, unfortunately only as a technical adviser. I remember expressing my surprise that the partition of Africa and its hoped-for pacification were being carried out without the presence of or consultation with a single African.

Of course, at this time the doctrine of the self-determination of peoples had not been pronounced, much less accepted. I found the absence of all Africans even as spectators rather depressing and Mr. Stanley agreed with me, in part at least. "These people are not able to stand alone," he said. "They are torn apart by tribal and even you might say by religious differences. Protectorates should prove helpful in teaching the Africans the lessons that have to be learned before self-government can even be attempted."

In the matter of partition, if not of pacification, these conferences were most successful. More than ten million square miles of Africa were allocated to the European powers in proportion to their appetites and their powers of digestion. This is an expanse of territory at least four times greater than the extent of the continental United States. When World War I broke out, when the predatory powers lifted their sights on Europe, independent Africa, so called, had been reduced to the bagatelle of six hundred thousand square miles!

There are some, indeed I fear they are not a few, who think it wise to pass a sponge over the failures of the past, to start from scratch and ignore the lessons that flow from the lame peace that ended World War I and led irresistibly to World War II. But the men who through compromises in 1919 reached the lame peace were heroic figures and those who labor today can learn much from their example and, it is to be hoped, escape their fate.

I can see the impressive figure of Clemenceau as he opened the conference which all hoped would save the world from the destruction that for four long years had been so near during World War I. He was the outstanding realist of that assembly.

"We meet," he said, "to establish for all time peace among the peoples of the earth. This, our program speaks for itself. I shall not add a superfluous word. Let us work speedily and well. Gentlemen! To our great task!"

During one of the hot debates in Paris, President Wilson was challenged with the query: "What force, if any, is behind your League and your Covenant since you refuse an international force and even a sheriff's posse?" And Mr. Wilson answered without hesitation. "Behind it," he said, "is the greatest force known to man—the force and the power of an aroused public opinion throughout the world."

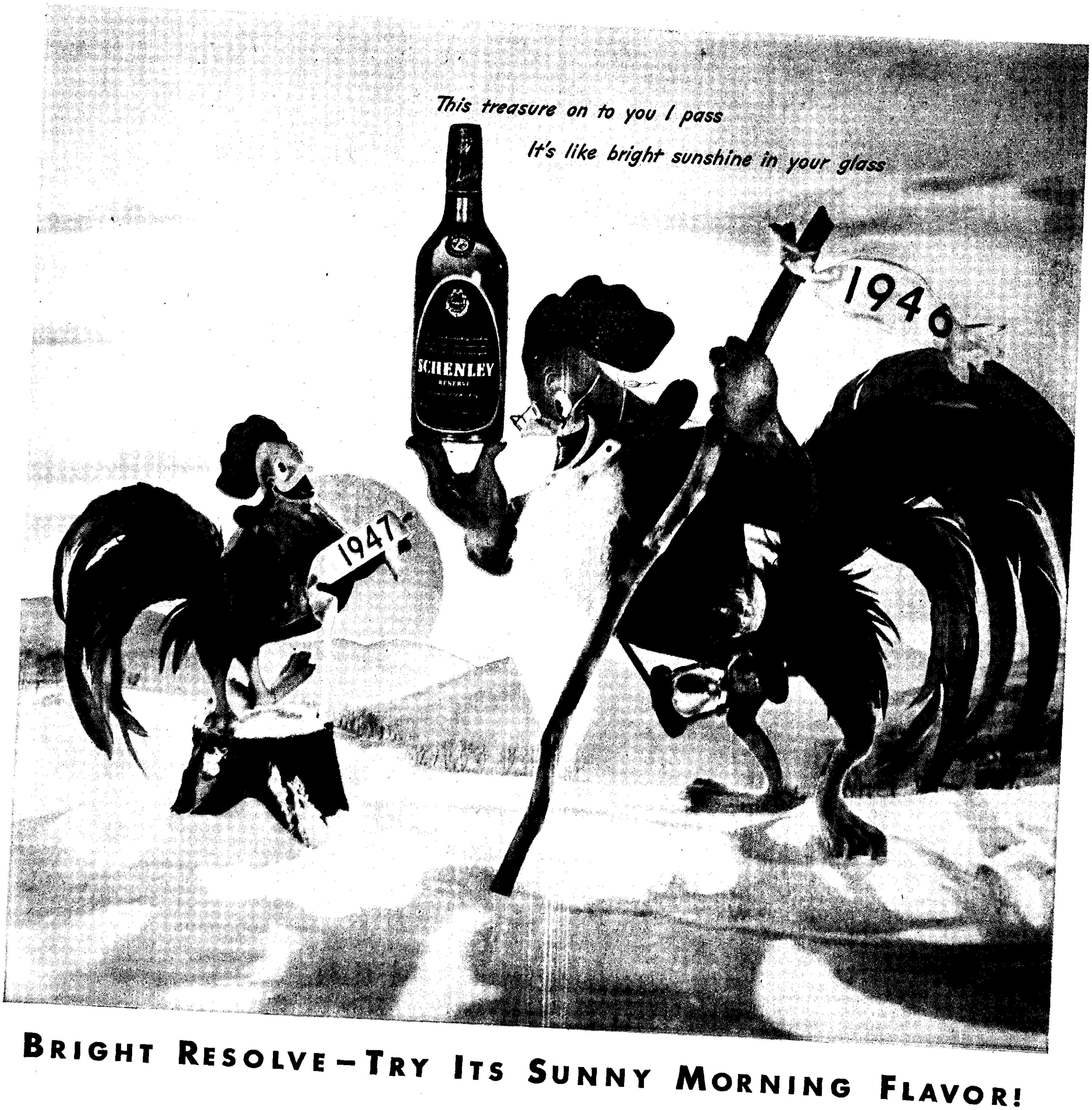
And so we come to the conclusion that has to be faced, the sooner the better. The Charter of the United Nations is no stronger than was the Covenant of the League that failed. Fortunately there are today men like that great soldier and wise statesman Jan Christiaan Smuts. It was he who enlightened the puzzled world as to what happened in Paris with the masterly sentence, "Not Wilson, but humanity failed."

After a second and almost complete disaster the world has a second chance of salvation. Many think it will be our last. The public debates in the Assembly, the lower house of the parliament of man, are of vital importance. It is the forum in which all nations great and small are represented. It is the platform on which in the words of the great pioneer in peace "an aroused public opinion throughout the world may save civilization."

And the delegates have complete liberty of action as to how they can achieve their purpose. That is the opportunity for progress. It is an opportunity foreseen by Mr. Wilson. When I saw him for the last time, but a few weeks before his death, he most certainly was not in the obstinate or truculent mood which has been so often described by his detractors. Indeed, he said, "In the future our plan may be more happily shaped. Of one thing I am certain however. Our civilization will not commit suicide."

The United Nations Assembly—our town meeting of the world—faces the future without being tied down to a policy which, however glorious its tradition, failed of its noble purpose. There is every reason to think that despite countless current difficulties they will one day seize their great opportunity.

STEPHEN BONSAL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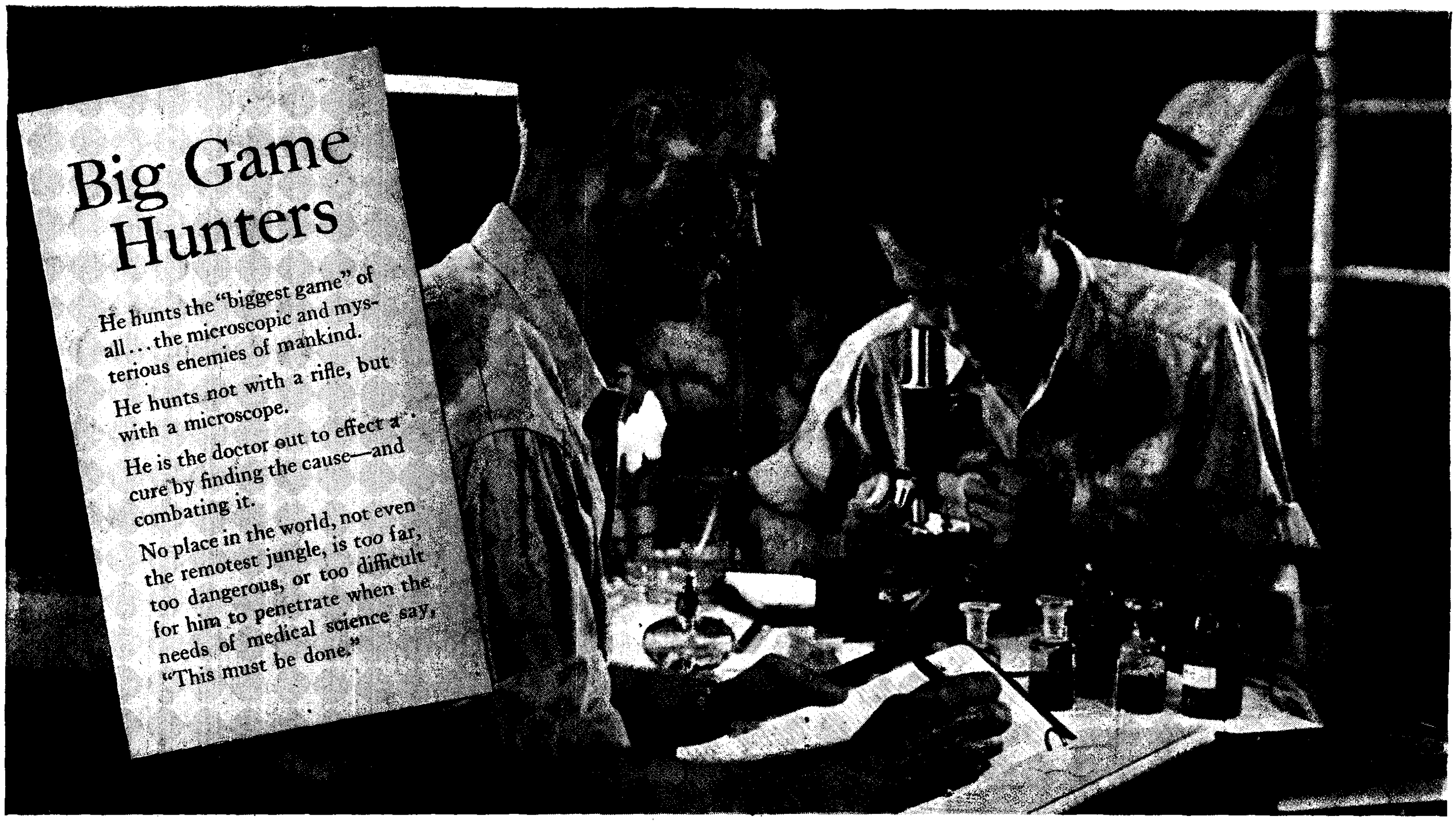

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